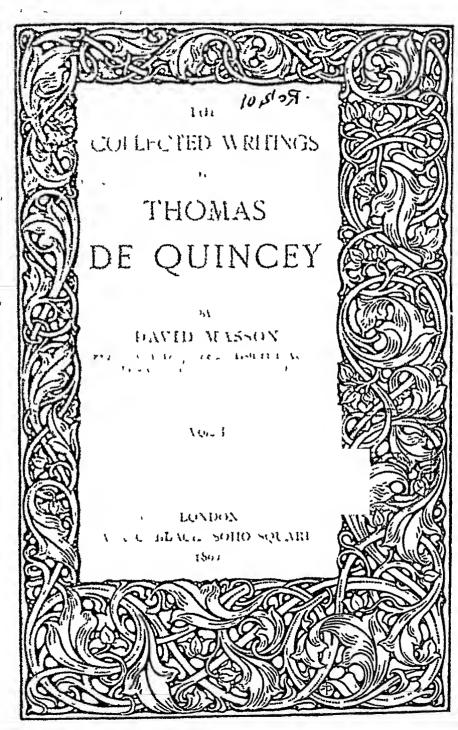
# DE QUINCEY'S COLLECTED WRITINGS -.

VOL I AUTOBIOGRAPHY FROM 1785 TO 1803

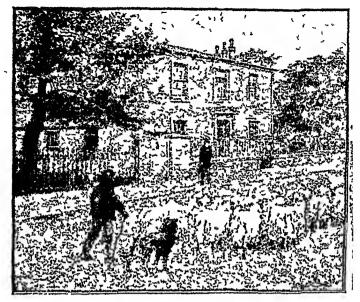






## CONTENTS OF VOL I

-	PAGE
GENERAL PRIFACE BY THE EDITOR .	, 17
Editor's Prefact to this Volum.	1
DE QUINCEY'S OWN GENERAL PRIFACE IN 1858	5
Аυтовю парна били 1785 10 1803 —	
I PARENTAGE AND THE PATERNAL HOME	17
II THE AFFLIGION OF CHILDHOOD	28
Dream Echoes	49
III INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF STRIFE	55
IV INFANT LITI RATURE	121
V THE FEVALE INFIDEL	131
VI. I AM INTRODUCED TO THE WARFARE OF	F A PUBLIC
School	149
VII I LATTE THE WORLD	161
VIII THE NATION OF LONDON	178
IX DUBLIN	211
X. First Irish Resultion of 1798	227
XI FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND, AND	Srcond Rr-
BELLION OF 1798	249



Dr Quincry's Cottage at Lasswade

#### GENERAL PREFACE BY THE EDITOR

It was in 1852 that De Quincey, who was then sixty-seven years of age, and had been resident in or near Edinburgh through the preceding five-and-twenty years, began the preparation of a collective edition of his writings, to be published by the Edinburgh house of Mr James Hogg — The scheme of such a collective edition had been anticipated by the American publishing firm of Messrs Ticknor and Fields of Boston — A volume or two of their American edition had already appeared when De Quincey undertook the British edition

The undertaking was a serious one for a man of De Quincey's age and habits. The very peculiarity of his literary life, it has to be remembered, distinguishing him from most of his literary contemporaries of any comparable importance, was that his writings had been, with hardly an exception, in the one form of fugitive contributions to magazines and other

periodicals. His Confessions of an English Opium-Eater had, indeed, been published in London in small book-form in 1822, after having become famous in their original magazine form in the previous year, and the small book had been five times reprinted , his little romance called Klosterheum, or The Masque, had been published by itself in 1839 by Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh, and the same publishers had issued in 1844 his volume entitled Logic of Political Economy With these exceptions, however, the first and the last more apparent than real, it was as a writer of articles, and not of books, that De Quineey had made his mark in the literature That, under such a disadvantage of of his generation method, as it might generally be considered, he had made so very strong a mark, and had been recognised long before his death as indubitably an English classic, and a classic of a high and rare order, is a phenomenon of a rather uncommon sort in English literary history, though examples of the like may be found among the French While it is to be accounted for in the main by the intrinsic excellence, the peculiarly original quality, of those articles which De Quincey scattered about so profusely in so many directions, something is due to the fact that they had not to contend with the particular additional disadvantage, ordinary in such cases, of being altogether anonymous Many of them bore De Quincey's name, or its equivalent, "The English Opium-Eater", and, even when this was omitted, the paternity of a paper of his was seldom in doubt Not the less, when, in De Quincey's latest years, the certificate that he had taken rank as an English classic came in so unmistakable a form as a demand on both sides of the Atlantic for a collective edition of his writings, was the mere search for the dispersed writings, the mere getting of them together, a preliminary difficulty The difficulty was actually greater in De Quincey's own case, when he undertook the collective Edinburgh edition, than it was in the case of the Transatlantic publisher, Mr Fields, who had undertaken the collective American edition Had De Quincey been as most other mortals of the writing tribe are, he would have had copies of all his articles lying beside him, bound in orderly volumes, or at least tied up in bundles , and on these preserved volumes or throughes he would have

operated easily enough. But they know little of De Quincey who can connect him with any such imagination of orderliness, or the use of red-tipe for the custody of even his most precious possessions. De Quincey, the feeblest and most helpless of little sexagenarian gentlemen at the time when he has called upon to prepare the collective Edinburgh issue of his writings,—De Quincey, all his life the most incledibly eccentric and incalculable of himan beings, -De Quincey, the shifter in many previous years from lodging to lodging, the burrower even in hiding-holes, each new lodging or hidinghole plugged in its turn with a chaos of books and papers, aund which the little man sat and worked, ruefully recollecting all the while that he had left unknown deposits of books and papers, in tea-chests and band-boxes, in some of those previous lodgings and Inding-holes the landladies of which he dared not go near and dreaded visits from,—could any one think it possible that, even in that convenient cottageretreat of his, near Edinburgh, which had of late been the fixed home of himself and his family, De Quincey should contrive to procure the complete collection of his magazine articles for which Mi Hogg was unting? True, as his memory was temerous, he night have written out a list of the articles in the chronological order of their appearance, or in any other order, with references to the periodicals in which they appeared, and so have deputed to Mr Hogg the hint for the necessary volumes and back numbers of magazines, etc., at book sales or in libraries. It was in this way, in fact, that Mr Fields was proceeding with the American edition at Boston He was picking out gradually, from the old volumes of British magazines and other periodicals to which De Quincey had contributed, those papers which bore De Quincey's name, or those which, from internal evidence, without that authentication, he could judge to be De Quincey's,—appeal to De Quincey himself by letter an obvious method in reserve for doubtful cases thus comparatively easy in Boston was not so easy, however, in Edinburgh, where it was not Mr Hogg only that had to be satisfied, but De Quincey himself also A mere reprint of the articles as they stood in the old pages and columns of their original publication, just as these could be procured,

night have sufficed for Mr Hogg, but could not suffice for De Quincey To the task of mere collection there had to be added, for his satisfaction, the task of suitable arrangement. Was the arrangement to be chronological, -each paper, whatever its kind, to be placed by the date of its original appearance, or would it be better to attempt some classification of the papers according to their subjects and kinds? On either plan there were special difficulties, but it was pretty obvious that De Quincey would have to adopt the more difficult of The mercly chronological plan,—which was the plan adopted by Carlyle for the edition of his Miscellaneous Essays,—would not suit for an array of material so extensive and of such varied character as De Quincey had to manipulate But, that question supposed to be settled, and the material supposed to have been all brought together, there was the prospect of further labour in the revision of the articles individually Some of the articles, having been hurriedly written, or hurriedly wound up on pressure from the printers, actually required revision, and, even where there was no such necessity, it was not in De Quincey's nature to let any old poper of his go forth without revision, and even fastidious iccision. He would retrench here, and amplify there, he would insert notes and afterthoughts, he would retouch the phraseology throughout So certain was thus from knowledge of his literary habits, that Mr Hogg must have forescen continual chances of delay and dislocation, if not of total break-down, from this cause alone. l ad not De Quincey papers beside him, finished or unfinished, that had not yet been published anywhere, and, as the issue of the successive volumes of the collective edition was sure to extend over several years, was he not likely, in the course of those years, to furnish a good deal of new matter that would have to be incorporated? For this contingency also, complicating all the rest, there had to be provision.

The preliminary difficulty of inerely getting together the

The preliminary difficulty of inerely getting together the matter on which De Quincey was to operate, though it would have been absolutely insuperable for De Quincey himself, would have been nothing very forgudable with Mr Hogg's assistance. All that was necessary was to procure, and deposit at De Quincey's feet, a complete set of the volumes

of periodicals and other miscellanies in which, during the preceding thirty-one years or thereabouts, his available articles, to the number of about a hundred and fifty in all had successively appeared The London Magazine, fron 1821 to the end of 1824, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine from 1826 to 1849, Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, from 1834 to 1851: to these, as the principal repositories of the articles required, let there have been added the volumes for the letters G, P, and S in the seventh edition of the Encyclopadia Britannica, published between 1827 and 1842, together with the North British Review for the single year 1848, and perhaps a stray volume or two of such long defunct periodicals as Knight's Quarterly Magazine (London, 1823-4) and The Edinburgh Literary Gazette (an abortive Edinburgh weekly of 1829-1830), and the collection would have been perfect. No, not quite, unless De Quincey had kept beside him copies of the numbers of that other Edinburgh periodical for which he had been writing most recently of all, and for which he was still writing when the project of the collective edition began to occupy his thoughts. This was Hogg's Instructor, a cheap weekly, which had been started in 1845 by the Mr James Hogg who was now connected with De Quincey as the intending publisher of the collective edition. The connexion had, in fact, grown out of an offer of De Quincey to contribute to Mr Hogg's weekly. His first article there had appeared in 1850, and in one of the numbers for 1851, the most conspicuous decoration of which was an engraved portrait of De Quincey, there was printed, in addition to a whimsical letter of De Quincey's in criticism of the portrait, the first of a series of articles from his pen under the title of "A Sketch from Childhood." This series of new autobiographic articles, a supplement to the large quantity of autobiographic revelation that De Quincey had already given to the world, was still running in the pages of *Hogg's Instructor* at intervals through 1852, at the very time when De Quincey was concecting the first volume of the forthcoming collective edition.

I cannot doubt that it was this fact of the concurrence of the new series of autobiographic articles with De Quincey's requisite ruminations for the foithcoming collective edition of

his writings that determined the composition of the first volume of that edition As he was working in the element of autobiography at any rate, and was engaged more particularly with the earlier portions of his autobiography, why not start the collective edition with an Autobiographic volume? In that case a recast of the very articles which he had written, or was writing, for Hogg's Instructor would serve for the beginning of the volume, after which he could revise and work in the necessary additional material from *Tait* and *Blackwood* This, accordingly, is what he did, and, fortunately, while he was engaged in the process, there came a relief for him, and for Mr Hogg, from all further trouble in the mere business of getting together the material for the collective edition as a whole Mr Fields of Boston, proceeding edition as a whole Mr Fields of Boston, proceeding quietly with the American edition on the mere principle of reprinting De Quincey's papers from the various periodicals in which they had originally appeared, had by this time got ready twelve volumes of the reprint, an arrangement had handsonicly been made by Messrs Ticknor and Fields with De Quincey, by which, in return for his authorising the American edition, he was to have a share of the profits, and, though De Quincey was to proceed with the Edinburgh edition independently, on his own different principle of recent revision and a commencent deficient. principle of recast, revision, and ie-arrangement, his labour was to be facilitated thenceforth by his having the volumes of the American edition, published or yet to be published, for his basis. Such was the position of affairs when, in 1853, there did appear the First Volume of the Edinburgh Collective Edition The general title under which the edition was then announced was Selections, Grave and Gay, from WRITINGS, PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED, OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY, REVISED AND ARRANGED BY HIMSTLF, and the title of the first volume was Autobiographic Shetches

The prosecution of the editorial labour to which Dr. Quincey had thus committed himself in 1853 was all but his sole occupation thenceforward. He did indeed continue to contribute occasional new articles to Hogg's Instructor, both while it retained that name and also after it had been transmitted into an Edinburgh monthly under the more ambitious name of Titan Now and then, also, Mr Hogg dreaded

interruption to the collective edition from new and incompatible projects which De Quincey would gravely announce, one of them being a History of England in twelve volumes On the whole, however, the business of revising and recasting portion after portion of the material provided in the American edition did go on with sufficient regularity, at the outset at least, for Mi Hogg's purpose To Volume I, issued, as has been said, in 1853, there succeeded, in the first half of 1854, Volumes II and III, the three volumes together launching the edition successfully, and making a very fair beginning

It may be well that the reader should understand a little more particularly, at this point, the encumstances of De Quincey during the progress of his undertaking. The time, as has been said, was from 1852 onwards, and the place, as has also been explained in a general way, was mainly Edinburgh. In this matter of place, however, it is desirable now that the reader's conception should be more precise.

Seven miles out of Edinburgh, a little beyond the village of Lasswade, on the slope of a country bye-road which descends steeply to the picturesque banks of the well-wooded Esk river, near Polton Mills, stands a cottage formerly known as Mayıs Bush Cottage, but now aggrandised in guide-books into De Quincey Cottage, or even De Quincey Villa, in recollection of the fact that De Quincey was for a good while its tenant It is an elegant enough little rustic cottage, of eight rooms, with something of a garden at the back and pretty surroundings. It had been taken by De Quineey in 1840, three years after he had become a widower, as a residence for his six surviving children, and for himself when he could be with them. For the subsequent nine when he could be with them for the subsequent nine years or so that had been possible only now and then,—the hard exigences of his literary mode of livelihood requiring, or seeming to require, detention in Edinburgh itself, where he could have access to books, with the change of an occasional visit to Glasgow, where he could have the same convenience. Latterly, however, he had been drawn back to the Lasswade cottage more frequently, and for longer periods of stay, and since 1849,—by which time his three sons had gone out into the world in different occupations. (the eldest of whom had died in China), so that there had been left in the cottage his three daughters only,-his fatherly presence in the cottage, in the society of these daughters, and under their affectionate domestic charge, had been habitual and all but constant. In fact, from that year onwards it was only at the Lasswade cottage, seven miles out of Edinburgh, that Mr De Quincey was understood to be at home for visitors that brought introductions to him. or bad formal business with him, and here it was that, in 1852, he did receive some distinguished visitors who have left printed reminiscences of him, -e g the Rev Francis Jacov, Miss Harriet Martineau, and his American publisher and editor, Mr Fields Here it was, accordingly, in the same year, and while he was receiving some of these distinguished guests, that there had come upon him Mr Hogg's project of a Collective Edinburgh Edition of his writings, to be independent of the American Edition, and here it was that he managed, as we have seen, to send to the press the first three volumes of the work,—Vol I in 1853, and Vols. II and III in 1854——Precisely at this point, however, there was an important change in De Quincey's domiciliary arrangements The distance of the Lasswade cottage from Edmburgh, short though it was, had been found inconvenient for the passage of manuscripts and proofs between him and the printing-office, and this,—concurring with a break in the little Lasswade limehold itself, which had been caused at any rate by the recent marriage of his eldest danghter, her departure with her husband to Ireland, and a consequent invitation to her two sisters to visit her there,—had determined De Quincey on one more experiment of life by himself in Edinburgh lodgings. Now, it so happened that, of all his many previous experiments of this kind, none had left such satisfactory recollections as that which he had tricd for a while, between 1838 and 1840, in certain lodgings kept by a widowed Mrs Wilson and her sister Miss Stark They were in a half-flat set of apartments on the second floor of No 42 Lothian Street, a house of six such half-flats in all, accessible by a common stair on one of the sides of a somewhat dingy thoroughfare of oldish shops and dwelling-houses, in the Old Town, near the University

Mrs Wilson and Mrs Stark were two most respectable and conscientions persons, of superior tastes and abilities, who had come to have some knowledge of the character and pursuits of their extraordinary little gentleman-lodger during his former stry with them, remembered him with respect, and had in fact, been carefully keeping for him, in case he should turn up again, some small chattels of his, in the shape of wearing apparel, which he had left as waifs in their rooms. And now, some day in May or June 1854, he did turn up again, with the result that they were to have the main charge of him for all the rest of his days, and that those rooms, in one of the half-flats on the third floor of No 42 Lothan Street, were to be his permanent abode and workshop thenceforward, whether for the future volumes of the Collective Edition of for any other literary labour A tablet has been recently affixed to the wall of the house, marking the windows of the apartments which De Quincey occupied, and signifying to passers by that this is the one house in all Edinburgh most interesting now from its associations with De Quincey.—Not that the cottage at Lasswade was quite forsaken No sooner were his two unmarried daughters back from their Irish visit than his walk was as often as possible from his Lothian Street workshop to the Lasswade home; and even after 1855, when the elder of them went out to India to become the wife of Major Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers (afterwards the Colonel Baird Smith so famous for his exertions in the Indian Mutiny), his footsteps would still be to Lasswade as often as the one remaining daughter chanced to be there, and not, as was naturally most frequent thenceforth, with her eldest married sister in Ireland. So long, indeed, as the tie to Lasswade lasted, the continued relations of De Quineey to that village may be described by saying that it was always at the Lasswade cottage that he was to be found when he was not in No 42 Lothian Street, and always in No. 42 Lothian Street when he was not at the Lasswade cottage. The walk of seven miles between the two places was, so long as there was occasion, his most customary exercise.

To condense the story of De Quincey's editorial labours from 1854 onwards, it may be mentioned that a fourth

volume of the Collective Edition appeared in that year, but that then there was a break,—Vol V not appearing till 1856, to be followed in 1857 by Vols VI and VII, after which the rate of issue became more rapid, the rest coming out, as it were, in a subsequent crush Each volume in its turn, one can see, was a work of weary groaning for De Quincey, and of struggle between lum and the printers What with his constant ill health and now increasing feebleness, what with his extreme fastidiousness in workmanship, what with the retarding effects of occasional excesses still in his habitual indulgence in opium,—effects not mainfesting themselves now, however, in any such agonies and horrors of opium-nightmare as those that had prostrated him in certain years of his previous life, but only in a kind of gentle and dreamy somnolence,—his progress could not but be intermittent Add that, by the gradual breaking up of the Lasswade household, the old man had been left much more than in recent years to that incurable habit of shy solitariness which had been his life-long characteristic, and the conception of which to its extreme extent is almost a definition of De Quincey Totally free though he now was from hose pecuniary cares which had harassed the latter part of his life at the Lakes, his subsequent experiment of life in London, and that long portion of his Edinburgh life which he had now left behind him, and the story of which, with all its shifts and miseries, can never be authentically told in this world, he was yet the same creature of dark corners, every cof the element around him, that he had always been After nearly thirty years of residence in Edinburgh, he still moved about in the town, with furtive footsteps, no less the little English alien than he had been when he first came into it by adventure To the few who had attained to something like intimacy with him, and to whom, in their inexpressible admiration of his abilities and their love of his gentle ways, "an evening with De Quincey" was the highest of possible pleasures, the pleasure was possible only by elaborate stratagem. The perfection of ornate politeness and courtesy, as well as of sage delightfulness in talk, when any of them did contrive to lure him into company, or took him unawares by a morning call, he

preferred being shut up by himself all day and every day in his own crib in Lothian Street, with the variation only of an afternoon ramble, or a late nocturnal ramble, still all by himself, through certain purlicus and subuibs The greatest break in this monotony of his habits, after the blank that had been left for him in the old home at Lasswade, was in the year 1857 In the autumn of that year, his youngest son having come home on a short furlough from his regiment in India, he allowed himself, though then seventy-two years of age, to be taken, in the company of this son and of his youngest daughter, on a journey to Ireland, for the pleasure of visiting his eldest married daughter, and seeing his infant, grandchildren in their Irish surroundings Back in Edinburgh, with a treasure of affectionate recollections from this visit, he resumed his usual habits, and persevered in his editorial labour for two years more. Then came the end The thirteenth volume of the Collective Edinburgh Edition of his writings had been published when, towards the close of 1859, it became evident that he was done with that undertaking and with all his other worldly concerns On Thursday the 8th of December 1859, in the presence of two of his daughters,—the only two of his children within reach of a summons,—he died peacefully in his Lothian Street lodging, aged seventy-four years and four months; and a few days afterwards he was buried in that grave of his, in a quiet nook in St Cuthbort's churchyard, at the west end of Princes Street, under the Castle Rock, which is now visited sometimes by residents in Edinburgh or by tourists, and over which there is a humble monument to his memory. In 1860 there was the posthumous publication of a fourteenth volume of his collective writings, composed from his latest preparations

The American collective edition of Messrs Ticknor and Fields, begun in 1851, had meanwhile reached its twenty-second and concluding volume, providing for Transatlantic readers something like a complete De Quincey before there was similar provision for British readers in Mr Hogg's collective Edinburgh edition of 1853-1860 in fourteen volumes Morcover, while the Edinburgh edition had the distinct advantage of having been conducted by De Quincey

himself, and so containing his latest corrections and additions, the American edition had the counterbalancing advantage of containing reprints of articles of De Quincey that had not been included in the Edinburgh edition, probably because De Quincey had not hved long enough to overtake them To a very considerable extent, this defect was remedied, after the Edinburgh edition had passed into the hands of its present proprietors, by the publication in 1863 of a fifteenth volume, and then in 1871 of a sixteenth, both consisting of important additional matter recovered from the original repositories or from his surviving manuscripts sixteen-volume edition which has thus been accessible to the British public since 1871 hardly fulfils, however, what may now be the general desire for a complete De Quincey the particular of completeness it does not quite match the American edition in the latest form which that edition has been able to assume by successive improvements of itself, due mainly to judicious borrowings and incorporations from the By such successive improvements the British edition original American edition of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields in two-and-twenty small volumes has been superseded for some time by what is called the Riverside Press Edition, consisting of twelve thick volumes, issued by Messrs Houghton, Mifflin, and Co, the successors of Messrs Ticknor and Fields in the Boston publishing business. As it is time that De Quincey's countrymen of the British Islands should be able to possess, if they choose, an edition of De Quincey even more perfect in point of completeness than this American edition, and in other respects more convenient, the present edition has been devised and undertaken

The edition will include everything contained in the fullest previous form of the British edition, together with the extra matter reprinted in the latest form of the American edition, and some other articles besides, which have never been reprinted litherto. For everything that the edition does contain, the rule of reproduction will be that of adhesion to De Quincey's own text in the latest form in which it left his hands. Even in the particulars of pointing and paragraphing this rule will be observed, except in cases where there is obvious error, or where some slight

change of a merely typographical kind may conduce to clearness. De Quincey had an art of his own in these minute particulars

It is in the matter of the arrangement and distribution of such a numerous and extremely miscellaneous body of papers that editorial intervention has been most required. The merely chronological method of arrangement having been, as we have already said, obviously unsuitable for such a miscellany, Dc Quincey, when commencing his collective edition of them, had set out with some notion of distributing them into volumes according to some classification of them by their The notion, however, was carried out in a woefully capricious and unsatisfactory manner. The exigencies of the printing press having driven him to all soits of expedients for maintaining, after the issue of the first volume of his edition, a succession of further volumes, each of the due size, he had given up the attempt at continued classification as hopeless, and had thrown out volume after volume, consisting of whatever papers he had readiest at hand or could by any effort pack together with the least glaring effect of incongruity Hence, when his own fourteen-volume edition was completed, there was, as I have elsewhere written, "the most provoking numble in the contents of the fourteen volumes kinds of matter in the same volume, and dispersion of the same kinds of matter over volumes wide apart, and yet all with a pretence of grouping, and with factitious sub-titles invented for the separate volumes on the spur of the moment." Both in the American Riverside edition and in the sixteenvolume form of the British edition there have been modifications of the arrangement,-those in the Riverside edition amounting to a professed re-classification throughout seems proper, however, that the opportunity should now be taken for something still more thorough in the way of rectification of the serious inconvenience caused to readers of De Quincey's writings, and the injury done to the writings themselves, by the too easy readiness with which the author let them go forth in the mere chance order of his own temporary straits with the printers

The following is the general scheme of the present

edition ---

Vols I, II, III AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LITERARY REMINISOENCES, including the Confessions of an English Opium Eaten, in their last and much enlarged form

form

IV, V BIOGRAPHILS AND BIOGRAPHIC SKITCHES

VI, VII HISTORICAL ESSAYS AND RESCAROHES

VIII SPECULATIVI AND THPOLOGICAL ESSAYS

IX ESSAYS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY AND POLITICS

X, XI PAPERS OF LITERARY THYORY AND CRITICISM

XII, XIII TAIRS, ROMANCES, and PROST PHANTASIES, IN
cluding Suspiria DF Profundis

XIV Miscrilanca, with Index to the whole Edition

·If the reader will turn to that portion of De Quincey's own General Preface, reprinted at pp 8-15 of the present volume, where he propounds, though only in rough sketch, his view of the best theoretical elassification of his writings, it will be found that the scheme of rearrangement here proposed is substantially in agreement with that which De Quincey himself would have adopted had he been more at leisuite.

Another defect in De Quineey's own collective edition of his writings is the absence of information as to the dates and places of the original appearances of the writings individually One likes to know when and where any article that one may be reading in reprint first saw the light a collective reprint of an author's writings in the strict chronological order of their original production, this natural desire ought to be gratified, and, accordingly, in the editions of Macaulay's Miscellancous Essays, and of Carlyle's, particulars of date, place, etc., of original publication are duly affixed Not so with De Quincey's edition of his writings, though attention to such minutine was the more necessary there because the chronological method of arrangement had been wholly abandoned You never know in that edition. except by accident or by information obtained independently. whether what you are reading was an early or a late performance of De Quincey's, whether it was published first in London or in Edinburgh, or to what periodical in either town it was a contribution. The defect is the more remarkable because the historical sense was strong in De Quincey, and he had even a passion for chronological exactness. It is time, at all events, that the defect should be remedied. To every volume of the present edition there will be prefixed an editorial notice explaining from what quarters De Quincey drew the matter contained in that volume; and to the beginning of every individual section of a volume there will be subjoined an editorial footnote of more precise explanation of the same kind respecting that section, with indication of the amount of change to which the original matter was subjected by De Quincey in the process of his final revisions. All De Quincey's own notes, so far as not distinctly superseded by himself in the course of these revisions, will be punctually preserved. Where an additional editorial footnote may seem indispensable or especially desirable, the appended initial M will always distinguish it sufficiently from what is De Quincey's own

It is with peculiar pleasure that the present Editor has undertaken the honourable task entrusted to him by the publishers. De Quincey's writings, compared among themselves, are of very different degrees of value, ranging from the comparatively trivial to the supremely excellent but, if ever there was a case in which a collection of the whole of what an author has left, the slighter and the greater together, ought to be conveniently accessible on the shelves of libraries, that distinction is surely due to the remains of De Quincey His fame, established in his lifetime, has been growing ever since, and is still growing. He has, one may say, a constituency of special admirers over all the Englishspeaking world; and, by very evident signs, the circle of this constituency is every year extending itself. And why? Because every year it is more and more widely recognised that this strange man, dead now so many years ago, is one of the princes of English prose literature, and an almost unique personality in the whole history of English literature, whether in prose or in verse. Here, born in Manchester in 1785, was one of those rare beings who, from some peculiarity of constitutional endowment, are destined to be "intellectual creatures," caring chiefly for intellectual pleasures and pur-suits, and sure to drift therefore into the literary species of industry. The mystery of his mastery in that industry, when he did drift into it, has still to be accounted for Was

that in his brain from birth there was more than usual of that extra pinch of phosphorus, or whatever else in brain-structure a crude physiology seeks to discern, which may be supposed to distinguish superb genius from ordinary talent? Accept the crude physiological fancy, and the strange thing is that the opium imbibed through so many years had not quenched the phosphorus, or appreciably impaired its action. Better, however, not attribute too much to cliemicals, real or imaginary, in studying the result. It may be impossible ever to desist altogether from the recollection of De Quincey by his self-chosen name of "The English Opium-Eater", but more and more it will be well to try to remember him simply as Thomas De Quincey. Or, if there must be some accompanying visual imagination of the figure, look, and demeanour of the man who bore this name, the means are not wanting. Sketches of De Quincey at various periods of his life are numerous enough, but one would naturally prefer here the best and surest of him in his latest Edinburgh days. For that I have not to go far

No man now living in the present Edinburgh knew De Quincey so intimately in the last seven years of his life, or saw so much of lum, as Mr J R Findlay, and the following extract from Mr Findlay's little volume of 1886 entitled Personal Recollections of Thomas De Quincey may be relied on as the most authentic and exact sketch of the De Quincey of those years now procurable —"He was a very little man "(about 5 feet 3 or 4 inches), his countenance the most "remarkable for its intellectual attractiveness that I have "ever seen His features, though not regular, were aristocratically fine, and an air of delicate breeding pervaded the face 'His forehead was unusually high, square, and compact. At "first sight his face appeared boyishly fresh and smooth, "with a sort of heetic glow upon it that contrasted remark—"ably with the evident appearances of age in the grizzled "hair and dim-looking eyes. The flush or bloom on the "cheeks was, I have no doubt, an effect of his constant use of opium, and the apparent smoothness of the face disappeared upon examination. The best description of his peculiar appearance in this respect is one given by Sir "Walter Scott in reference to General Platoff, whom Scott

is met at Paris, and from whom, he tells us, he took his "portrait of Mr Touchwood in St Roman's Well. 'His "five, which at the distance of a yard or two seemed hale "and size th, appeared, when closely examined, to be "samed with a million of wrinkles crossing each other in ' every direction possible, but as fine as if drawn by the 's point of a very fine needle.' Mr De Quincey's eves were "dark in colour (the Scotch word blac would best express " the shade), the res lurge, but with a strange flatness and "dimares of aspect, which, however, did not indicate any deficiency of eight. So far as I ever observed, he saw "distant objects tolerably well, and almost to the very end of his life he could read the smallest print without spec-ticules . . . His dress was at all times peculiar. His " clothes had generally a look of extreme age, and also of "having been made for a person comewhat larger than hun-"self. I believe that the real cause of this was that he had "become much thuncer in those later years, whilst he wore, "and did wear, I suppose, till the end of his life, the clothes "that had been made for him years before. I have some"times seen appearances about him of a shirt and shirt-collar, "but usually there were no industions of these articles of "dress. When I came to visit him in his lodgings, I saw " him in all stage of costume; sometimes he would come in "to me from his bedroom to his parlour with shoes but no "vioelings, and sometimes with stockings but no shoes." When in bed, where I also saw him from time to time, "he wore a large picket,—not exactly an under-jacket, "but a jacket made in the form of a coat, of white "flannel, romething like a cricketer's coat, in fact. In the "atreet his appearance was equally singular. He walked "with considerable rapidity (he said walking was the only "athletic exercise in which he had ever excelled), and with "an old one-sided, and yet straightforward motion, moving his legs only, and neither his arms, head, nor any other part of his body,—like Wordsworth's cloud,

" 'Moving altogether if he moved at all '

" H12 hat, which had the antediluvian aspect characteristic of the rest of his clothes, was generally stuck on the back

"of his head, and no one who ever met that antiquated figure, with that strangely dreamy and intellectual face, making its way rapidly, and with an oddly deferential air, through any of the streets of Edinbuigh,—a sight certainly by no means common, for he was very seldom to be seen in town,—could ever forget it"

If, even after this, the reader would still have something more, let him take these lines from Thomson's Castle of Indolence, with the assurance that all who ever saw De Quincey in his old age recognise in them the most startlingly accurate description of him, as if by some prophetic anticipation, that could possibly be given in succinct metre —

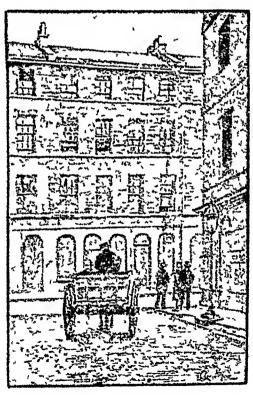
"He came, the bard, a little druid wight
Of withered aspect, but his eyo was keen,
With sweetness mixed. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister of the copies green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien
Gross he who judges so! his soul was fair."

If the name "bard" may be extended to a prose-writer of the bardic class, this description also is exact in almost every point. It is exact more especially in its added picture of the particular bard in view as "a little druid wight." By the very limits of the territory within which De Quincey moved and had local habitation during his life, no less than by character and physiognomy, he was of the antiqua gens Druidum. Through all the seventy-four years of his life he was never once, it seems, out of the British Islands. Twice he visited Ireland, but the main topography of his life his in the scenes and neighbourhoods suggested by this succession of names —Manchester, Bath, Wiltshire, Manchester again, North Wales, London, Chester, Oxford, London again, Somersetshire, Grasmere and the English Lake district, London yet again, Grasmere again, and, finally, and in far the largest proportion. Edinburgh and the vicinity of Edinburgh. It was at about the mid-point of his long and final connexion with Edinburgh, and therefore about six years before the beginning of Mr Findlay's acquaintanceship with him, that the present Editor had the privilege of meeting him more than once and of

spending some hours in his company; and it may be some little qualification for the present Editor's duty in these volumes that he remembers those meetings well, and can in reading any paper in the volumes, or any sentence in any of the papers, re-imagine distinctly, for limitely, the face, voice, and manner of the living De Quincey.

DAVID MASSON

Purburen Spleader 1889.



42 LOTHIAN STREET

#### EDITOR'S PREFACE TO THIS VOLUME

THE present volume contains (1) De Quincey's own General Preface of 1853, as written for the first volume of the Collective Edition of his Writings then begun, and (2) the whole of that portion of his Autobiography which appeared in the same volume, with continuation in the next, under the title of "Autobiographic Sketches"

THE GENERAL PREFACE—This was written when De Quincey was still somewhat in the dark as to what would ultimately be the entire contents of his collective edition, or what would be the order of then arrangement, and could only make a forecast on the subject from the twelve volumes of the collective American edition that had already been pubhshed (see ante, p viv), and from his own knowledge of the quantity of more matter that remained to be brought in. Hence the Preface is hardly what De Quincey would have written had he had the whole of his writings under exact survey It gives no adequate conspecties of them in their complete variety, but only suggests a classification of them, and lights here and there, by way of illustration, on a selected example, not always the best that could have been chosen The classification suggested, however, is valuable; and the whole of the Preface is interesting and characteristic.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY—When De Quincey had resolved that his collective edition should open with a revised collection of his expressly autobiographic papers, his most

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obvious store of material was in the series of articles he had begun in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for February 1834, under the title "Sketches of Men and Mainers from the Autobiography of an English Opunn-Eater," and had continued through the rest of that year, and for some years more, in the pages of the same monthly, under the same title or modifications of it. But, as we saw (ante, pp xn-xn), he had quite recently, in the pages of Hogy's Instructor, begun, under the title of "A Sketch from Childhood," another series of autobiographic aitieles, filling a gap in the previous Tait series, and these supplementary articles, straggling at rutervals through the numbers of the Edinburgh weekly for the years 1851 and 1852, had necessarily to be interwoven with their piedecessors Further, in certain numbers of Blackwood's Magazine for 1845, from March onwards, there were special articles of De Quineey's, of a peculiar autobiographic sort, under the title of "Suspiria de Profundis, being a Sequel to the Confessions of an English Opium-Enter," of titled independently, and these also had to be incorporated One may guess, accordingly, how De Quincey proceeded in adapting the autobiographic inaterial he had at hand for connected republication in 1853 He took the numbers of Tait's Magazine, Blackwood's Magazine, and Hogg's Instructor of the dates indicated, and cut and carved among his own articles in them, welding these together, with retrenchments here and enlargements and alterations there, till the result satisfied him The "Autobiographic Sketches," which composed the first volume of the Collective Edition of his Writings in 1853, and a portion of the second volume, were, therefore, a coagulation of matter previously printed in 1834-5, 1845, and 1851-2, all in Edinburgh periodicals the present edition we keep to his example by beginning with the "Antobiographic Sketches," only changing that title into "Antobiography," as less ragged,—a change for which there is ample justification in De Quincey's prior use of the world "Autobiography" in designating portions of the series, and in his subsequent frequent use of the same term as an optional alternative in referring to the completed series What has to be chiefly remembered here is that the present volume does not include the whole of De Quincey's Autobiography,

as expressly so designated by himself, but only as much of it as he had managed to overtake in the revision of his writings for the Collective Edition of 1853-60. Some additional portions of his already printed Autobiography, which he doubtless meant to revise some time or other, never had the benefit of that intention, and remained in their universed shape as articles in some old numbers of Tait's Magazine. These will follow in the next volume of the present edition.

D M

### DE QUINCEY'S GENERAL PREFACE IN 1853

The miscellaneous writings, which I propose to lay before the public in this body of Selections, are in part to be regarded as a republication of papers scattered through several British journals twenty or thirty years ago, which papers have been reprinted in a collective form by an American house of high character in Boston but in part they are to be newed as entirely now, large sections having been infercallited in the present edition, and other changes made, which, even to the old parts, by giving very great expansion, give sometimes a character of absolute novelty. Once, therefore, at home, with the allowance for the changes here indicated, and once in America, it may be said that these writings have been in some sense published. But publication is a great idea never even approximated by the atmost anxieties of man. Not the Bible-not the little book which, in past times, came next to the Bible in European diffusion and currency 1-12, the treatise De Imitatione Christi,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Next to the Bible in currency"—That is, next in the lifteenth century to the Bible of the innetcenth century. The diffusion of the De Imitatione Christi over Christendom (the idea of Christiandom, it must be remembered, not then including any part of America) anticipated in 1153 the diffusion of the Bible in 1853. But why? Through what causes? Elsewhere I have attempted to show that this enormous (and seemingly incredible) popularity of the De Imitatione Christia is virtually to be interpreted as a vicinious popularity of the Bible. At that time the Bible itself was a formain of inspired truth everywhere seeded up, but a whisper run through the western

has jet in any generation been really published Where is the printed book of which, in Colendage's words, it may not be said that, after all efforts to publish itself, still it remains, for the world of possible readers, "as good as manuscript"? Not to masst, however, upon any romantic rigour in constructing this idea, and abiding by the ordinary standard of what is understood by miblication, it is probable that, in many cases, my own papers must have failed in reaching even this For they were printed as contributions to journals that mode of publication is mnavoidably disadvantageous to a writer, except under unusual conditions By its harsh peremptory punctuality, it drives a man into hurried writing, possibly into saying the thing that is not. They won't wait an hom for you in a Magazine of a Review, they won't wait for truth, you may as well reason with the sea, or a railway train, as in such a case with an editor, and, as it makes no difference whether that sea which you desire to argue with is the Mediterranean of the Baltic, so, with that editor and his, deafness, it matters not a straw whether he belong to a northern or a southern journal Here is one evil of journalwriting-viz, its overmastering precipitation A second 18 -its effect at times in narrowing your publicity Every journal, or pretty nearly so, is understood to hold (perhaps in its very title it makes proclamation of holding) certain fixed principles in politics, or possibly religion. These distinguishing features, which become badges of enmity and intolerance. all the more intense as they descend upon narrower and narnower grounds of separation, must, at the very threshold, by warming off those who dissent from them, so far operate to limit your audience To take my own case as an illustration, these present sketches were published in a journal dedicated to pur-

nations of Europe that the work of Thomas a Kempis contained some slender rivulets of truth silently stealing away into light from that interdicted fountain. This belief (so at least I read the ease) led to the producions multiplication of the book, of which not merely the reminivessions, but the separate translations, are past all counting, though bibliographers have undertaken to count them. The book came forward as an inswer to the sighing of Christian Europe for light from heaven. I speak of Thomas à Kempis as the author but his claim was disputed. Gerson was adopted by France as the author, and other local saints by other nations.

poses of political change such as many people thought revolutionary I thought so myself, and did not go along with its politics Inevitably that accident shut them out from the knowledge of a very large reading class Undoubtedly this journal, being ably and conscientionsly conducted, had some circulation amongst a neutral class of readers, and amongst its own class - it was popular But its own class did not ordinarily occupy that position in regard to social influence which could enable them rapidly to diffuse the knowledge of a writer A reader whose social standing is moderate may communicate his views upon a book or a writer to his own chicle, but his own circle is a narrow one. Whereas, in aristocratic classes, having more leisure and wealth, the intercourse is inconceivably more rapid, so that the publication of any book which interests them is secured at once, and this publishing influence passes downwards, but rare, indeed, is the inverse process of publication through an influence spreading upwards

According to the way here described, the papers now presented to the public, like many another set of papers nominally published were not so in any substantial sense. Here, at home, they may be regarded as still unpublished <sup>1</sup>. But, in such a case why were not the papers at once detached from the journal, and reprinted? In the neglect to do this, some there are who will read a blameable carelessness in the author; but in that carelessness others will read a secret consciousness that the papers were of doubtful value. I have heard, indeed, that some persons, hearing of this republication, had interpreted the case thus —Within the last four or five years, a practice has ansen amongst authors of gathering together into volumes their own scattered con-

At the same time it must not be denied, that, if you lose by a journal in the way here described, you also gain by it. The journal gives you the bencht of its own separate andience, that might else never have heard your name. On the other hand, in such a case, the journal secures to you the special enunty of its own peculiar antigonists. These papers, for instance, of inner, not being political, were read possibly in a friendly temper by the regular supporters of the journal that published them. But some of my own political friends regarded me with displeasure for connecting myself at all with a reforming journal. And far more, who would have been liberal enough to dis regard that objection, naturally lost sight of me when under occultation to them in a journal which they never saw.

tributions to periodical literature. Upon that suggestion, they suppose me suddenly to have remembered that I also had made such contributions, that mine might be entitled to their chance as well as those of others, and, accordingly, that on such a slight invitation ab extra I had called back into life what otherwise I had long since regarded as having already fulfilled its mission, and must doubtless have dismissed to oblivious

I do not certainly know, or entirely believe, that any such thing was really said But, however that may be, no representation can be more opposed to the facts Never for an instant did I falter in my purpose of republishing most of the papers which I had written Neither, if I myself had been inclined to forget them, should I have been allowed to do so by strangers For it happens that, during the four-teen last years, I have received from many quarters in England, in Ireland, in the British Colonies, and in the United States, a series of letters expressing a fai profounder interest in papers written by myself than any which I could ever think myself entitled to look for Had I, therefore, otherwise cherished no purposes of republication, it now became a duty of gratitude and respect to these numerous correspondents, that I should either republish the papers in question, or explain why I did not. The obstacle in fact had been in part the shifting state of the law which regulated literary property, and especially the property in periodical literature. But a far greater difficulty lay in the labour (absolutely insurmountable to myself) of bringing together from so many quarters the scattered materials of the collection labour, most fortunately, was enddenly taken off my hands by the emment house of Messrs. Ticknor, Reid, & Fields, Boston, US To them I owe my acknowledgments, first of all, for that service they have brought together a great majority of any fugitive papers in a series of volumes now amounting to twelve. And, secondly, I am bound to mention that they have made me a sharer in the profits of the publication, called upon to do so by no law whatever, and assuredly by no expectation of that sort upon my part

Taking as the basis of my remarks this Collective American Edition, I will here attempt a rude general classification

of all the articles which compose it I distribute them grossly into three classes — First, into that class which proposes primarily to amuse the reader, but which, in doing so, may or may not happen occasionally to reach a higher station, at which the amusement passes into an impassioned interest. Some papers are meiely playful, but others have a miled character These present Autobiographic Shetches illustrate what I mean Generally, they pretend to little beyond that sort of amusement which attaches to any real story, thoughtfully and faithfully related, moving through a succession of scenes sufficiently varied, that are not suffered to remain too long upon the eye, and that connect themselves at every stage with intellectual objects. But, even here, I do not scruple to claim from the reader, occasionally. a higher consideration. At times, the narrative rises into a far higher key Most of all it does so at a period of the writer's life where, of necessity, a severe abstraction takes place from all that could invest him with any alien interest, no display that might dazzle the reader, nor ambition that could carry his eye forward with curiosity to the future, noi successes, fixing his eye on the present, nothing on the stage but a solitary infant, and its solitary combat with grief-a mighty darkness, and a sorrow without a voice. But something of the same interest will be found, perhaps, to rekindle at a maturer age, when the characteristic features of the individual mind have been unfolded And I contend that much more than amusement ought to settle upon any narrative of a life that is really confidential. It is singular—but many of my readers will know it for a truth—that vast numbers of people, though liberated from all reasonable motives of self-restraint, cannot be confidential—have it not in their power to lay aside reserve, and many, again, cannot be so with particular people I have witnessed more than conce the case, that a young female dancer, at a certain turn of a peculiar dance, could not—though she had died for it—sustain a free, finent motion — Aerial chains fell upon her at one point, some invisible spell (who could say what?) froze her elasticity. Even as a horse, at noonday on an open heath, starts aside from something his inder cannot see, or as the flame within a Davy lamp feeds upon the poisonous

gas up to the meshes that surround it, but there suddenly is arrested by barners that no Aladdin will ever dislodge. It is because a man eaunot see and measure these mystical forces which pilsy him, that he caunot deal with them effectually. If he were able really to pierce the haze which so often envelops, even to himself, his own secret springs of action and reserve, there cannot be a life moving at all under intellectual impulses that would not, through that single force of absolute frankness, fall within the reach of, a deep, solemu, and sometimes even of a thilling interest. Without pretending to an interest of this quality, I have done what was possible on my part towards the readiest access to such an interest by perfect sincerity, saying everywhere nothing but the truth, and in any case forbearing to say the whole truth only through consideration for others.

Into the second class I throw those papers which address

themselves purely to the understanding as an insulated faculty, or do so primarily. Let me call them by the general name of Essays. These, as in other cases of the same kind, must have them value measured by two separate questions. A—What is the problem, and of what muck in dignity or in use, which the Essay undertakes? And next, that point being settled—B—What is the success obtained? and (as a separate question) What is the executive ability displayed in the solution of the problem? This latter question is naturally no question for myself, as the answer would my olve a verdiet upon my own merit. But, generally, there will be quite enough in the answer to question A for establishing the value of any essay on its soundest basis. Prudens interrogatio est dimidium scientiae. Skilfully to frame your

Two or three of the problems treated in these Essays I will here rehearse

I ESENISM—The essay on this, where mentioned at all in print, has been mentioned as dealing with a question of pure speculative curiosity so little suspicion is abroad of that real question which hies below. Essenism means simply this—Christianity before Christ, and consequently without Christ. If, therefore, Essenism could make good its pretensions, there at one blow would be an end of Christianity.

question, is half-way towards insuring the true answer

which in that case is not only supersciled as an idle repetation of a religious system already published, but also as a criminal plagiarism. Nor can the wit of man evade that conclusion. But even that is not the worst. When we contemplate the total orb of Christianity, we see it divide into two hemispheres, first, an Ethical system differing centrally from any previously made known to man, secondly, a mysterious and divine machinery for reconciling man to God, a teaching to be taught; but also a work to be worked. Now, the first we find again in the Ethics of the counterfeit Essenes—which ought not to surprise us at all since it is surely an easy thing for him who pillages my thoughts addithium, to reproduce a perfect resemblance in his own 1, but what has become of the second, viz., not the teaching, but the operative working of Christianity? The Ethical system is replaced by a stolen system, but what replaces the mysterious agencies of the Christian faith? In Essenism we had again a saintly scheme of Ethics, but where is the scheme of Mediation?

In the Romash Church, there have been some theologians who have also seen reason to suspect the romance of "Essemismus" And I am not sure that the knowledge of this fact may not have operated to blint the suspicious of the Protestant churches—I do not mean that such a fact would have absolutely deafened Protestant ears to the grounds of suspicion when loudly proclaimed, but it is very likely to have indisposed them towards listening. Meantime, so far as I am acquainted with these Roman Catholic demurs, the difference between them and my own is broad. They, without suspecting any subtle, fraudulent purpose, simply recoil from the romantic air of such a statement—which builds up, as with an enchanter's wand, an important sect, such as could not possibly have escaped the notice of Christ and his apostles.—I, on the other hand, misist not only upon the revolting incompatibility of such a sect with the absence of

The crime of Josephus in relation to Christianity is the same, in fact, as that of Lander in respect to Milton. It was easy enough to detect plagramsms in the *Paradisc Lost* from Latin passages fathered upon inaginary writers, when these passages had previously been forged by Lander humself for the purpose of sustaining such a charge

all attention to it in the New Testament, but (which is far more important) the incompatibility of such a sect (as a sect elder than Christ) with the originality and heavenly revelation of Christianity Here is my first point of difference from the Romish objectors The second is this not content with exposing the imposture, I go on, and attempt to show in what real circumstances, fraudulently disguised, it might naturally have arisen In the real circumstances of the Christian Church, when struggling with Jewish persecution at some period of the generation between the Crucifixion and the siege of Jerusalem, arose probably that secret defensive society of Christians which suggested to Josephus his knavish forgery We must remember, that Josephus did not write until after the great rums effected by the siege, that he wrote at Rome, far removed from the criticism of those survivors who could have exposed, or had a motive for exposing, his malicious frauds, and, finally, that he wrote under the pationage of the Flavian family by his sycophancy he had won their protection, which would have overawed any Christian whatever from coming forward to unmask him, in the very improbable case of a work so large, costly, and, by its title, merely archæological, finding its way, at such a

period, into the hands of any poor hunted Christian 1

2 The Cæsars—This, though written hastily, and in a situation where I had no aid from books, is yet far from being what some people have supposed it—a simple recapitulation, or resume, of the Roman Imperatorial History—It moves rapidly over the ground, but still with an exploring eye, carried right and left into the deep shades that have gathered so thickly over the one solitary road 2 traversing that part of history—Glumpses of moral truth, or singles-

<sup>1</sup> It is a significant fact, that Dr Strauss, whose sceptical spirit, left to its own disinterested motions, would have looked through and through this monstrous fable of Essensin, coolly adopted it, no questions as ed, as soon as he perceived the value of it as an argument against Christianity

<sup>&</sup>quot;Solitary road" —The reader must remember that, until the seventh century of our era, when Mahometanism arose, there was no collateral history Why there was none, why no Gothic, why no Parthum history, it is for Rome to explain We tax ourselves, and are taxed by others, with many an unaginary neglect as regards India

tions of what may lead to it, indications of neglected difficulties, and occasionally conjectural solutions of such difficulties—these are what this Essay offers. It was meant as a specimen of fruits, gathered hastily, and without effort, by a vagrant but thoughtful mind, through the coerciou of its theme, sometimes it became ambitious, but I did not give to it an ambitious title. Still I felt that the meanest of these suggestions merited a valuation derelicts they were, not in the sense of things wilfully abandoned by my predecessors on that road, but in the sense of things blindly overlooked. And, summing up in one word the pretensions of this particular Essay, I will venture to claim for it so much, at least, of originality as ought not to have been left open to anybody in the nineteenth century.

3 Cicrro -This is not, as might be imagined, any literary valuation of Cicero, it is a new reading of Roman history in the most dreadful and comprehensive of her convulsions, in that final stage of her transmutations to which Cheero was himself a party—and, as I maintain, a most selfish and unpatriotic party. He was governed in one half by his own private interest as a novus homo dependent upon a wicked oligarchy, and in the other half by his blind hatred of Cosar, the guandeur of whose nature he could not comprehend, and the real patriotism of whose policy could never be appreciated by one bribed to a selfish course The great mob of lustorians have but one way of constructing the great events of this era-they succeed to it as to an inheritance, and chiefly under the misleading of that prestige which is attached to the name of Cicero on which account it was that I gave this title to my Essay Seven years after it was published, this Essay, slight and imperfectly developed as is the exposition of its parts, began to receive some public countenance

I was going on to abstract the principle involved in some other Essays But I forbear These specimens are sufficient for the purpose of informing the reader—that I do not write without a thoughful consideration of my subject,

but assuredly we cannot be treed with that neglect No part of our Indian Empire, or of its adjacencies, but has occupied the researches of our oriental scholars

and also—that to think reasonably upon any question, has never been allowed by me as a sufficient ground for writing upon it, unless I believed myself able to offer some considerable novelty. Generally I claim (not arrogantly, but with firmness) the merit of rectification applied to absolute errors, or to injurious limitations of the truth

Finally, as a third class, and, in virtue of their aim, as a far ligher class of compositions included in the American Collection, I rank The Confessions of an Opium-Eater, and also (but more emphatically) the Suspiria de Profundis On these, as modes of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that I am aware of in any literature, it is much more difficult to speak justly, whether in a hostile or a friendly character As jet, neither of these two works has ever received the least degree of that correction and pruning which both, require so extensively, and of the Suspiria not more than perhaps one-third has yet been printed. When both have been fully revised, I shall feel myself entitled to ask for a more determinate adjudication on their claims as works of art At present I feel authorised to make haughter pretensions in right of their conception than I shall venture to do, under the peril of being supposed to characterise their execution Two remarks only I shall address to the equity of my
reader First, I desire to remind him of the perilous difficulty besieging all attempts to elothe in words the visionary scenes derived from the world of dreams, where a single false scenes derived from the world of dreams, where a single laise note, a single word in a wrong key, ruins the whole music, and, secondly, I desire him to consider the utter sterility of universal literature in this one department of impassioned prose, which certainly argues some singular difficulty, suggesting a singular duty of indulgence in criticising any attempt that even imperfectly succeeds. The sole Confessions, belonging to past times, that have at all succeeded in engaging the attention of men, are those of St. Austin and of Rousseau. The very idea of breathing a record of human passion, not into the ear of the random eroud, but of the saintly confessional, argues an impassioned theme. Impassioned, therefore, should be the tenor of the composition. Now, in St Augustine's Confessions is found one most impassioned passage,—vil., the lamentation for the death

of his youthful friend in the 4th Book, one, and no more. Further, there is nothing. In Rousseau there is not even so much. In the whole work there is nothing grandly affecting but the character and the mexplicable misery of the writer.

Meantime, by what accident, so foreign to my nature, do I find myself laying foundations towards a higher valuation of my own workmanship? Oh, reader, I have been talking idly. I care not for any valuation that depends upon comparison with others. Place me where you will, on the scale of comparison only suffer me, though standing lowest in your catalogue, to rejoice in the recollection of letters expressing the most fervid interest in particular passages or scenes of the Confissions, and by rebound from them, an interest in them author suffer me also to anticipate that, on the publication of some parts yet in ariear of the Suspiria, you yourself may possibly write a letter to me, protesting that your disapprobation is just where it was, but nevertheless that you are disposed to shake hands with me—by way of proof that you like me better than I deserve



GREFNIAN, MANCHESTER.

Where De Quincey spent his early days—See p 34 n and p 57
[Adapted from a print drawn by George Evans "from an oil painting by Carse"]

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY FROM 1785 to 1803

# CHAPTER I (")

#### PARENTAGE AND THE PATERNAL HOME I

Mr father was a plain and unpretending man, who began life with what is considered in England (or was considered) a small fortune, viz, six thousand pounds.<sup>2</sup> I once heard a young banker in Liverpool, with the general assent of those who heard him, fix upon that identical sum of six thousand pounds as exemplifying, for the standard of English life, the absolute ideal of a dangerous inheritance, just too little, as he said, to promise comfort or real independence, and yet large enough to operate as a temptation to indolence. Six thousand pounds, therefore he considered in the light of a snare to a young man, and almost as a malicious bequest. On the other hand, Ludlow, the regicide, who, as the son of an English baronet, and as ex-commander-in-chief of the

<sup>2</sup> De Quincey's futher called himself simply Thomas Quincey, without any prefix of De, and was known by that name from about 1779

to 1793 in the business world of Munchester -M

<sup>1</sup> What is here reproduced as an independent chapter is a portion of the first of De Quince, sautobiographic articles in Tait's Magazine. The article will be found in the number of that Magazine for February 1834. Though De Quince, availed himself of that article, as well as of others in Blackwood and in Hogy's Instructor, when he recast his autobiographic records for fresh publication in 1853, he omitted this portion of it. As it seems essential, however, in preparation for what is to follow, I have ventured to restore it and to give it a title—M

Parliament cavalty, etc., knew well what belonged to elegant and invurious life, records it as his opinion of an Englishman who had sheltered him from state blood-hounds, that in possessing an annual revenue of £100, he enjoyed all the solid comforts of this life,—neither himself rapiacious of his neighbour's goods, nor rich enough in his own person to offer a mark to the rapicity of others. This was in 1660, when the expenses of hing in England were not so widely removed, aguatis aquandis, from the common average of this day, both scales being far below that of the long war-period which followed the French Revolution

What m one man, however, is wise moderation, may happen in another, differently circumstanced, to be positive injustice, or sordid maptitude to aspire At, or about, his 26th year, my father mairied, and it is probable that the pretensions of my mother, which were, in some respects, more elevated than his own, might concur with his own activity of mind to break the temptation, if for him any temptation had ever existed, to a life of obscure repose <sup>1</sup> This small fortune, in a country so expensive as England, did not promise to his wife the style of living to which she had been accustomed Every man wishes for his wife what, on his own account, he might readily dispense with Partly, therefore, with a view to what he would consider as her reasonable expectations, he entered into trade as an Irish and a West Indian merchant. But there is no doubt that, even apart from consideration for his wife, the general tone of feeling in English society, which stamps a kind of disceputableness on the avowed intention to do nothing, would, at any rate, have sent him into some mode of active life. In saying that he was a West Indian merchant, I must be careful to acquit his memory of any connexion with the slave trade, by which so many fortunes were made at that era in Liverpool, Glasgow, Whatever may be thought of slavery itself as modified in the British colomes, or of the remedies attempted for that evil by modern statesmanship, of the kidnapping, murdering

The maden name of De Quincey's mother was Elizabeth Penson About or shortly after the date of her marriage, two brothers of hers went out to Bengal as officers in the service of the East India Company—V

slave-trade, there cannot be two opinions and my father, though connected with the West Indian trade in all honourable branches, was so far from lending himself even by a passive concurrence to this most memorable abomination, that he was one of those conscientious protesters who, throughout England, for a long period after the first publication 2 of Clarkson's famous Essay, and the evidence delivered before the House of Commons, strictly abstained from the use of sugar in his own family

Meantime, as respected some paramount feelings of my after life, I drew from both parents, and the several aspects of their characters, great advantages Each, in a different sense, was a high-toned moralist, and my mother had a separate advantage, as compared with persons of that rank, in high-bred and polished manners Every man has his own standard of a summum bonum, as exemplified in the arrangements of life . For my own part, without troubling others as to my peculiar likings and dishkings, in points which illustrate nothing, I shall acknowledge frankly that in every scheme of social happiness I could ever frame, the spirit of manners entered largely as an indispensable element The Italian ideal of their own language, as a spoken one, is expressed thus—Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana there must be two elements—the Florentine choice of words, and the Florentine idiom, concurring with the Roman pronunciation

The confusion of slavery with the slave-trade, at one time, was universal. But nowadays it is supposed by many to be a superfluous care, if one is sedulous to mark the distinction in a pointed way. Yet it was but last year that, happening to converse with a very respectable and well-informed surgeon in the north, I found him assuming, as a matter of conrese, that cmancipation, etc., Ind been the express and immediate object of Wilberforce, Clarkson, etc., in their long crusade nor could I satisfy him that, however ultimately contemplating that result, they had even found it necessary to disown it as a present object.

<sup>2</sup> Writing where I have no books, like Salmasus, I make all my references to a forty years' course of reading, by memory In every case except where I make a formal cutation marked as such, this is to be understood. My chronology on this particular subject is rather uncertain Clarkson's Essay (originally Latin) published, I think, in 1787, Anthony Benezet's book, Granville Sharpe's Trial of the Slave question in a court of justice—these were the openings—then came Wilberforce, Clarkson's second work, the Evidence before Parliament

Parodying this, I would express my conception of a society (suppose a household) entirely well constituted, and fitted to yield the greatest amount of lasting pleasure, in these terms, the morals of the middle classes of England, combined with the manners of the highest, or, more pointedly, by the morals of the gentry, with the manners of the nobility Manners more noble, or more polished than the manners of the English nobility, I cannot unagine, not, on the other hand, a mornity which is built less upon the mere anniableness of quick sensibilities, or more entirely upon massy substructions of principle and conscience, than the morality of the British middle classes Books, literature, institutions of police, facts infilmerable, within my own experience, and open to all the world, can be brought to bear with a world of evidence upon this subject. I am aware of the anger which I shall rouse in many minds by both doctrines, but I am not disposed to concede any point of what to me appears the truth, either to gene al inisanthropy and cynicism, to political prejudices, or to auti-national feeling Such notices as have occurred to me on these subjects, within my personal experience, I shall bring forward as they happen to ause Let them be met and opposed as they shall deserve are sturdy things, and not so much hable to erroneous valuation But the fugitive, volatile, imponderable essences which concern the spirit of manners, are really not susceptible of any just or intelligible treatment by mere words and distinctions, unless in so far as they are assisted, and interpreted by continual illustrations from absolute experience. Meantime, the reader will to do cuse me of an aristocratic feeling, now that he under ode. It is that I admire in the aristocracy, and with white that it is that I admire in the reader chooses so to at limitation. It is my infirmity, if the reader chooses so to at limitation. It is that I admire in the aristocracy and infirmity in the reader chooses so to at limitation. It is that I admire in the reader chooses so t of any just or intelligible treatment by mere words and

of elegence and propriety in the daily habits of using them.

With these feelings, and, if the render chooses, these infirmities, I not placed in a singularly fortunate position My father, as I have earl, had no building qualities, but the moral integrity which I have attributed to his class was so partitually expressed in him, that in my early life, and for mount yours after his death, I occisionally met strangers who would by to me, almost in the same form of words, (so essential was their harmony as to the thing)-"Su, I knew your fither he was the most upright man I ever met with m my life." Nobody, that I remember, praised him under the notion of a clever man, or a man of talent. Yet that he Kal so in some subordinate sense is probable, both from his success as a men of business, and more unequivocally in other ways. He wrote a book and, though not a book of much pretension in its subject, yet in those days to have written a look at all use creditable to a man's activity of mind, and to his strength of character, in acting without a precedent In the execution, this book was really respectable. As to the subject, it was a sketch of a tour in the midland countries of England, in one octava volume. The plan upon which it was constructed made it tolerably muscell meous, for throughout the tom a double purpose was kept before the readerthe printings and statues in the principal minisions lying near the line of his route, and, accordly, of attention to the Mechanic Arts, a. displayed in the canals, manufactories, etc., then rising everywhere into activity, and quickened into a hastier development by Arkwright and the Peels in one direction, md, in another, by Brindley, the engineer, under the patronage of the Duke of Bridgewater. This Duke, by the ray, was guided by an accident of life, concurring with his own disposition, and his gloomy sensibility to the wrong or the indignity he had suffered, into those ascetic habits which left his meome disposable for canals, and for the patronising of Brindley. He had been jilted and in consequence he became a woman-hater—a misogynist—as bitter as Euripides. On seeing a woman approaching, he would "quarter," and zig zag to any extent, rather than face her

Being, by this accident of his life, released from the expenses of a ducal establishment, he was the better able to create that immense wealth which afterwards yielded vast estates to the then Marquis of Stafford, to the Earl of Bridgewater, etc In its outline and conception, my father's book was exactly what is so much wanted at this time for the whole island. and was some years ago pointed out by the Quarterly Review. as a desideratum not easily supplied—viz., a guide to the whole wealth of art, above ground and below, which, in this land of ours, every square mile erowds upon the notice of strangers In the style of its execution, and the alternate treatment of the mechanic arts and the fine arts, the work resembles the well-known tours of Arthur Young, which blended rural industry with picture galleries, excepting only that in my father's I remember no politics, perhaps because it was written before the French Revolution 1 Partly. perhaps, it might be a cause, and partly an effect, of this attention paid by my father to the galleries of art in the aristocratic mansions that throughout the principal rooms of his own house there were scattered a small collection of paintings by old Italian masters. I mention this fact, not as a circumstance of exclusive elegance belonging to my father's establishment, but for the very opposite reason, as belonging very generally to my father's class Many of them possessed collections much finer than his, and I remember that two of the few visits on which, when a child, I was allowed to accompany my mother, were expressly to see a pieture-gallery, belonging to a merchant, not much wealthier than my father In scality, I cannot say anything more to the honour of this mercantile class than the fact that, being a wealthy class,

The book by De Quincey's father here described was published in London in 1775, when the author was but in his twenty-third year It was entitled A Short Tour in the Midland Counties of England, performed in the Summer of 1772, together with an Account of a similar Excursion undertaken September 1774, but the greater portion of the volume had previously appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, in successive instalments in the months of May, June, July, August, and September 1774, with the superscription "By T—Q——" to indicate the authorship Having examined the articles as they appeared in the Magazine, I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of De Quincey's description of his father's book—M

and living with a free and liberal expenditure, they applied a very considerable proportion of this expenditure to intellectual pleasures—to pietures, very commonly, as I have mentioned—to liberal society—and, in a large measure, to books

Yet, whilst the whole body of the merchants in the place lived in a style which, for its mixed liberality and elegance, resembled that of Venetian merchants, there was little about themselves or their establishments of external splendour,that is, in features which met the public eye According to the manners of then country, the internal economy of their establishments erred by too much profusion They had too many servants, and those servants were maintained in a style of luxury and comfort not often matched in the mansions of the nobility On the other hand, none of these were kept for show or ostentation, and, accordingly, it was not very common to find servants in livery women had then fixed and appropriate duties, but the men acted in mixed capacities Carriages were not very commonly kept, even where from one to two thousand a vear might be spent. There was in this town a good deal of society, somewhat better in an intellectual sense than such as is merely literary, for that is, of all societies, the feeblest From the clergymen, the medical body, and the merchants, was supported a Philosophical Society, who regularly published their Transactions And some of the members were of a rank in science to correspond with D'Alembert, and others of the leading Parisian wits and literati Yet so little even here did mere ontside splendour and imposing names avail against the palpable evidence of things-against mother-wit and natural iobustness of intellect—that the particular physician who chiefly corresponded with the Encyclopedists, spite of his Buston, his Diderot, his D'Alembert, by whom, in fact, he swore, and whose frothy letters he kept like amulets in his pocket-book, ranked in general esteem as no better than one of the sons of the feeble, and the treason went so far as sometimes to comprehend his correspondents—the great men of the Academy-in the same derogatory estimate, and, in reality, their printed letters are evidences enough that no great wrong was done them—being generally vapid, and as much inferior to Gray's letters, recently made popular by

Mason's life, as these again are, in spirit, and naiveté—not to Cowper's only, but to many an unknown woman's in every night of the year—little thought of perhaps by her correspondent, and destined pretty certainly to oblivion.

One word only I shall add, descriptive of my father's library, because in describing his, I describe those of all his class. It was very extensive, comprehending the whole general literature both of England and Scotland for the preceding generation. preceding generation It was impossible to name a book in the classes of lustory, biography, voyages and travels, belles lettres, or popular divinity, which was wanting And to these was added a pretty complete body of local tours (such as Pennant's) and topography, many of which last, being illustrated extensively with plates, were fixed for ever in the recollections of children But one thing was noticeable,—all the books were English There was no affectation, either in my father or mother, of decorating their tables with foreign books, not better than thousands of corresponding books in their mother idiom, or of painfully spelling out the contents, obscurely and doubtfully, as must always happen when people have not a familiar oral acquaintance with the whole force and value of a language. How often, upon the table of a modern litterateur, langual, perhaps, and dyspeptic, so as to be in no condition for enjoying anything, do we see books lying in six or eight different languages, not one of reliefs has lying in six or eight different languages, not one of which he has mastered in a degree putting him really and unaffectedly in possession of its idiomatic wealth, or really and seriously in a condition to seek his imaffected pleasures in that language. Besides, what reason has any man looking only for enjoyment to import exotic luxures, until he has a little exhausted those which are native to the soil? Are Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better indeed than all the waters of Israel? True it is, there are different reasons for learning a language, and with some I have here nothing to do where the luxures of literature are the things sought, I can understand why a Dane should learn English, because his native literature is not wide, not very original, and the best modern writers of his country have a tirck of writing in German, with a view to a larger andience. Even a Spannard, or a Portuguese, night, with much good sense, acquire at some

pains the English or the German; because his own literature, with a few splendid jewels, is not mounted in all departments equally well. But is it for those who have fed on the gifts of Ceres to discard them for acorns? This is to reverse the old mythological history of luman progress example, one of the richest departments in English literature - happens to be its drama, from the reign of Elizabeth to the Parhamentary War Such another exhibition of human life under a most picturesque form of manners and a stage of society so rich in original portraitme, and in strength of character, has not existed elsewhere, nor is even likely to revolve upon ourselves The trage drama of Greece is the only section of literature having a corresponding interest or value Well, few readers are now much acquainted with this section of literature, even the powerful sketches of Beaumont and Fletcher, who, in their comic delineations, approach to Shakspeare, he covered with dust, and yet, whilst these things are, some twenty years ago we all saw the and sterrities of Alfieri promoted to a place in every young lady's boudon It is true that, in this particular instance, the undue honour paid to this lifeless painter of life and this undramatic dramatist was owing to the accident of his memours having been just then published, and true also it is that the insipid dramas, unable to sustain themselves, have long since sunk back into oblivion But other writers, -not better, are still succeeding, as must ever be the case with readers not sufficiently masters of a language to bring the true pretensions of a work to any test of feeling, and who are for ever mistaking for some pleasure conferred by the writer what is in fact the pleasure 1 naturally attached to the sense of a difficulty or ercome

Not only were there in my father's library no books except English, but even amongst those there were none connected with the Black Letter literature, none in fact, of any kind which presupposed study and labour for their enjoyment. It was a poor library, on this account, for a scholar or a man of research. Its use and purpose was mere

<sup>1</sup> There can be no doubt that this particular mustake has been a chief cause of the vastly exaggerated appreciation of much that is mediocre in Greek Interature.

enjoyment, instant amusement, without effort or affectation, but still liberal and intellectual Living in the country, as most of his order did, my father could not look to a theatre for his evening pleasures—or to any public resort. To a theatre he went only when he took his family, and that might be once in five years. Books, gaidens on a large scale, and a greenhouse, were the means generally relied on for daily pleasure The last, in particular, was so commonly attached to a house that it formed a principal room in the country-house, with the modest name of The Farm. in which I passed my infancy, it was the principal room, as to dimensions, in a spacious house which my father built for himself, and was not wanting, on some scale or other, in any one house of those which I most visited when a school-boy

I may finish my portrait of my father and his class by saying that Cowper was the poet whom they generally most valued, but Dr Johnson, who had only just ceased to be a hving author, was looked up to with considerable reverence, upon mixed feelings partly for his courage, his sturdy and uncomplying morality, and, according to his views, for his general love of truth, and (as usual) for his diction amongst all who loved the stately, the processional, the artificial, and even the inflated,—with the usual dissent on the part of all who were more open to the natural graces of mother English and idiomatic liveliness Finally, I may add that there was too little music in those houses in those days, and that the reverence paid to learning,-to scholastic erudition, I mean, -was disproportionate and excessive having had the advantages of a college education themselves, my father and his class looked up with too much admination to those who had, ascribing to them, with a natural modesty, a superiority greatly beyond the fact, and, not allowing themselves to see that business, and the practice of life, had given to themselves countervailing advantages, nor discerning that too often the scholar had become dull and comatose over his books, whilst the activity of trade, and the strife of practical business, had sharpened their own judgments, set an edge upon their understandings, and increased the mobility of their general powers As to the general esteem for Cowper, that was mevitable his picture of an English rural

, fire-side, with its long ninter evening, the sofa nheeled round to the fire, the massy dispenses depending from the windows, the tea-table with its "bubbling and lond-lissing nin," the newspaper and the long debate,—Pitt and Fox juling the senate, and Erskine the bar,—all this held up a mere mujor to that particular period and their own particular houses, whilst the character of his ruial scenery was exactly the same in Cowpers experience of England as in their own. So that, in all these features, they recognised their countryman and their contemporary, who saw things from the same station as themselves, whilst his moral denunciations upon all great public questions then affoat were east in the very same mould of conscientious principle as their own that, I mean upon all questions where the moral bearings of the case (as in the slave-trade, lettres de cachet, etc.) were open to no doubt. They all agreed in being very solicitous in a point which evidently gives no concern at all to a Frenchman, viz that in her public and foreign acts their country should be in the right. In other respects, upon politics, there were great differences of opinion, especially throughout the American War, until the French Revolution began to change its first features of promise. After that, a great monotony of opinion prevailed for many years amongst all of that class

#### CHAPTER II

### THE AFFLICTION OF CHILDHOOD 1

ABOUT the close of my sixth year, suddenly the first chapter of my life came to a violent termination, that chapter which, even within the gates of recovered Paradise, might merit a remembrance "Life is Finished !" was the secret misgiving of my heart, for the heart of infancy is as apprehensive as that of maturest wisdom in relation to any capital wound inflicted on the happiness "Life is Finished! Finished it is!" was the hidden meaning that, half-unconscrously to myself, lurked within my sighs, and, as bells heard from a distance on a summer evening seem charged at times with an articulate form of words, some monitory message, that rolls round unceasingly, even so for me some noiseless and subterraneous voice seemed to chant continually a secret word, made audible only to my own heartthat "now is the blossoming of life withered for ever" Not that such words formed themselves vocally within my ear, or issued audibly from my lips but such a whisper stole silently to my heart. Yet in what sense could that be true? For an infant not more than six years old, was it possible that the promises of life had been really blighted?

This chapter is mainly a reproduction, but with alterations, ounesions, and additions, of portions of the "Suspiria do Profundis" articles in Blackwood for 1815, but there are tinges from the autobiographic article in Tail for February 1834 and also from the first autobiographic sketch in Hogy's Instructor for 1851 The title of the chapter is retained from Blackwood—M.

or its golden pleasures exhausted? Had I seen Rome? Had I read Milton? Had I heard Mozait? No St Peter's, the Paradise Lost, the divine melodies of Don Giovanni, all alike were as yet unrevealed to me, and not more through the accidents of my position than through the necessity of my yet imperfect sensibilities. Raptures there might be in arrear, but raptures are modes of troubled pleasure. The peace, the rest, the central security which belong to love that is past all understanding—these could return no more. Such a love, so unfathomable—such a peace, so unvexed by stoims, or the fear of stoims—had brooded over those four latter years of my infancy, which brought me into special relations to my eldest sister, she being at this period three years older than myself. The circumstances which attended the sudden dissolution of this most tender connection I will here rehearse. And, that I may do so more intelligibly, I will first describe that seiene and sequestered position which we occupied in life!

Any expression of personal vanity, intiuding upon impassioned records, is fatal to their effect—as being incompatible with that absorption of spirit and that self-oblivion in which only deep passion originates, or can find a genual home. It would, therefore, to myself be exceedingly painful

As occasions arise in these Sketches, when, merely for the purposes of intelligibility, it becomes requisite to call into notice such personal distinctions in my family as otherwise might be unimportant, I here record the entire list of my brothers and sisters, according to then order of succession, and Miltonically I include myself, having surely as much logical right to count myself in the series of my own brothers as Milton could have to pronounce Adam the goodlest of his own sons First and last, we counted as eight children-viz. fom brothers and four sisters, though never counting more than six living at once—viz, 1 William, older than myself by more than five years, 2 Elizabeth, 3 Jane, who died in her 4th year, 4 Mary, 5 myself, certainly not the goodlest man of men since born my brothers, 6 Richard, known to us all by the household name of Pink, who in his after years tilted up and down what might then be called his Britannic Majesty's Oceans (viz , the Atlantic and Pacific) in the quality of midshipman, until Waterloo in one day put an extinguisher on that whole generation of midshipmen, by extinguishing all further call for their services, 7 a second Jane, 8 Henry, a posthimous child, who belonged to Brasenose Colloge, Oxford, and died about his 26th year

that even a shadow, or so much as a seeming expression of that tendency, should creep into these reminiscences. And jet, on the other hand, it is so impossible, without laying an injurious restraint upon the natural movement of such a narrative, to prevent oblique gleams reaching the reader from such encunistances of luxury or anistocratic elegance as surrounded my childhood, that on all accounts I think it better to tell him, from the first, with the simplicity of truth, in what order of society my family moved at the time from which this preliminary narrative is dated. Otherwise it might happen that, merely by reporting faithfully the facts of this early experience, I could hardly prevent the reader from receiving an impression as of some higher rank than did really belong to my family. And this impression might seem to have been designedly insinuated by myself

My father was a merchant, not in the sense of Seotland, where it means a retail dealer, one, for instance, who sells groceries in a cellar, but in the English sense, a sense rigorously evelusive, that is, he was a man engaged in foreign commerce, and no other, therefore, in wholesale commerce, and no other—which last limitation of the idea is important, because it brings him within the benefit of Cicero's condescending distinction 1—as one who ought to be despised certainly, but not too intensely to be despised even by a Roman senator. He—this imperfectly despicable man—died at an early age, and very soon after the ineidents recorded in this chapter, leaving to his family, then consisting of a wife and six children, an unburdened estate producing exactly £1600 a-year 2. Naturally, therefore, at the date of my narrative—whilst he was still living—he had an income very much larger, from the addition of current commercial profits. Now, to any man who is acquainted with commercial life as it exists in England, it will readily

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Cicero, in a well known passage of his *Ethics*, speaks of trade as irredeemably base, if petty, but as not so absolutely felomons if wholesale

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> His gravestone in the churchyard of St Anne's, Manchester, bore this inscription <sup>h</sup> Thomas Quinces, merchant, who filed July 18, 1793, aged 40 years <sup>n</sup> This information is from a paper by Mr John Evans in vol v (1879) of the Papers and Proceedings of the Manchester Literary Club—M.

occur, that in an opulent English family of that classopulent, though not emphatically nch in a mercantile estimate—the domestic economy is pretty sure to move upon a scale of liberality altogether unknown amongst the corresponding orders in foreign nations. The establishment of servants, for instance, in such houses, measured even numerically against those establishments in other nations, would somewhat surprise the foreign appraiser, simply as interpreting the relative station in society occupied by the English merchant. But this same establishment, when measured by the quality and amount of the provision made for its comfort, and even elegant accommodation, would fill him with twofold astonishment, as interpreting equally the social valuation of the English merchant and also the social valuation of the English servant for, in the truest sense, England is the paradise of household servants. Laberal housekeeping, in fact, as extending itself to the meanest servants, and the disdam of petty parsimonies, are peculiar to England. And in this respect the families of English merchants, as a class, far outrun the scale of expenditure prevalent, not only amongst the corresponding bodies of continental nations, but even amongst the pooler sections of our own nobility—though confessedly the most splendid in Europe, a fact which, since the period of my infancy, I have had many personal opportunities for venifying both in England and in Iteland From this peculial anomaly, affecting the domestic economy of English merchants, there arises a disturbance upon the usual scale for measuring the relations of rank The equation, so to speak, between rank and the ordinary expressions of rank, which usually runs parallel to the graduations of expenditure, is here inter-iupted and confounded, so that one rank would be collected from the name of the occupation, and another rank, much higher, from the splendom of the domestic ménage. I warn the reader, therefore (or, rather, my explanation has already warned him), that he is not to infer, from any casual indications of luxury or elegance, a corresponding elevation of rank

We, the children of the house, stood, in fact, upon the very happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good

influences The prayer of Agar—"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—was realised for us That blessing we had, being neither too high nor too low. High enough we were to see models of good manners, of self-respect, and of simple dignity, obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. Amply furnished with all the nobler benefits of wealth, with extra means of health, of intellectual culture, and of elegant enjoyment, on the other hand, we knew nothing of its social distinctions Not depressed by the conscionsness of privations too soidid, not tempted into restlessness by the consciousness of privileges too aspiring, we had no motives for shame, we had none for pude Gnateful, also, to this hour I am that, amidst luxines in all things else, we were trained to a Spartan simplicity of diet-that we fared, in fact, very much less sumptiously than the servants And if (after the model of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius) I should return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, these four I would single out as worthy of special commemoration—that I lived in a rustic solitude, that this solitude was in England, that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of eisters, and not by horrid, puglistic brothers, finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church

The earliest incidents in my life which left stings in my memory so as to be remembered at this day were two, and both before I could have completed my second year, namely, first, a remarkable dream of terrific grandem about a favourite nurse, which is interesting to myself for this reason—that it demonstrates my dreaming tendencies to have been constitutional, and not dependent upon landanum<sup>1</sup>, and, secondly, the fact of having connected a profound sense of

It is frue that in those dats purgone clear was occasionally given to children in colds, and in this medicine there is a small proportion of laudanum. But no medicine was ever administered to any member of our increase except under medical sanction, and this, assuredly, would not have been obtained to the exhibition of laudanum in a case such as mine. For I was not more than twenty-one months old, at which age the action of opinm is capitaines, and therefore perious.

pathos with the reappearance, very early in the spring, of some crosuses. This I mention as inexplicable, for such annual resurrections of plants and flowers affect us only as memorials, or suggestions of some lugher change, and therefore in connection with the idea of death, yet of death I coold, at that time, have had no experience whatever

This, however, I was speedily to acquire. My two eldest elsters—clidest of three then living, and also elder than myself—were summoned to an early death. The first who dud was Igne about two years older than myself. She was three and a half, I one and a half, more or less by some tritle that I do not recollect. But death was then scarcely intelligible to me, and I could not so properly be said to suffer sorrow as a sad perplexity. There was another death in the house about the same time-viz, of a maternal grandmother, but, as she had come to us for the express purpose of dying in her daughter's society, and from illness had lived perfectly seeluded, our nursery circle knew her but little, and were certainly more affected by the death (which I witnessed) of a beautiful bird-viz, a kingfisher, which had been injured by an accident. With my sister Jane's death (though otherwise, as I have said, less sorrowful than perplexing) there was, however, connected an incident which made a most fearful impression upon myself, deepening my tendencies to thoughtfulness and abstraction beyond what would seem credible for my years If there was one thing in this world from which, more than from any other, nature had forced me to revolt, it was biniality and violence. Now, a whisper arose in the family that a female servant, who by accident was

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The same gravestone, in St Anne's Churchyard, Manchester, which recorded the date of the death of De Quincey's father in 1793 (see footnote, ante, p. 30) recorded the dates of the deaths of the two sisters. The words are "Also of Jane Quincey, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Quincey, born September 18, 1786, died March 1790. Also of Elizabeth Quincey, their daughter, who died June 2, 1792, aged 9 years." If this is correct, De Quincey, though right in giving the age of his sister Jane, at the time of her death, as three and a half years, seems to be wrong in making her older than himself. She was younger than himself by a whole year,—he being in the fifth year of his age when she died. His memory here seems to have reversed their relations of age.—M

drawn off from her proper duties to attend my sister Jane for a day or two, had on one occasion treated her harshly, if not brutally, and as this ill-treatment happened within three or four days of her death, so that the occasion of it must have been some fretfulness in the poor child caused by her sufferings, naturally there was a sense of awe and indignation diffused through the family I believe the story never reached my mother, and possibly it was exaggerated, but upon me the effect was terrific I did not often see the person charged with this cruelty, but, when I did, my eyes sought the ground, nor could I have borne to look her in the face, not, however, in any spirit that could be called anger The feeling which fell upon me was a shuddering horror, as upon a first glimpse of the truth that I was in a world of evil and strife born in a large town (the town of Manchester, even then among the largest of the island), I had passed the whole of my childhood, except for the few earliest weeks, in a rural seclusion 1 With three innocent little sisters for playmates, sleeping always amongst them, and shut up for ever in a silent garden from all knowledge of poverty, or oppression, or outrage, I had not suspected until this moment the true

<sup>1</sup> Dc Quincey was born in Manchester on the 15th of August 1785, and was baptized on the 23d of September, as appears from the Register of Baptisms in St Anne's Church of that city "September 23, Thomas, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Quincey," is the record, showing that his snrname in his infuncy, and for an indefinite period afterwards, was simply Quincey Though he was born, as he here distinctly tells us, in Manchester (particular street now unknown, though there have been attempts to identify it, and even the particular honse in it), the fact, also distinctly mentioned here, that he spent all his infancy, after the first few weeks, in "a rural seclusion," has to be borne in mind Till 1791 the family residence was a rustic cottage, called The Farm, some little way out of Munchester, after which it was Greenhay, a mansion or villa which his father had built about a mile out of Manchester, in what was then a rural suburb, though it has long been absorbed into the great town, and now forms a district of the town itself, called commonly Greenheys, derived by extension of the name apparently from its original application to one notable Biographers of De Quincey have till lately been strangely unanimous in the blunder of making him born at Greenhay,—a blunder from which even his tembstone in St Cuthbert's Churchyard, Edinburgh, is not free. "Born at Greenhay, near Manchester," is part of the inscription. -M.

complexion of the world in which myself and my sisters were living. Henceforward the character of my thoughts changed greatly, for so representative are some acts, that one single case of the class is sufficient to throw open before you the whole theatic of possibilities in that direction. I never heard that the woman accused of this cinelty took it at all to heart, even after the event which so immediately succeeded had reflected upon it a more painful emphasis. But for myself, that incident had a lasting revolutionary power in colouring my estimate of life.

So passed away from earth one of those three sisters that made up my nursery playmates, and so did my acquaintance (if such it could be called) commence with mortality Yet, in fact, I knew little more of mortality than that Jane had disappeared. She had gone away, but, perhaps, she would come back. Happy interval of heaven-born ignorance! Gracious immunity of infancy from sorrow disproportioned to its strength! I was sad for Jane's absence But still in my heart I trusted that she would come again. Summer and winter came again—crocuses and roses, why not little Jane?

Thus easily was healed, then, the first wound in my infant heart. Not so the second For thou, dear, noble Elizabeth, around whose ample brow, as often as thy sweet countenance rises upon the darkness, I fancy a trana of light or a gleaming aureola 1 in token of thy premature intellectual grandeur—thou whose head, for its superb developments, was the astonishment of science 2—thou next, but after an interval of

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Aurcola" —The aurcola is the name given in the "Legends of the Christian Saints" to that golden diadem or circlet of supernatural light (that glory, as it is commonly called in English) which, amongst the giert masters of painting in Italy, surrounded the heads of Christ and of distinguished saints

<sup>2 &</sup>quot;The astonishment of science" —Her medical attendants were Dr Pereival, a well-known literary physician, who had been a correspondent of Condorect, D'Alembert, etc., and Mr Charles White, the most distinguished surgeon at that time in the North of England—It was he who pronounced her head to be the finest in its development of any that he had ever seen—an assertion which, to my own knowledge, he repeated in after years, and with enthusiasm—That he had some acquaintance with the subject may be presumed from this, that, at so early a stage of such inquiries, he had published a work on human

happy years, thou also wert summoned away from our nursery, and the night which for me gathered upon that event ran after my steps far into life, and perhaps at this day I resemble little for good or for ill that which else I should have been Pillar of fire that didst go before nie to guide and to quicken—pillar of darkness, when thy countenance was turned away to God, that didst too truly reveal to my dawning fears the secret shadow of death, by what mysterious gravitation was it that my heart had been drawn to thine? Could a child, six years old, place any special value upon intellectual forwardness? Serene and capacious as my sister's mind appeared to me upon after review, was that a charm for stealing away the heart of an infant? Oh no! I think of it now with interest, because it lends, in a stranger's ear, some instification to the excess of my fondness But then it was lost upon me, or, if not lost, was perceived only through its effects. Hadst thou been an idiot, my sister, not the less I must have loved thee, having that capacious heart-overflowing, even as mine overflowed, with tenderness, strung, even as mine was strung, by the necessity of loving and being loved This it was which erowned thee with beauty and power -

> "Love, the holy sense, Best gift of God, in thee was most intense"

That lamp of Paradise was, for myself, kindled by reflection from the living light which burned so steadfastly in thee, and never but to thee, never again since thy departure, had I power or temptation, courage or desire, to utter the feelings which possessed me. For I was the shyest of

erunology, supported by measurements of heads selected from all varieties of the human species. Meantime, as it would grieve me that any trait of what might seem vanity should creep into this record, I will admit that my sister died of hydrocephalns, and it has been often supposed that the premature expansion of the intellect in cases of that class is altogether morbid—forced on, in fact, by the mere stimulation of the disease. I would, however, suggest, as a possibility, the very opposite order of relation between the disease and the intellectual manifestations. Not the disease may always have caused the pretor natural growth of the intellect, but, inversely, this growth of the intellect coming on spontaneously; and outrunning the capacities of the physical structure, may have caused the disease

ehildren, and, at all'stages of life, a natural sense of personal dignity held me back from exposing the least ray of feelings which I was not encouraged wholly to reveal

It is needless to pursue, eircninstantially, the course of that siekness which carried off my leader and companion She (according to my recollection at this moment) was just as near to nine years as I to six 1 And perhaps this natural precedency in authority of years and jindgment, united to the tender humility with which she declined to assert it, had been amongst the fascinations of her presence It was upon a Sunday evening, if such conjectures can be trusted, that the spark of fatal fire fell upon that train of piedispositions to a brain complaint which had hitherto slumbered within She had been permitted to drink tea at the house of a labouring man, the father of a favourite female servant The sun had set when she returned, in the company of this servant, through meadows neeking with exhalations after a fervent day From that day she sickened In such circumstances, a child, as young as myself, feels no anxieties. Looking upon medical men as people privileged, and naturally commissioned, to make war upon pain and sickness, I never had a misgiving about the result. I grieved, indeed, that my sister should lie in bed, I grieved still more to hear her moan. But all this appeared to me no more than as a night of trouble, on which the dawn would soon arise moment of darkness and delirium, when the elder nurse awakened me from that delusion, and launched God's thunderbolt at my heart in the assurance that my sister MUST die Rightly it is said of utter, utter misery, that it "cannot be remembered" 2 Itself, as a rememberable thing, is swallowed up in its own chaos Blank anarchy and confusion of mind fell upon me. Deaf and blind I was, as I reeled under the revelation. I wish not to recall the eireumstances of that time, when my agony was at its height, and hers, in another sense, was approaching Enough it is to say, that all

For six De Quincey should here have written seven footnotes, p 33 and p 34

"I stood in unimaginable trance

And agony which cannot be remember'd "
Speech of Alhadia, in Coleridge's Remorse

was soon over, and the morning of that day had at last arrived which looked down upon her innocent face, sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking, and upon me sorrowing the sorrow for which there is no consolation On the day after my sister's death, whilst the sweet

temple of her brain was yet unviolated by human scrutiny, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me I had never heard of feelings that take the name of "sentimental," nor dreamed of such a possibility But grief, even in a child, hates the light, and shrinks from human eyes The house was large enough to have two staircases, and by one of these I knew that about mid-day, when all would be quiet (for the servants dined at one o'clock), I could steal up into her chamber I imagine that it was about an hour after high noon when I reached the chamber-door, it was locked but the key was not taken away Entering, I closed the door so softly, that, although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the storeys, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned towards myself Nothing met my eyes but one large window, wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at mid-day was showering down torrents of splendour. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity, and it was not possible for eye to behold, or for heart to conceive, any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

Let me pause for one instant in approaching a remembrance so affecting for my own mind, to mention that, in the "Opium Confessions," I endeavoured to explain the reason why death, other conditions remaining the same, is more profoundly affecting in summer than in other parts of the year—so far, at least, as it is hable to any modification at all from accidents of scenery or season. The reason, as I there suggested, hes in the antagonism between the tropical redundancy of hife in summer, and the frozen sterrhites of the grave. The summer we see, the grave we haunt with our thoughts, the glory is around us, the dark-

ness is within us, and, the two coming into collision, each exalts the other into stronger ichef But, in my case, there was even a subtler ieason why the summer had this intense power of vivifying the spectacle or the thoughts of death And, recollecting it, I am struck with the truth, that far more of our deepest thoughts and feelings pass to us through perplexed combinations of concrete objects, pass to us as involutes (if I may coin that word) in compound experiences incipable of being disentangled, than ever reach us directly, and in their own abstract shapes It had happened, that amongst our vast nursery collection of books was the Bible illustrated with many pictures And in long dark evenings, as my three sisters with myself sat by the firelight round the guard 1 of our nursery, no book was so much in request amongst us It ruled us and swayed us as mysteriously as -music. Our younger nurse, whom we all loved, would sometimes, according to her simple powers, endeavour to explain what we found obscure. We, the children, were all constitutionally touched with pensiveness, the fitful gloom and sudden lambeneses of the room by firelight suited our evening state of feelings, and they suited, also, the divine revelations of power and inysterious beauty which awed us Above all, the story of a just man-man and yet not man, leal above all things, and yet shadowy above all thingswho had suffered the passion of death in Palestine, slept upon our minds like early dawn upon the waters. The nurse knew and explained to us the chief differences in oriental climates, and all these differences (as it happens) express themselves, more or less, in varying relations to the great accidents and powers of summer The cloudless sunlights of Syria—those seemed to argue everlasting summer, the disciples plucking the ears of corn—that must be summer, but, above all, the very name of Palm Sunday (a festival in the English Church) troubled me like an anthem "Sunday!" what was that? That was the day of peace which masked another peace deeper than the heart of man can comprehend

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The guard" —I know not whether the word is a local one in this sense What I mean is a sort of fender, four or five feet high, which locks up the fire from too near an approach on the part of children

"Palms!" what were they? That was an equivocal word; palms, in the sense of trophies, expressed the pomps of life, palms, as a product of nature, expressed the pomps of summer Yet still even thus explanation does not suffice, it was not merely by the peace and by the summer, by the deep sound of rest below all rest and of ascending glory, that I had been haunted It was also because Jerusalem stood near to those deep images both in time and in place."
The great event of Jerusalem was at hand when Palm Sunday came, and the scene of that Sunday was near in place to Jerusalem What then was Jerusalem? Did I fancy it to be the omphalos (navel) or physical centre of the earth? Why should that affect me? Such a pretension had once been made for Jerusalem, and once for a Grecian city, and both pretensions had become ridiculous, as the figure of the planet became known Yes, but if not of the earth, yet of mortality, for earth's tenant, Jerusalem, had now become the omphalos and absolute centre. Yet how? There, on the contrary, it was, as we infants understood, that mortality had been trampled under foot. True, but, for that very reason, there it was that mortality had opened its very gloomiest crater. There it was, indeed, that the human had risen on wings from the grave, but, for that reason, there also it was that the divine had been swallowed. up by the abyss, the lesser star could not rise, before the greater should submit to eclipse. Summer, therefore, had connected itself with death, not merely as a mode of antagonism, but also as a phenomenon brought into intricate relations with death by scriptural scenery and events

Out of this digression, for the purpose of showing how inextricably my feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, as connected with Palestine and Jerusalem, let me come back to the bedchamber of my sister From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse There lay the sweet childish figure, there the ingel face, and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed—the screne and noble forehead—that might be the same, but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble hips, the

stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was not I stood checked for a moment, awe, not fear, fell upon me, and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard—It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly

" "Memnonian" -For the sake of many readers, whose hearts may go along carnestly with a record of infant sorrow, but whose course of life has not allowed them much lessure for study, I pause to explain—that the head of Memnon, in the British Museum, that sublime head which wears upon its lips a smile co-extensive with all time and all space, an Æoman simile of gracious love and Panlike mystery, the most diffusive and pathetically divine that the hand of man has created, is represented on the authority of ancient traditions" to have uttered at sunrise, or soon after, as the sun's rays had accumulated heat enough to runfy the air within certain cavities in the bust, a solemn and dirge-like series of intonations, the simple explanation being, in its general outline, this—that sonorous currents of air were produced by causing chambers of cold and heavy air to press upon other collections of air, warmed, and therefore rarified, and therefore yielding readily to the pressure of heavier air Currents being thus established, by artificial arrangements of tubes, a certain succession of notes could be concerted and sustained. Near the Red Sea lie a chain of sand hills, which, by a natural system of grooves inosculating with each other, become vocal under changing circumstances in the position of the sun, etc. I knew a boy who, upon observing steadily, and reflecting upon a phenomenon that met him in his daily experience-viz, that tubes, through which a stream of water was passing, gave out a very different sound according to the varying slenderness or fulness of the enrrent-devised an instrument that yielded a rude hydranlic gamut of sounds, and, indeed, upon this simple phenomenon is founded the use and power of the stethoscope For exactly as a thin thread of water, trickling through a leaden tube, yields a stridulous and plaintive sound compared with the full volume of sound corresponding to the full volume of waterou parity of principles, nobody will doubt that the current of blood powing through the tubes of the human frame will utter to the learned car, when armed with the stethoscope, an elaborate gamut or, compass of music, recording the ravages of disease, or the glorious plenitudes of health, as futbfully as the eavities within this ancient Memnonian bust reported this mighty event of sunrise to the rejoieing

swell it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—viz, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

Instantly, when my car caught thus vast Æohan intona tion, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomps of the heavens above, or the glory of the flowers below, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever. I, in spirit, rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever, and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God, but that also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death, seemed to repel me, some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagomism between them, shadowy meanings even yet continue to excreise and toinent, in dreams, the deciphering oracle within me. I slept—for how long I cannot say, slowly I recovered my self-possession, and, when I woke, found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed.

I have reason to believe that a very long interval had clapsed during this wandering or suspension of my perfect mind. When I returned to myself, there was a foot (or I fancied so) on the stairs. I was alarmed, for, if anybody had detected me, means would have been taken to prevent my coming again. Hastily, therefore, I kissed the hips that I should kiss no more, and slunk, like a guilty thing, with stealthy steps from the room. Thus perished the vision, loveliest amongst all the shows which earth has revealed to me, thus mutilated was the parting which should have lasted for ever, tainted thus with fear was that farewell sacred to love and grief, to perfect love and to grief that could not be healed.

solita nos ac noaica

s orld of light and life-or, again, under the sad passion of the dying day, uttered the sweet requiem that belonged to its departure

O Ahasnerus, everlasting Jew 11 fable or not a fable, thou, when first starting on thy endless pilgrimage of woe—thou, when first flying through the gates of Jerusalem, and vainly yearning to leave the pursuing curse behind thee—couldst not more certainly in the words of Chrisi have read thy doom of endless soriow, than I when passing for ever from my sister's room The worm was at my heart, and, I may say, the worm that could not die Man is doubtless one by some subtle were, some system of links, that we cannot perceive, extending from the new-born infant to the superannuated dotard but, as regards many affections and passions incident to his nature at different stages, he is not one, but an intermitting creature, ending and beginning anew, the unity of man, in this respect, is co-extensive only with the particular stage to which the passion belongs Some passions, as that of sexual love, are celestial by one-half of their origin, annual and earthly by the other half These will not survive their own appropriate stage. But love, which is altogether holy, like that between two children, is privileged to revisit by glimpses the silence and the darkness of declining years, and, possibly, this final experience m my sister's bedroom, or some other in which her innocence was concerned, may rise again for me to illuminate the clouds of death

On the day following this which I have recorded, came a body of medical men to examine the brain, and—the particular nature of the complaint, for in some of its symptoms it had shown perplexing anomalies. An hour after the strangers had withdrawn, I crept again to the room, but the door was now locked, the key had been taken away—and I was shut out for ever

Then came the funeral I, in the ceremonial character of mourner, was carried thither I was put into a carriage with some gentlemen whom I did not know. They were kind and attentive to me, but naturally they talked of things disconnected with the occasion, and their conversation was a torment. At the church, I was told to hold

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Everlasting Jew"—der ewige Jude—which is the common German expression for "The Wandering Jew," and sublimer even than our own

a white handkerchief to my eyes. Empty hypocrisy is What need had he of masks or mockeries, whose heart died within him at every word that was uttered? During that part of the service which passed within the church, I made an effort to attend, but I sank back continually into my own solitary darkness, and I heard little consciously, except some fugitive strains from the sublime chapter of St. Paul, which in England is always read at burials.<sup>1</sup>

Lastly came that magnificent liturgical service which the English Church performs at the side of the grave, for this church does not forsake her dead so long as they continue in the upper air, but waits for her last "sweet and solemn farewell"2 at the side of the grave There is exposed once again, and for the last time, the coffin. All eyes survey the record of name, of sex, of age, and the day of departure from earth-records how shadowy! and dropped into darkness as messages addressed to worms Almost at the very last comes the symbolic ritual, tearing and shattering the heart with volleying discharges, peal after peal, from the fine artillery of wee. The coffin is lowered into its home, it has disappeared from all eyes but those that look down into the abyss of the grave The sacristan stands ready, with his shovel of earth and stones. The priest's voice is heard once more-carth to carth-and immediately the dread rattle ascends from the lid of the coffin, ashes to ashes-and again the killing sound is heard, dust to dust-and the farewell volley announces that the grave, the coffin, the face are sealed up for ever and ever

Grief! thou art classed amongst the depressing passions And true it is that thou humblest to the dust, but also thou exaltest to the clouds Thou shakest as with ague, but also thou steadiest like frost Thou sickenest the heart, but also thou healest its infirmities Among the very foremost of mine was morbid sensibility to shame

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> First Epistle to Corinthians, chap w, beginning at verse 20 <sup>2</sup> This beautiful expression, I am pretty certain, must belong to Mrs. Trollope, I read it, probably, in a tale of hers connected with the backwoods of America, where the absence of such 2 farewell must unspeakably aggravate the gloom at any rate belonging to a household separation of that eternal character occurring amongst the shadows of those mighty forests.

And, ten years afterwards, I used to throw my selfreproaches with regard to that infirmity into this shapeviz, that if I were summoned to seek and for a perishing iellow-creature, and that I could obtain that and only by facing a vast company of critical or sneering faces, I might, perhaps, shrink basely from the duty It is true that no such case had ever actually occurred, so that it was a mere romance of casustry to tax myself with cowardice so shocking But to feel a doubt was to feel condemnation, and the crime that might have been, was in my eyes the crime that had Now, however, all was changed, and, for anything which regarded my sister's memory, in one hour I received a'new heart Once in Westmoreland I saw a case resembling I saw a ewe suddenly put off and abjure her own nature, in a service of love—yes, slough it as completely as ever ser-pent sloughed his skin. Her lamb had fallen into a deep trench, from which all escape was hopeless without the aid of And to a man she advanced, bleating clamorously. until he followed her and rescued her beloved. Not less was the change in myself. Fifty thousand sneering faces would not have troubled me now in any office of tenderness to my sister's memory Ten legions would not have repelled me from seeking her, if there had been a chance that she could be found Mockery! it was lost upon me Laughter! I valued it not And when I was taunted insultingly with "my girlish tears," that word "girlish" had no sting for me, except as a verbal echo to the one eternal thought of my heart—that a gul was the sweetest thing which I, in my short life, had known—that a girl it was who had crowned the earth with beauty, and had opened to my thirst fountains of pure celestral love, from which, in this world, I was to drink no more.

Now began to unfold themselves the consolations of solitude, those consolations which only I was destined to taste; now, therefore, began to open upon me those fascinations of solitude, which, when acting as a co-agency with unresisted grief, end in the paradoxical result of making out of grief itself a luxury, such a luxury as finally becomes a snare, overhanging life itself, and the energies of life, with growing menaces All deep feelings of a chronic

class agree in this, that they seek for solitude, and are fed by solitude. Deep grief, deep love, how naturally do these ally themselves with religious feeling! and all three—love, grief, ieligion—are haunters of solitary places. Love, grief, and the mystery of devotion—what were these without solitude? All day long, when it was not impossible for me to do so, I sought the most silent and sequestered nooks in the grounds about the house, or in the neighbouring fields The awful stillness oftentimes of summer noons. when no winds were abroad, the appealing silence of gray or misty afternoons—these were fascinations as of witchcraft Into the woods, into the desert air, I gazed, as if some comfort lay hid in them I wearied the heavens with my induest of besecching looks Obstinately I tormented the blue depths with my scrutiny, sweeping them for ever with my eyes, and searching them for one angelie face that might, perhaps, have permission to reveal itself for a moment

At this time, and under this impulse of rapacious grief, that grasped at what it could not obtain, the faculty of shaping images in the distance out of slight elements, and grouping them after the yearnings of the heart, grew upon me in morbid excess And I recall at the present moment one instance of that sort, which may show how merely shadows, or a gleam of brightness, or nothing at all, could furnish a sufficient basis for this creative faculty

On Sunday mornings I went with the rest of my family to church it was a church on the ancient model of England, having aisles, galleries, 1 organ, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic Here, whilst the congregation knelt through the long litany, as often as we came to that passage, so beautiful amongst many that are so, where God is supplicated on behalf of "all sick persons and young children," and that he would "show his pity upon all prisoners and captives," I wept in secret, and raising mystreaming eyes to the upper windows of the galleries, saw, on

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Galleries' -These, though condemned on some grounds by the restorers of authentic church architecture, have, nevertheless, this one advantage—that, when the height of a church is that dimension which most of all expresses its sacred character, galleries expound and interpret that height.

days when the sun was shining, a spectacle as affecting as ever prophet can have beheld The sides of the windows were rich with storied glass, through the deep purples and crimsons streamed the golden light, emblazouries of heavenly illumination (from the sun) mingling with the earthly emblazonries (from art and its goigeous colouring) of what is grandest in man. There were the apostles that had trampled upon earth, and the glories of earth, out of celestial love to man There were the martyrs that had borne witness to the truth through flames, through torments, and through armies of fierce, insulting faces There were the saints who, under intolerable pangs, had glorified God by meek submission to his will And all the time, whilst this tumult of sublime memorials held on as the deep chords from some accompaniment in the bass, I saw through the wide central field of the window, where the glass was uncoloured, white, fleecy clouds sailing over the azure depths of the sky, were it but a fragment or a hint of such a cloud, immediately under the flash of my sorrow-haunted eye, it grew and shaped itself into visions of beds with white lawny curtains, and in the beds lay sick children, dying children, that were tossing in anguish, and weeping clamorously for death. God, for some mysterious reason, could not suddenly release them from their pain, but he suffered the beds, as it seemed, to rise slowly through the clouds, slowly the beds ascended into the chambers of the air, slowly also his arms descended from the heavens, that he and his young children, whom in Palestine, once and for ever, he had blessed, though they must pass slowly through the dreadful chasm of separation, might yet meet the sooner These visions were self-sustained These visions needed not that any sound should speak to me, or music mould my feelings The hint from the litany, the fragment from the clouds—those and the storied windows were sufficient But not the less the blare of the tumultuous organ wrought its own separate creations. And oftentimes in anthems, when the mighty instrument threw its vast columns of sound, fierce yet melodious, over the voices of the choir-high in arches, when it seemed to rise, surmounting and overriding the strife of the vocal parts, and gathering by strong coercion the total storm into unity-sometimes I

seemed to use and walk trumphantly upon those clouds which, but a moment before, I had looked up to as mementos of prostrate sorrow, yes, sometimes under the transfigurations of music, felt of grief itself as of a fiery chariot for mounting

victoriously above the causes of grief

God speaks to children, also, in dreams, and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things, when made vocal to the meditative heart by the truths and services of a national church, God holds with children "comminion undisturbed." Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies, for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone, all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another

Oh, burden of solitude, that cleavest to man through every stage of his being! in his birth, which has been—in his life, which is—in his death, which shall be—inighty and essential solitude! that wast, and art, and art to be, thou broodest, like the Spirit of God moving upon the surface of the deeps, over every heart that sleeps in the nurseries of Christendom like the vast laboratory of the air, which, seeming to be nothing, or less than the shadow of a shade, hides within itself the principles of all things, solitude for the meditating child is the Agrippa's mirror of the unseen universe. Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under

the present of entrow—bringing before it, at intervals, the faul soluted which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the lates of death. Oh, mighty and essential soluted, that wast, and art and ir to be thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave, but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, like myself, an infant of six years old, thou stretche tout a sceptir of fiscination.

### DEELM-ECHOES OF THESE INFANT EXPERIENCES!

I Notice of the Review—The sain, in rising or setting, would produce hits exist if he were defaulted of his rais, and their infinite riser's raisons. "See a through riseg," says Sara Coleridge, the raids Coughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "the golden, beaming a milista like a dull orange, or a red billiard ball"—Introd to Rieg. Etc., picking And upon this same analox, psychological experiences of deep suffering or you first attain their entire fulness of expression when they are reserved from dreams. The reserve are some by I am in the glory of youth, but I have now first targeted with optime, and now first they swept in upon the leafer with poster and the grandour of recovered life.

Once again, after twile years interval, the nursery of my childhood expanded before me my sister was morning in bed, and I was beginning to be restless with fears not intelligible to myself. Once again the clder nurse, but now dilated to colossil proportions, stood as upon some Grecian stage with her uplifted hand, and, like the superb Medea towering amongst her children in the nursery at Corinth,2 smote me senseless to the

The paragraph thus introduced with a sub-title, and with a appearal explanatory notice in small type, written for it in 1853, is taken from the sime "Suspiria de Profundis" papers in Blackwood of 1845 which had supplied the preceding text of this chapter; but a good deal of the matter intervening in the "Suspiria de Profundis" papers between the immediately preceding paragraph of the text and this of the Dream Fehoes has been thrown out. The reader must observe the instruction of the small type notice, and imagine the Bream Lahoes to be at Oxford in 1801—M

<sup>2</sup> Tampiles

Again I am in the chamber with my sister's corpse, again the pomps of life rise up in silence, the glory of summer, the Syrian sunlights, the flost of death Dream forms itself inysteriously within dream, within these Oxford dreams remoulds itself continually the trance in' my sister's chamber - the blue heavens, the everlasting vault, the soaring billows, the throne steeped in the thought (but not the sight) of "IVho might sit thereon", the flight, the pursuit, the irrecoverable steps of my return to earth Once more the funeral procession gathers, the priest in his white surplice stands waiting with a book by the side of an open grave, the sacristan is waiting with his shovel, the coffin has sink, the dust to dust has descended Agam I was in the church on a heavenly Sunday morning The golden sunlight of God slept amongst the heads of his apostles, his martyrs, his saints, the fragment from the htany, the fragment from the clouds, awoke again the lawny beds that went up to scale the heavensanoke again the shadowy arms that moved downward to meet them Once again arose the swell of the anthem, the burst of the Hallclujah ehorus, the storm, the trampling movement of the choral parton, the agitation of my own trembling sympathy, the tumult of the choir, the wrath of the organ Once more I, that wallowed in the dust, became he that rose up to the clouds And now all was bound up into unity, the first state and the last were melted into each other as in some sunny, glorifying haze For high in heaven hovered a gleaming host of faces, veiled with wings, around the pillows of the dying children And such beings sympathise equally with sorrow that grovels, and with sorrow that soars. Such beings pity alike the children that are languishing in death, and the children that live only to languish in tears.

### DREAM-ECHOES FIFTY YEARS LATER 1

In this instance the echoes, that rendered back the infant experi ence, might be interpreted by the reader as connected with a real ascent of the Brocken, which was not the case. It was an ascent through all its circumstances executed in dreams, which, under advanced stages in the development of opium, repeat with marvellous accuracy the longest succession of phenomena derived either from reading or from actual experience softening and spiritualising haze which belongs at any rate to the action of dreams, and to the transfigurings worked upon troubled remembrances by retrospects so vast as those of fifty verre, was in this instance greatly aided to my own feelings by the alliquee with the ancient phantom of the forest-monitain in North Germany The playfulness of the seene is the very evoker of the solemn remembrances that he hidden below sportive interlusory revealings of the symbolic tend to the same effect. One part of the effect from the symbolic is dependent upon the great catholic principle of the Idem in also symbol restores the theme, but under new combinations of form or colonning, gives back, but changes, restores, but idealises 1

Ascend with me on this dazzling Whitsunday the Brocken of North Germany The dawn opened in cloudless beauty, it is a dawn of bridal June, but, as the hours advanced, her youngest sister April, that sometimes cares little for racing across both frontiers of May—the rearward frontier, and the vanward frontier—frets the bridal lady's sunny temper with sallies of wheeling and careering showers, flying and pursuing, opening and closing, hiding and restoring. On such a morning, and reaching the summits of the forest-mountain about sunrise, we shall have one chance the more for seeing the famous Spectre of the

I This also is a shred from the "Suspiria de Profundis" articles in Blackwood of 1845, made to do duty for a new purpose, and taken from a part of these articles a long way ahead of that which supplied the preceding extract. Strictly, as this second set of Dream Echoes had been in print in 1845, they were only forty-one years after the preceding Oxford Dream Echoes of 1804, but De Quincey redates them for his purpose in 1853—which was about "fifty years later" than 1804. Altogether, his adaptation of this shred from the "Suspiria" to its present connexion is rather forced.—M

Brocken 1 Who and what is he? He is a solitary apparition, in the sense of loving solitude, else he is not always solitary in his personal manifestations, but, on proper occasions, has been known to unmask a strength quite sufficient to alarm those who had been insulting him

Now, in order to test the nature of this mysterious apparation, we will try two or three experiments upon him What we fear, and with some reason, is, that, as he lived so many ages with foul Pagan sorcerers, and witnessed so many centuries of dark idolatries, his heart may have been

1 " Spectre of the Brocken" -This very striking phenomenon has been continually described by writers, both German and English, for the last fifty years Many readers, however, will not have mot with these descriptions, and on their account I add a few words in explanation, referring them for the best scientific comment on the case to Sir David Brewster's "Natural Magic." The spectre takes the shape of a human figure, or, if the visitors are more than one, then the spectres multiply, they arrange themselves on the line ground of the sky, or the dark ground of any clouds that may be in the right quarter, or perhaps they are strongly relieved against a curtain of rock, at a distance of some miles, and always exhibiting gigantic proportions At first, from the distance and the colossal size, every spectator supposes the appearance to be quite independent of himself But very soon he is surprised to observe his own motions and gestures mimicked and wakens to the conviction that the phantom is but a dilated reflection of himself This Titan amongst the apparitions of earth is exceedingly capricious, vanishing abruptly for reasons best known to himself, and more coy in coming forward than the Lidy Echo of Ovid - One reason why he is seen so soldem must be ascribed to the concurrence of conditions under which only the phenomenon can be manifested, the sun must be near to the horizon (which of itself implies a time of day inconvenient to a person starting from a station as distant as Elbingerode), the spectator must have his back to the sun, and the air must contain some vapour, but partially distributed. Coleridge ascended the Brocken on the Whitsunday of 1799, with a party of English students from Gottingen, but failed to see the plantom, afterwards in England (and under the three same conditions) he saw a much rarer phenomenon, which he described in the following lines -

"Such thou art as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, when o'er the sheep track's mare
The viewless snow mist weaves a glistening haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a glory round its head,
This shade he worships for its golden hines,
And makes (not knowing) that which he pursues "

corrupted; and that even now his faith may be wavering or impure. We will try

Make the sign of the cross, and observe whether he repeats it (as on Whitsunday 1 he surely ought to do). Look 1 he does repeat it, but these driving April showers perplet the images, and that, perhaps, it is which gives him the air of one who acts reluctantly or evasively. Now, again, the sun shines more brightly, and the showers have all swept off like squadrons of cavalry to the rear. We will try him again

Pluck an anemone, one of these many anemones which was once called the sorcerer's flower,2 and bore a part, perhaps, in this horrid ritual of fear, carry it to that stone which minics the outline of a heathen altar, and once was called the sorcerer's altar 2; then, bending your knee, and , raising your right hand to God, say—"Father which art in heaven, this lovely anemone, that once glorified the worship of fear, has travelled back into thy fold, this altar, which once reeked with bloody rites to Coitho, has long been re-baptized into thy holy service. The darkness is gone, the cruelty is gone which the darkness bred, the moans have passed away which the victims uttered, the cloud has vanished which once sat continually upon their graves, cloud of protestation that ascended for ever to thy throne from the tears of the defenceless, and from the anger of the just And lo! we—I thy servant, and this dark phantom, whom for one hour on this thy festival of Pentecost I make my servant-render thee united worship in this thy recovered temple."

Lo! the apparition plucks an anemone, and places it on

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;On Whitsunday" —It is singular, and perhaps owing to the temperature and weather likely to prevail in that early part of summer, that more appearances of the spectre have been witnessed on Whitsunday they are not often decided.

sunday than on any other day

- "The sorcerer's flower" and "the sorcerer's altar" —These are names still eluguing to the anemone of the Brocken, and to an altar-shaped fragment of grunte near one of the summits, and there is no doubt that they both connect themselves, through links of ancient tradition, with the gloomy realities of Pagamsin, when the whole Hartz and the Brocken formed for a very long time the last asylum to a ferocious but perishing idolatry

the altar, he also bends his knee, he also raises his right hand to God Dumb he is, but sometimes the dumb serve God acceptably. Yet still it occurs to you, that perhaps on this high festival of the Christian church he may have been overruled by supernatural influence into confession of his homage, having so often been made to bow and bend his knee at murderous rites. In a service of religion he may be timid. Let us try him, therefore, with an earthly passion, where he will have no bias either from favour or from fear

where he will have no bias either from favour or from fear

If, then, once in childhood you suffered an affliction that
was ineffable, if once, when powerless to face such an
enemy, you were summoned to fight with the tiger that
couches within the separations of the grave—in that case,
after the example of Judea, sitting under her palm-tree to
weep, but sitting with her head veiled, do you also veil your
head. Many years are passed away since then, and perhaps
you were a little ignorant thing at that time, hardly above
say years old. But your heart was deeper than the Danube, six years old But your heart was deeper than the Danube, and, as was your love, so was your grief Many years are gone since that darkness settled on your head, many summers, many unters, yet still its shadows wheel round upon you at intervals, like these April showers upon this glory of bridal June. Therefore now, on this dovelike morning of Pentecost, do you veil your head like Judea in memory of that transcendent woe, and in testimony that, indeed, it surpassed all utterance of words. Immediately you see that the apparation of the Broeken veils his head, after the model of Judea weeping under her palm-tree, as if he also had a human heart, and as if he also, in childhood, having suffered an affliction which was ineffable, wished by these mute symbols to breathe a sigh towards heaven in memory of that transcendent woe, and by way of record, though many a year after, that it was indeed unutterable by words.

<sup>1</sup> On the Roman coms

# CHAPTER III,

## INTLODUCTION TO THE WOPED OF STRIPL !

So then, one chapter in my life had finished. Already, before the completion of my sixth year, this first chapter had run its encle, had rendered up its innere to the final chordmight seem even, like ripe fruit from a tree, to have detached steelf for ever from all the rest of the arms that was shaping its if within my loom of life. No Eden of lakes and forestlaws, ruch as the mirage enddenly evokes in Arabian sands -in pigart of air-built britlements and towers, that ever burned in dream-life rilence amongst the vapours of summer sairs t, needing and repeating with celestral pencil "the furning smatter of earth "-could leave behind it the mixed impres non of so much truth combined with so much absolute delitaion. Truest of all things it seemed by the excess of that happiness which it had sustained most fraudulent it seemed of all things, when looked back upon as some mysterious parenthese in the current of life, "self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,' hurrying as if with headlong malice to extinction, and alienated by every feature from the new aspects of life that seemed to await me Were it not in the litter corre-ion of heart that I was called upon to face, I should have carried over to the present no connecting link whatever from the past. Mere reality in this fretting it was and the undemablene of its too potent remembrances, that forbade me

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A recast, with abridgments and alterations, of the matter of a recess of articles in Hogg's Instructor for 1851 and 1852, all under the title of "A Sketch from Childhood"—M

to regard this burnt-out inaugural chapter of my life as no chapter at all, but a pure exhalation of dreams. Misery is a guarantee of truth too substantial to be refused else, by its determinate evanescence, the total experience would have worn the character of a fantastic illusion

Well it was for me at this period, if well it were for me to live at all, that from any continued contemplation of my misery I was forced to wean myself, and suddenly to assume the harness of life Else, under the morbid languishing of grief, and of what the Romans called desiderium (the yearning too obstinate after one irrecoverable face), too probably I should have pined away into an early grave. Harsh was my awaking, but the rough febrifings which this awaking administered broke the strength of my sickly reverses through a period of more than two years, by which time, under the natural expansion of my bodily strength, the danger had passed over

In the first chapter 1 I have rendered solemn thanks for having been trained amongst the gentlest of sisters, and not under "borrid pugilistic brothers" Meantime, one such brother I had senior by much to myself, and the stormest of his class<sup>2</sup>, him I will immediately present to the reader, for up to this point of my narrative he may be described as a stranger even to myself Odd as it sounds, I had at this time both a brother and a father, neither of whom would have been able to challenge me as a relative, nor I him, had we

happened to meet on the public roads

happened to meet on the public roads

In my father's ease, this arose from the accident of his having lived abroad for a space that, measured against my life, was a very long one. First, he lived-for months in Portugal, at Lisbon, and at Cintra, next in Madeira, then in the West Ludies, sometimes in Jamaica, sometimes in St. Kitt's, courting the supposed benefit of liot climates in his complaint of pulmonary consumption. He had, indeed, repeatedly returned to England, and met my mother at watering-places on the south coast of Devonshire, etc. But I, as a jounger child, had not been one of the party selected for such excursions from home. And now, at last, when all had

<sup>1</sup> Now Chapter II -M William Quince, See footnote, ante, p 29 -M

proved unavailing, he was coming home to die amongst his family, in his thirty-ninth year. My mother had gone to await his arrival at the port (whatever port) to which the West India packet should bring him, and amongst the deepest recollections which I connect with that period, is one derived from the night of his arrival at Greenhay

It was a summer evening of unusual solemnity servants, and four of us children, were gathered for hours, on the lawn before the house, listening for the sound of wheels Sunset came—nine, ten, eleven o'clock, and nearly another hour had passed—without a warning sound, for Greenhay, being so solitary a house, formed a terminus ad quem, beyond which was nothing but a cluster of cottages, composing the little hamlet of Greenhill, so that any sound of wheels coming from the winding lane which then connected is with the Rusholme Road carried with it, of necessity, a warning summons to prepare for visitors at Greenhay No such summons had vet reached us, it was nearly midnight, and, for the last time, it was determined that we should move in a body out of the grounds, on the chance of meeting the travel-ling party, if, at so late an hour, it could yet be expected to arrive. In fact, to our general surprise, we met it almost immediately, but coming at so slow a pace, that the fall of the horses' feet was not audible until we were close upon them I mention the case for the sake of the undying impressions which connected themselves with the circumstances first notice of the approach was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of the shady lane, the next was the mass of white pillows against which the dying patient was reclining. The hearse-like pace at which the carriage moved recalled the overwhelming spectacle of that funeral which had so lately formed part in the most memorable event of my life But these elements of awe, that might at any rate have struck foreibly upon the mind of a child, were for me, in my condition of morbid nervousness, raised nto abiding granden by the antecedent experiences of that particular summer night. The listening for hours to the sounds from horses' hoofs upon distant roads, rising and falling, caught and lost, upon the gentle indulation of such fitful airs as might be stirring—the peculiar solemnity of the

hours succeeding to sunset—the glory of the dying day—the gorgeousness which, by description, so well I knew of sunset in those West Indian islands from which my father was returning—the knowledge that he returned only to die—the almighty pomp in which this great idea of Death apparelled itself to my young sorrowing heart—the corresponding pomp in which the antagonistic idea, not less mysterious, of life, rose, as if on wings, amidst tropic glories and floral pageantnes, that seemed even more solemn and pathetic than the vapoury plumes and trophies of mortality—all this chorus of restless images, or of suggestive thoughts, gave to my father's return, which else had been fitted only to interpose one transitory red-letter day in the calendar of a child, the shadowy power of an messaceable agency among my dreams. This, indeed, was the one sole memorial which restores my father's image to me as a personal reality Otherwise, he would have been for me a bare nominis umbra He languished, indeed, for weeks upon a sofa, and during that interval, it happened naturally, from my repose of manners, that I was a privileged visitor to him throughout his waking hours. I was also present at his bedside in the closing hour of his life, which exhaled quietly, amidst snatches of delirious conversation with some imaginary visitors.

My brother was a stranger from causes quite as little to be foreseen, but seeming quite as natural after they had really occurred. In an early stage of his career, he had been found wholly unmanageable. His genius for mischief amounted to inspiration it was a divine afflatus which drove him in that direction, and such was his capacity for iiding in whirlwinds and directing storms, that he made it his trade to create them, as a ιεφεληγερετα Zeus, a cloud-compelling Jove, in order that he might direct them. For this, and other reasons, he had been sent to the Grammar School of Louth, in Lincolnshire—one of those many old classic institutions which form the peculiar glory of Eng-

The date of his death was 18th July 1793 Though De Quincey speaks of him as having been then "in his thirty-ninth year," the inscription on his tombstone in Manchester says "aged 40 years" See footnote, ante, p 30—M

2 "Peculiar"—viz., as endowed foundations to which those resort

land To box, and to box under the severest restraint of honomable laws, was in those days a mere necessity of schoolboy life at public schools, and hence the superior manliness, generosity, and self-control, of those generally who had benefited by such discipline—so systematically hostile to all meanness, pusillanimity, or indirectness. Cowper, in his "Tyrocinium," is far from doing justice to our great public schools. Himself disqualified, by delicacy of temperament, for reaping the benefits from such a warfare, and having suffered too much in his own Westminster experience, he could not judge them from an impartial station, but I, though ill enough adapted to an atmosphere so stormy, yet having tried both classes of schools, public and private, am compelled in mere conscience to give my vote (and if I had a thousand votes, to give all my votes) for the former

Fresh from such a training as this, and at a time when his additional five or six years availed nearly to make his age the double of mine, my brother very naturally despised me, and, from his exceeding frankness, he took no pains to conceal that he did. Why should he? Who was it that could have a right to feel aggreed by his contempt? Who, if not myself? But it happened, on the contrary, that I had a perfect craze for being despised. I doted on it, and considered contempt a sort of luxury that I was in continual fear of losing. Why not? Wherefore should any rational person shrink from contempt, if it happen to form the tenure by which he holds his repose in life? The cases, which are cited from comedy, of such a yearning after contempt, stand upon a footing altogether different there the contempt is wooed as a serviceable ally and tool of religious hypocrisy. But, to me, at that era of life, it formed the main guarantee of an uninolested repose, and security there was not, on any lower terms, for the latents semita into The slightest.

who are rich and pay, and those also who, being poor, cannot pay, or cannot pay so much. This most honourable distinction amongst the services of England from ancient times to the interests of education—a service absolutely unapproached by any one nation of Christendom—is amongst the foremost cases of that remarkable class which make England, while offen the most aristocratic, yet also, for many noble purposes, the most democratic of lands

approach to any favourable construction of my intellectual pretensions alarmed me beyond measure, because it pledged me in a manner with the hearer to support this first attempt by a second, by a third, by a fourth—O heavens! there is no saying how far the horrid man might go in his unreasonable demands upon me. I groaned under the weight of his expectations, and, if I laid but the first round of such a staircase, why, then, I saw in vision a vast Jacob's ladder towering upwards to the clouds, mile after mile, league after league, and myself running up and down this ladder, like any fatigue part, of Irish hodmen, to the top of any Babel which my wretched admirer might choose to build. But I mipped the abominable system of extortion in the very bud, by refusing to take the first step. The man could have no pretence, you know, for expecting me to elimb the third or fourth round, when I had seemed quite unequal to the first Professing the most absolute bankruptcy from the very beginning, giving the man no sort of hope that I would pay even one farthing in the pound, I never could be made miserable by unknown responsibilities.

Still, with all this passion for being despised, which was so essential to my peace of mind, I found at times an altitude—a starry altitude—in the station of contempt for me assumed by my brother that netfled me. Sometimes, indeed, the mere necessities of dispute carried me, before I was aware of my own imprudence, so far up the staircase of Babel, that my brother was shaken for a moment in the infinity of his contempt and, before long, when my superionity in some bookish accomplishments displayed itself, by results that could not be entirely dissembled, mere foolish human nature forced me into some trifle of exultation at these retributory triumphs. But more often I was disposed to grieve over them. They tended to shake that solid foundation of utter despicableness upon which I relied so much for my freedom from anxiety, and, therefore, upon the whole, it was satisfactory to my mind that my brother's opinion of me, after any little transient oscillation, gravitated determinately back towards that settled contempt which had been the result of his original inquest. The pillars of Hercules upon which rested the vast edifice of his scoin were these

two—let, my physics; be denounced me for elleminacy; 2d, be accurred, and even postulated as a datum, which I recolf could never have the few-to refuse, my general idiocy. Physically, therefore, and intellectually, he looked upon me as below a dies, but, results he nested me that he would pic me a written character of the very best description, whenever I the templates it. "You is honest," he sud, "you're willing though here. You would pill, if you had the ris right of a flex; and, though a monstrone coward, you don't min away." My own demirs to the o hard judgments, were not a many as they might have been. The ideox I somerand; because, though positive that I was not uniformly an ideat, I felt inclined to think that, in a majority of case, I really size, and there were more remone for thinking so than the reality is ret aware of think, is to the elleminace, I decided it in the, and with good reason, as will be seen Neither did my brother pretend to have any experimental proof of it. The ground he want upon was a mere depriories on the chart in the ladways been tied to the apronesting of evenum or pirls; which amounted at most to this—that, by framen, and the natural tendency of encumstances, I audit to be estimated that is, there was reason to expect beforel and that I should be so; but, then, the more ment in me, if, in spite of such reasonable presumptions, I really were not. In fact, my I rother soon learned, by a duly experience, how entirely he might depend upon me for carrying out the most andarious of his own warlike plans, such plans it is true that I aboundated; but that made no difference in the fidelity with which I tried to fulfil them

This eldest brother of mine was in all respects a remarkable boy. Haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active, fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe, but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine; and, in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own shadow for presuming to run before him when going westwards in the morning, whereas, in all reason, a shadow, like a dutaful child, ought to keep deferentially in rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence. Books he detested, one and all, excepting only such as he happened to write himself. And these were not a few. On

all subjects known to man, from the Thurty-nine Articles of our English Church, down to pyrotechnics, legerdemain, magic, both black and white, thaumaturgy, and necromancy, he favoured the world (which world was the nursery where I he favoured the world (which world was the nursery where I lived amongst my sisters) with his select opinions. On this last subject especially—of necromancy—he was very great, writness his profound work, though but a fragment, and unfortunately, long since departed to the bosom of Cinderella, entitled, "How to raise a Ghost, and when you've got him down, how to keep him down". To which work he assured us, that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was a foot and a-half long, had promised him an appendix, which appendix treated of the Ped See and Selemen's great. which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signetring, with forms of mitimus for ghosts that might be re-fractory, and probably a riot act, for any émeute amongst ghosts inclined to raise bairicades, since he often thrilled our young hearts by supposing the case (not at all unlikely, he affirmed), that a federation, a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place amongst the infinite generations of ghosts against the single generation of men at, any one time composing the garrison of earth. The Roman phrase for expressing that a man had died—viz, "Abut ad phires" (He has gone over to the majority)—my brother explained to us, and we easily comprehended that any one generation of the living human race, even if combined, and acting in concert, must be in a frightful minority, by comparison with all the incalculable generations that had trod this earth before us. The Parliament of living men, Lords and Commons united, what a miserable array against the Upper and Lower House composing the Parliament of ghosts! Perhaps the Pre-Adamites would constitute one wing in such a ghostly army My brother, dying in his sixteenth year, was far enough from seeing or foreseeing Waterloo, else he might have illustrated this dreadful duel of the living human race with its ghostly predecessors, by the awful apparation which at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 18th of June, 1815, the mighty contest at Waterloo must have assumed to eyes that watched over the trembling interests of man. The English army, about that time in the great agony of its strife, was thrown into squares, and under that arrangement, which condensed and contracted its apparent numbers within a few black geometrical diagrams, how frightfully narrow—how spectral did its slender quadrangles appear at a distance, to any philosophic spectators that knew the amount of human interests confided to that army, and the hopes for Christendom that even were trembling in the balance! Such a disproportion, it seems, might exist, in the case of a ghostly war, between the harvest of possible results and the slender hand of reapers that were to gather it. And there was even a worse peril than any analogous one that has been proved to exist at Waterloo A British surgeon, indeed, in a work of two ortavo volumes, has endeavoured to show that a consminer was traced at Waterloo, between two or three foreign regiments, for kindling a pame in the heat of the battle, by flight, and by a sustained blowing up of tumbrils, under the mi-erable purpose of shaking the British steadiness the evidences are not clear; whereas my brother insisted that the presence of sham men, distributed extensively amongst the human race, and meditating treason against us all had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all true philosophers. Who were these shams and make-believe men? They were, in fact, people that had been dead for centuries, but that, for reasons best known to themselves, had returned to this upper earth, walked about amongst us, and were undistinguishable, except by the most learned of necromancers, from anthentic men of flesh and blood mention this for the sake of illustrating the fact, of which the reader will find a singular instance in the foot-note attached, that the same crazes are everlastingly revolving unon men 1

<sup>1</sup> live years ago, during the carmival of universal anarchy equally amongst doors and thinkers, a closely-printed pamphlet was published with this title, "A New Revelation, or the Communion of the Incarnate Dead with the Unconscious Living Important Fact, without trifling Fiction, by Hiv." I have not the pleasure of knowing Him; but certainly I must concede to Hiv, that he writes like a man of extreme sobriety, upon his extravagant theme. He is angry with Swedenborg, as night be expected, for his chimeras, some of which, however, of late years have signally altered their aspect; but as to Him, there is no chance that he should be occupied with chimeras because (p. 6) "he has met with some who have acknowledged the"

This hypothesis, however, like a thousand others, when it happened that they engaged no durable sympathy from his nursery audience, he did not pursue For some time he turned his thoughts to philosophy, and read lectures to us every night upon some branch or other of physics This undertaking arose upon some one of us envying or admitting flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling "Pooli !" he said. "they are impostors, they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done Ah! you should see me standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downwards, for half-an-hour together, meditating profoundly" My sister Mary remarked, that we should all be very glad to see him in that position "If that's the case," he replied, "it's very well that all is ready, except as to a strap or two". Being an excellent skater, he had first imagined that, if held up until he had started, he might then, by taking a bold sweep ahead, keep himself in position through the continued impetus of skating But this he found not to answer, because, as he observed, "the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris, but the case would be very different if the ceiling were coated with ice" As it was not, he changed his plan The true secret, he now discovered, was this he would consider himself in the light of a limming-top, he would make an apparatus (and he made it) for having himself launched, hke a top, upon the ceiling, and regularly spuu Then the vertiginous motion of the human top would overpower the force of gravitation He should, of course, spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his own axis—perhaps he might even dream upon it, and he laughed at "those scoundrels, the flies," that never improved in their pretended

fact of their having come from the dead"—habes confitentem reum—Few, however, are endowed with so much candour, and, in particular, for the honour of literature, it grieves me to find, by p 10, that the lingest number of these shams, and perhaps the most uncanded, are to be looked for amongst "publishers and printers," of whom, it seems, "the great majority" are mere forgeries, a very few speak frankly about the matter, and say they don't care who knows it, which, to my thinking, is impudence, but by far the larger section doggedly deny it, and call a policeman, if you persist in charging them with being shams. Some differences there are between my brother and life, but in the great outline of their views they coincide

art, nor made anything of it. The principle was now discovered, "and, of course," he said, "if a man can keep it up for five minutes, what's to hinder him from doing so for five months?" "Certainly, nothing that I can think of," was the reply of my sister, whose scepticism, in fact, had not settled upon the five months, but altogether upon the five minutes The apparatus for spinning him, however, perhaps from its complexity, would not work, a fact evidently owing to the stupidity of the gardener On reconsidering the subject, he announced, to the disappointment of some amongst ns, that, although the physical discovery was now complete, he saw a moral difficulty It was not a humming-top that was required, but a peg-top Now, this, in order to keep up the vertigo at full stretch, without which, to a certainty, gravitation would prove too much for him, needed to be whipped incessantly But that was precisely what a gentleman ought not to tolerate, to be scourged unintermittingly on the legs by any grub of a gardener, unless it were Father Adam-himself, was a thing he could not bring his mind to However, as some compensation, he proposed to improve the ait of flying, which was, as everybody must acknowledge, in a condition disgraceful to civilised society As he had made many a fire balloon, and had succeeded in some attempts at bringing down cats by parachates, it was not very difficult to fly downwards from moderate elevations But, as he was reproached by my sister for never flying back again, which, however, was a far different thing, and not even attempted by the philosopher in "Rasselas" (for

> "Revocare gradum, et superas evadere ad auras, Hic labor, hoc opus est"),

he refused, under such poor encouragement, to try his winged parachutes any more, either "aloft or alow," till he had tholoughly studied Bishop Wilkins 1 on the art of translating

VOL I

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Bishop Willins" —Dr W, Bishop of Chester, in the reign of Charles II, notoriously wrote a book on the possibility of a voyage to the moon, which, in a bishop, would be called a translation to the moon, and perhaps it was his name in combination with his book that suggested the "Adventures of Peter Wilkins" It is unfair, however, to mention him in connection with that single one of his works which announces an extravagant purpose He was really a scientific man,

right reverend gentlemen to the moon, and, in the meantime, he resunted his general lectures on physics From these, however, he was speedily driven, or one might say shelled out, by a concerted assault of my sister Mary's He had been in the habit of lowering the pitch of his lectures with ostentatious condescension to the presumed level of our poor understandings This superciliousness annoyed my sister, and accordingly, with the help of two young female visitors, and my next younger brother-in subsequent times a little middy on board many a ship of H M, and the most predestined rebel upon earth against all assumptions, small or great, of superiority 1—she arranged a mutiny, that had the unexpected effect of suddenly extinguishing the lectures for ever He had happened to say, what was no unusual thing with him, that he flattered himself he had made the point under discussion tolerably clear, "clear," he added, bowing round the half-circle of us, the audience, "to the meanest of capacities", and then he repeated, sonorously, "clear to the most excruciatingly mean of capacities" Upon which a voice, a female voice—but whose voice, in the tumult that followed, I did not distinguish-retorted, "No, you, haven't, it's as dark as sin", and then, without a moment's interval, a second voice exclaimed, "Dark as night", then came my younger brother's insurrectionary yell, "Dark as midnight", then another female voice claimed in melodiously, "Dark as pitch", and so the peal continued to come round like a catch, the whole being so well concerted, and the rolling fire so well sustained, that it was impossible to make head against it, whilst the abruptness of the interruption gave to it the protecting character of an oral "round-robin," it being impossible to challenge any one in particular as the ringleader Burke's phrase of "the swinish multitude," applied to mobs, was then in everybody's mouth, and,

and already in the time of Cromwell (about 1656) had projected that Royal Society of London which was afterwards realised and presided over by Isaac Barrow and Isaac Newton He was also a learned man, but still with a vein of romance about him, as may be seen in his most claborate work—"The Essay towards a Philosophic or Universal Language"

Richard Quineey, De Quincey's junior by a year or two, and known in the household as "Pink" See footnote, ante, p 29—M.

accordingly, after my brother had recovered from his first astonishment at this audacious mutiny, he made us several sweeping bows, that looked very much like tentative rehearsals of a sweeping fusiliale, and then addressed us in a very brief speech, of which we could distinguish the words pearls and swinish multitude, but uttered in a very low key, perhaps out of some lunking consideration for the two young strangers. We all laughed in chorus at this parting salute, my brother lumself condescended at last to join us, but there ended the course of lectures on natural philosophy. As it was impossible, however, that he should remain

quiet, he announced to us, that for the rest of his life he meant to dedicate himself to the intense cultivation of the tragic drama He got to work instantly, and very soon he had composed the first act of his "Sultan Sehm", but, in defiance of the metre, he soon changed the title to "Sultan Amurath," considering that a much fiercer name, more bewhiskered and beturbaned It was no part of his intention that we should sit lolling on chairs like ladies and gentlemen that had paid opera prices for private boxes. He expected every one of us, he said, to pull an oar. We were to act the tragedy. But, in fact, we had many oars to pull There were so many characters, that each of us took four at the least, and the future middy had six He, this wicked little iniddy, caused the greatest affliction to Sultan Amniath, foreing him to order the amputation of his head six several times (that is, once in every one of his six parts) during the first act In reality, the sultan, though otherwise a decent man, was too bloody What by the bowstring, and what by the semutar, he had so thinned the population with which he eommenced business, that searcely any of the characters remained alive at the end of act the first. Sultan Amurath found himself in an awkward situation. Large arrears of work remained, and hardly anybody to do it but the sultan

<sup>&</sup>quot;Middy"—I call him so simply to avoid confusion, and by way of anticipation, else he was too young at this time to serve in the navy—Afterwards he did so for many years, and saw every variety of service in every class of ships belonging to our navy—At one time, when yet a boy, he was captured by pirates, and compelled to sail with them, and the end of his adventurous career was, that for many a year he has been lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

himself In composing act the second, the author had to proceed like Deucahon and Pyrrha, and to create an entirelynew generation. Apparently this young generation, that ought to have been so good, took no warning by what had happened to their ancestors in act the first, one must conclude that they were quite as wicked, since the poor sultan had found himself reduced to order them all for execution in the course of this act the second. To the brazen age had succeeded an iron age, and the prospects were becoming sadder and sadder as the tragedy advanced. But here the author began to hesitate. He felt it hard to resist the instinct of carnage. And was it right to do so? Which of the felons whom he had cut off prematurely could pretend that a court of appeal would have reversed his sentence? But the consequences were distressing. A new set of characters in every act brought with it the necessity of a new plot, for people could not succeed to the arrears of old actions, or inherit ancient motives, like a landed estate. Five crops, in fact, must be taken off the ground in each separate tragedy, amounting, in short, to five tragedies involved in one

Such, according to the rapid sketch which at this moment my memory furnishes, was the brother who now first laid open to me the gates of war. The occasion was this. He had resented, with a shower of stones, an affront offered to us by an individual boy, belonging to a cotton factory, for more than two years afterwards this became the teterrina-causa of a skirmish or a battle as often as we passed the factory, and, unfortunately, that was twice a-day on every day, except Sunday. Our situation in respect to the enemy was as follows—Greenhay, a country-house, newly built by my father, at that time was a clear mile from the outskirts of Manchester, but in after years, Manchester, throwing out the tentacula of its vast expansions, absolutely enveloped Greenhay, and, for anything I know, the grounds and gaidens which then insulated the house may have long disappeared. Being a modest mansion, which (including hot walls, offices, and gardener's house) had cost only six thousand pounds, I do not know how it should have risen to the distinction of giving name to a region of that great town, however, it has done

so 1: and at this time, therefore, after changes so great, it will be dishcult for the habitud of that region to understand how my brother and myself could have a solitary road to traverse between Greenlay and Princess Street, then the termination. on that side, of Manchester But so it was Oxford Street, like its namesake in Lordon, was then called the Oxford Road. and during the currency of our acquaintance with it, alose the first three houses in its neighbourhood, of which the third was built for the Rev S II., one of our guardians, for whom his friends had also built the church of St Peters-not a bowshot from the house At present, however, he resided in Salford, nearly two nules from Greenhay, and to him we went over daily, for the benefit of his classical instructions One sole cotton factory had then risen along the line of Oxford Street, and this was close to a bridge, which also was a new creation · for previously all passengers to Manchester went round by Garrat. This factory became to us the officina gentium from which swarmed forth those Goths and Vandals that continually threatened our steps, and this bridge became the eternal arena of combat, we taking good care to be on the right side of the bridge for retreat-ic, on the town side, or the country side, accordingly as we were going out in the morning, or returning in the afternoon. Stones were the amplements of warfare, and by continual practice both parties became expert in throwing them

The origin of the feud it is scarcely requisite to rehearse, since the particular accident which begin it was not the true efficient cause of our long warfare, but simply the casual occasion. The cause by in our anistocratic dress. As children of an opulent family, where all provisions were liberal, and all appointments elegant, we were uniformly well-dressed, and, in particular, we wore trousers (at that time nuheard of except among sailors), and we also wore Hessian boots—a crime that could not be forgiven in the Lancashire of that day, because it expressed the double offence of being aristocratic and being outlandish. We were

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Greenheys," with a slight variation in the spelling, is the name given to that district, of which Greenhay formed the original nucleus Probably, it was the solitary situation of the house which (failing any other grounds of denomination) rused it to this privilege

aristocrats, and it was vain to deny it, could we deny our boots? whilst our antagonists, if not absolutely sansculottes, were slovenly and forlorn in their dress, often unwashed, with hair totally neglected, and always covered with flakes of cotton. Jacobins they were not, as regarded any sympathy with the Jacobinism that then desolated France, for, on the contrary, they detested everything French, and answered with brotherly signals to the cry of "Church and King," or "King and Constitution" But, for all that, as they were perfectly independent, getting very high wages, and these wages in a mode of industry that was then taking vast strides ahead, they contrived to reconcile this patriotic anti-Jacobinism with a personal Jacobinism of that sort which is native to the heart of man, who is by natural impulse (and not without a root of nobility, though also of base envy) imputent of inequality, and submits to it only through a sense of its necessity, or under a long experience of its benefits.

It was on an early day of our new tyrocinium, or perhaps on the very first, that, as we passed the bridge, a boy happening to issue from the factory 1 sang out to us, derisively, "Hollon, Bucks!" In this the reader may fail to perceive any atrocious insult commensurate to the long war which followed But the reader is wrong The word "dandies," 2 which was what the villain meant, had not then been born, so that he could not have called us by that name, unless through the spirit of prophecy Buch was the nearest word at hand in his Manchester vocabulary, he gave all he could, and let us dream the rest But in the next moment he discovered our boots, and he consummated his crime by saluting us as "Boots! boots!" My brother made a dead stop, surveyed him with intense disdam, and bade him draw near, that he might "give his flesh to the fowls of the air" The boy declined to accept this liberal invitation, and conveyed his answer by a most contemptuous and plebeian

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Factory" —Such was the designation technically at that time. At present, I believe that a building of that class would be called a "mill"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> This word, however, exists in Jack a-dandy—a very old English word. But what does that mean?

gesture, upon which my brother drove him in with a shower of stones.

During this inaugural flourish of hostilities, I, for my part, remained inactive, and therefore apparently neutral. But this was the last time that I did so for the moment, indeed, I was taken by surprise. To be called a buck by one that had it in his choice to have called me a coward, a thief, or a murderer, struck me as a most pardonable offence, and as to boots, that rested upon a flagrant fact that could not be demed; so that at first I was green enough to regard the boy as very considerate and indulgent But my brother soon rectified my views, or, if any doubts remained, he impressed me, at least, with a sense of my paramount duty to himself, which was threefold First, it seems that I owed military allegiance to him, as my commander-in-chief, whenever we "took the field", secondly, by the law of nations, I, being a cadet of my house, owed suit and service to him who was its head, and he assured me, that twice in a year, on my birth-day and on his, he had a right, strictly speaking, to make me he down, and to set his foot upon my neck, lastly, by a law not so rigorous, but valid amongst gentlemen-viz, "by the comity of nations"—it seems I owed eternal deference to one so much older than myself, so much wiser, stronger, braver, more beautiful, and more swift of foot. Something like all this in tendency I had already believed, though I had not so minutely investigated the modes and grounds of my duty By temperament, and through natural dedication to despondency, I felt resting upon me always too deep and gloomy a sense of obscure duties attached to life, that I never should be able to fulfil, a burden which I could not carry, and which yet I did not know how to throw off Glad, therefore, I was to find the whole tremendous weight of obligations—the law and the prophets—all crowded into this one pocket command, "Thou shalt obey thy brother as God's vicar upon earth" For now, if by any future stone

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Precisely, however, the same gesture, plebeian as it was, by which the English commandant at Heligoland replied to the Danes when civilly inviting him to surrender Southey it was, on the authority of Lieutenant Southey, his brother, who communicated to me this anecdote.

levelled at him who had called me a "bnck," I should chance to draw blood—perhaps I might not have committed so serious a trespass on any rights which he could plead but if I had (for on this subject my convictions were still cloudy), at any rate the duty I might have violated in regard to this general brother, in right of Adam, was cancelled when it came into collision with my paramount duty to this hege brother of my own individual house

From this day, therefore, I obeyed all my brother's military commands with the utmost docility, and happy it made me that every sort of doubt, or question, or opening for demur, was swallowed up in the unity of this one papal principle, discovered by my brother-viz, that all rights and duties of casuistry were transferred from me to himself. His was the judgment-his was the responsibility, and to me belonged only the sublime obligation of unconditional faith in him That faith I realised It is true that he taxed me at times, in his reports of particular fights, with "horrible cowardice," and even with a "cowardice that seemed mexplicable, except on the supposition of treachery" \_But this was only a façon de parler with him the idea of secret perfidy, that was constantly moving under-ground, gave an interest to the progress of the war, which else tended to the monotonous It was a dramatic artifice for sustaining the interest, where the incidents might happen to be too slightly diversified But that he did not believe his own charges was clear, because he never repeated them in his "General History of the Campaigns," which was a resume, or recapitalisting digest, of his daily reports.

We fought every day, and, generally speaking, twice every day, and the result was pretty uniform—viz, that my brother and I terminated the battle by insisting upon our undoubted right to run away Magna Charta, I should fancy, secures that great right to every man, else, surely, it is sadly defective But out of this catastrophic to most of our shirmishes, and to all our pitched battles except one, grew a standing schism between my brother and myself My unlimited obedience had respect to action, but not to opinion Loyalty to my brother did not rest upon hypogensy, because I was faithful, it did not follow that I must be false in relation to his capricious opinions. And these

opinions sometimes took the shape of acts. Twice, at the least, in every week, but sometimes every night, my brother insisted on singing "Te Deum" for supposed victories he had won, and he insisted also on my bearing a part in these "Te Denms" Now, as I knew of no such victories, but resolutely asserted the truth—viz, that we ran away—a slight jar was thus given to the else triumphal effect of these musical ovations Once having uttered my protest, however, willingly I gave my aid to the chanting, for I loved unspeakably the grand and varied system of chanting in the Romish and English Churches And, looking back at this day to the ineffable benefits which I derived from the church of my childhood, I account among the very greatest those which reached me through the various chants connected with the "O, Jubilate," the "Magnificat," the "Te Deum," the "Benedicite," etc Through these chants it was that the sorrow which laid waste my infancy, and the devotion which nature had made a necessity of my being, were profoundly interfused the sorrow gave reality and depth to the devotion, the devotion gave grandeur and -idealisation to the sorrow Neither was my love for chanting altogether without knowledge. A son of my reverend guardian, much older than myself, who possessed a singular faculty of producing a sort of organ accompaniment with one-half of his mouth, whilst he sang with the other half, had given me some instructions in the art of chanting and, as to my brother, he, the hundred-handed Brareus, could do all things; of course, therefore, he could chant

Once having begun, it followed naturally that the war should deepen in bitterness. Wounds that wrote memorials in the flesh, insults that rankled in the heart—these were not features of the case likely to be forgotten by our enemies, and far less by my fiery brother. I, for my part, entered not into any of the passions that war may be supposed to kindle, except only the chronic passion of anxiety. Fear it was not; for experience had taught me that, under the random firing of our undisciplined enemies, the chances were not many of being wounded. But the uncertainties of the war, the doubts in every separate action whether I could keep up the requisite connection with my brother, and, in case I could not, the utter darkness that surrounded my fate;

whether, as a trophy won from Israel, I should be dedicated to the service of some Manchester Dagon, or pass through fire to Moloch, all these contingencies, for me that had no friend to consult, ran too violently into the master-current of my constitutional despondency, ever to give way under any casual elation of success. Success, however, we really had at times, in slight skirmishes pretty often, and once, at least, as the reader will find to his mortification, if he is wicked enough to take the side of the Philistines, a most smashing victory in a pitched battle. But even then, and whilst the hurrahs were yet ascending from our jubilating lips, the freezing remembrance came back to my heart of that deadly depression which, duly at the coming round of the morning and evening watches, travelled with me like my shadow on our approach to the memorable bridge. A bridge of sighs 1 too surely it was for me, and even for my brother

1 "Bridge of Sighs" -Two men of memorable genius, Hood last, and Lord Byron by muny years previously, have so appropriated this phrase, and re issued it as English currency, that many readers supposo it to be theirs But the genealogies of fine expressions should be more carefully preserved The expression belongs originally to Venice This jus postimini becomes of real importance in many eases, bu especially in the ease of Shikspere Could one have believed i possible beforehand? And jet it is a fact that he is made to seem robber of the lowest order, by mere dint of suffering robbery Purel through their own jewelly splendour have many hundreds of h phrases forced themselves into usage so general, under the vulga infirmity of seeking to strengthen weak proso by shreds of poets quotation, that at length the majority of careless readers come to loo upon these phrases as belonging to the language, and traceable to n distinct proprietor any more than proverbs and thus, on afterward observing them in Shakspere, they regard him in the light of or accepting alms (like so many meaner persons) from the commo treasury of the universal mind, on which treasury, meantime, he hi himself conferred these phrases as original donations of his ow Many expressions in the "Paradise Lost," in "Il Penseroso," and "L'Allegro," are in the same predicament And thus the almost 1 credible case is realised which I have described-viz, that simply having suffered a robbery through two centuries (for the first attempt plundering Milton was made upon his juvenilo poems), have Slinkspe and Milton come to bo taxed as robbers N B -In speaking of He as having appropriated the phrase Bridge of Sighs, I would not be und stood to represent him as by possibility aiming at any concealme He was far above such a meanness by his nobility of heart, as he v raised above all need for it by the overflowing opulonee of his geniu

it formed an object of fierce yet anxious jealousy, that he could not always disguise, as we first came in sight of it for, if it happened to be occupied in strength, there was an end of all hope that we could attempt the passage, and that was a fortunate solution of the difficulty, as it imposed no evil beyond a circuit, which, at least, was safe, if the world should choose to call it inglorious Even this shade of ignominy, however, my brother contrived to colour favourably, by calling us-that is, me and himself-"a corps of observation", and he condescendingly explained to me, that, although making "a lateral movement," he had his eye upon the enemy, and "might yet come round upon his left flank in a way that wouldn't, perhaps, prove very agreeable" This, from the nature of the ground, never happened We erossed the river at Garrat, out of sight from the enemy's position, and, on our return in the evening, when we reached that point of our route from which the retreat was secure to Greenhay, we took such revenge for the morning insult as might belong to extra liberality in our stone donations. On this line of policy there was, therefore, no cause for anxiety, but the common ease was, that the numbers might not be such as to justify this caution, and yet quite enough for mischief To my brother, however, stung and carried headlong into hostility by the martial instincts of his nature, the uneasiness of doubt or insecurity was swallowed up by his joy in the anticipation of victory, or even of contest, whilst to myself, whose exultation was purely official and ceremonial, as due by loyalty from a cadet to the head of his house, no such compensation existed The enemy was no enemy in my eyes, his affronts were but retaliations, and his insults were so mapplicable to my unworthy self, being of a calibre exclusively meant for the use of my brother, that from me they recoiled, one and all, as cannon-shot from cotton bags

The ordinary course of our day's warfare was this between nine and ten in the morning occurred our first transit, and consequently our earliest opportunity for doing business. But at this time the great sublunary interest of breakfast, which swallowed up all nobler considerations of glory and ambition, occupied the work-people of the factory (or what in

the pedantic diction of this day are termed the "operatives"), so that very seldom any serious business was transacted Without any formal armistice, the paramount convenience of such an arrangement silently secured its own recogni-Notice there needed none of truce, when the one side yearned for breakfast, and the other for a respite, the groups, therefore, on or about the bridge, if any at all, were loose in their array, and careless. We passed through them rapidly, and, on my part, uneasily, exchanging a few snarks, perhaps, but seldom or ever snapping at each other. The tameness was almost shocking of those who, in the afternoon, would mevitably resume their natural characters of tiger-cats and wolves Sometimes, however, my brother felt it to be a duty that we should fight in the morning, part cularly when any expression of public joy for a victory —bells ringing in the distance—or when a royal birth-day, or some traditional commemoration of ancient fends (such as the 5th of November), urritated his martial propensities Some of these, being religious festivals, seemed to require of us an extra home, e, for which we knew not how to find any natural or aguificant expression, except through sharp discharges of stones, that being a language older than Hebrew or Sanserit, and universally intelligible. But, excepting these high days of religious soleminty, when a man is called upon to show that he is not a Pagan or a misereant in the clidest of senses, by thumping, or trying to thump, somebody who is accused or accusable of being heterodox, the great cremony of breakfast was allowed to sanetify the hour Some untural growls we uttered, but hushed them soon, regardless

"Of the sweeping whirlpool's sway, That, hush'd in prim repose, look'd for his evening prev"

That came but too surely Yes, evening never forgot to come, this odious necessity of fighting never missed its road lack, or fell a-keep, or loutered by the way, more than a bill of exchange, or a tertian fever—Five times a-week (Saturday comotoner, and Sunday always, were days of rest) the same there is hered itself in pretty nearly the same succession of a ream tanger. Detween four and five o'clock we had crossed

the bridge to the safe, or Greenhay, side, then we paused, and waited for the enemy. Sooner or later a bell rang, and from the smoky have issued the hornets that night and day stung incurably my peace of mind The order and procession of the incidents after this were odiously monotonous My brother occupied the main high-road, precisely at the point where a very gentle rise of the ground attained its summit, for the biidge lay in a slight valley, and the main military position was fifty of eighty yards above the bridge, then—but having first examined my pockets, in order to be sure that my stock of ammunition—stones, fragments of slate. with a reasonable proportion of blickbats-was all correct and ready for action—he detached me about forty yards to the right, my orders being invariable, and hable to no doubts or "quibbling" Detestable in my ears was that word "quibbling," by which, for a thousand years, if the war had happened to last so long, he would have fastened upon me the imputation of meaning, or wishing, at least, to do what he called "pettifogulising"—that is, to plead some distinction, or verbal demui, in bar of my olders, under some colourable pretence that, according to their literal construction, they really did not admit of being fulfilled, or perhaps that they admitted it too much as being capable of fulfilment in two senses, either of them a practical sense. True it was that my eye was preternaturally keen for flaws of language, not from pedantic exaction of superfluous accuracy, but, on the contrary, from too conscientious a wish to escape the mistakes which language not rigorous is apt to occasion So far. from seeking to "petritogulise"—1e, to find evasions for any purpose in a trickster's minute toltuosities of construction exactly in the opposite direction, from mere excess of sincenty, most unwillingly I found, in almost everybody's words, an unintentional opening left for double interpreta-tions. Undesigned equivocation prevails everywhere 1, and it

<sup>,</sup> I Geometry (it has been said) would not evade disputation, if a man could find his interest in disputing it—such is the spirit of cavil—But I, upon a very opposite ground, assert that there is not one page of prose that could be selected from the best writer in the English Innguage (for less in the German), which, upon a sufficient interest arising, would not furnish matter, simply through its defects in pre-

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

is not the cavilling hair-splitter, but, on the contrary, the single-eyed servant of truth, that is most likely to insist upon the limitation of expressions too wide or too vague, and upon the decisive election between meanings potentially double. Not in order to resist or evade my brother's directions, but for the very opposite purpose—viz, that I might fulfil them to the letter—thus and no otherwise it happened that I showed so much serupulosity about the exact value and position of his words, as finally to draw upon myself the vexatious reproach of being habitually a "pettifoguliser"

Meantime, our campaigning continued to rage Overtures of pacification were never mentioned on either side And I, for my part, with the passions only of peace at my heart, did the works of war faithfully, and with distinction I presume so, at least, from the results It is true I was continually falling into treason, without exactly knowing how I got into it, or how I got out of it. My brother also, it is true, sometimes assured me that he could, according to the rigour of martial justice, have me hanged on the first tree we passed, to which my piosaic answer had been, that of trees there were none in Oxford Street—(which, in imitation of Von Troil's famous chapter on the snakes of Lapland. the reader may accept, if he pleases, as a complete course of lectures on the "dendrology" of Oxford Street)—but, notwithstanding such little stumblings in my career, I continued to ascend in the service, and I am sure it will gratify my friendly readers to hear, that, before my eighth birth-day, I was promoted to the rank of major general Over this sunshine, however, soon swept a train of clouds Three times I was taken prisoner, and with different results The first time I was carried to the rear, and not molested in any way Finding myself thus ignominiously neglected, I watched my opportunity, and, by making a wide circuit, easily effected my escape In the next case, a brief council was held over

cision, for a suit in Chancery Chancer, suits do not arise, it is true, because the doubtful expressions do not touch any interest of property, but what does arise is this—that something more valuable than a pecuniary interest is continually suffering—viz, the interests of truth

me; but I was not allowed to hear the deliberations, the result only being communicated to me—which result consisted in a message not very complimentary to my brother, and a small present of kicks to myself. This present was paid down without any discount, by means of a general subscription amongst the party surrounding me—that party, luckily, not being very numerous, besides which, I must, in honesty, acknowledge myself, generally speaking, indebted to their forbearance. They were not disposed to be too hard upon me. But, at the same time, they clearly did not think it right that I should escape altogether from tasting the calamities of war. And this translated the estimate of my guilt from the public jurisdiction to that of the individual, sometimes capricious and harsh, and carrying out the public award by means of legs that ranged through all gradations of weight and agility. One kick differed exceedingly from another kick in dynamic value, and, in some cases, this difference was so distressingly conspicuous, as to imply special malice, unworthy, I conceive, of all generous soldiership

On returning to our own frontiers, I had an opportunity of displaying my exemplary greenness. That message to my brother, with all its virus of insolence, I repeated as faithfully for the spirit, and as literally for the expressions, as my memory allowed me to do and in that troublesome effort, simpleton that I was, fancied myself exhibiting a soldier's loyalty to his commanding officer. My brother thought otherwise he was more angry with me than with the enemy I ought, he said, to have refused all participation in such sansculottes' insolence, to carry it, was to acknowledge it as fit to be carried. One grows wiser every day, and on this particular day I made a resolution that, if again made prisoner, I would bring no more "jaw" (so my brother called it) from the Philistines. If these people would send "jaw," I settled that, henceforwards, it must go through the post-office

In my former captures, there had been nothing special or worthy of commemoration in the circumstances. Neither was there in the third, excepting that, by accident, in the second stage of the case, I was delivered over to the custody of young women and guls, whereas the ordinary course would have thrown me upon the vigilant attentions (relieved

from monotony by the experimental kicks) of boys. So far, the change was very much for the better. I had a feeling the change was very much for the better—I had a feeling myself, on first being presented to my new young mistresses, of a distressing soit—Having always, up to the completion of my sixth year, been a privileged pet, and almost, I might say, ranking amongst the sanetities of the household, with all its female sections, whether young or old (an advantage which I owed originally to a long illness, an ague, stretching over two entire years of my infancy), naturally I had learned to appreerate the indulgent tenderness of women, and my heart thrilled with love and gratitude, as often as they took me up into their arms and kissed me. Here it would have been as everywhere else, but, unfortunately, my introduction to these young women was in the very worst of characters. I had been taken in aims—in arms against their own brothers, cousins, sweethearts, and on pictexts too fivolous to mention If asked the question, it would be found that I should not myself deny the fact of being at war with their whole order. What was the meaning of that? What was it to which war pledged a man? It pledged him, in case of opportunity, to burn, ravage, and depopulate the houses and lands of the enemy, which enemy was these fair girls. The warrier stood committed to universal destruction. Neither set not age, neither the similes of unoffending infancy nor the grey hairs of the venerable patriarch, neither the sanctity of the matron nor the loveliness of the youthful bride, would confer any privilege with the warrior, consequently not with me

Many other hideous features in the military character will be found in books innumerable—levelled at those who make war, and therefore at myself. And it appears finally by these books—that, as one of my ordinary practices, I make a wilderness, and call it a pacification, that I hold it a duty to put people to the sword, which done, to plough up the foundations of their hearths and alters, and then to sow the

ground with salt

All this was passing through my brain, when suddenly one young woman snatched me up in her arms, and kissed me, from her, I was passed round to others of the party, who all in turn caressed me, with no allusion to that warlike

mission, against them, and theirs, which only had procured me the honour of an introduction to themselves in the character of captive. The too palpable fact that I was not the person meant by nature to exterminate their families, or to make wildernesses and call them pacifications, had withdrawn from their minds the counter fact—that, whatever had been my performances, my intentions had been hostile, and that in such a character only I could have become their presoner Not only did these young people kiss me, but I (seeing no military reason against it) kissed them Really, if young women will insist on kissing major-generals, they must expect that the generals will retaliate. One only of the crowd adverted to the character in which I came before them to be a lawful prisoner, it struck her too logical nund that I must have been caught in some aggressive practices "Think," she said, "of this little dog fighting, and fighting our Jack" "But," said another, in a proputatory tone, "perhaps he'll not do so any more" I was touched by the kundness of her suggestion, and the sweet, merciful sound of that same "Not do so any more," which really was prompted, I fear, much more by that charity in her which hopeth all things, than by any signs of amendment in myself Well was it for me that no time was allowed for investigation into my morals by point-blank questions as to my future intentions. In which case it would have appeared too undeniably, that the same sad necessity which had planted me hitherto in a position of hostility to their estimable families, would continue to persecute me, and that, on the very next day, duty to my brother, howsoever it might struggle with gratifude to themselves, would range me in martial attitude, with a pocketful of stones, meant, alas! for the evaluative use of their respectable kinsmen. Whilst I was preparing myself, however, for this painful exposition, my female friends observed issuing from the factory a crowd of boys not likely at all to improve my prospects Instantly setting me down on my feet, they formed a sort of cordon sanitaire behind me, by stretching out their petticoats or aprons, as in dancing, so as to touch and then, erying out, "Now, little dog, run for thy life," prepared themselves (I doubt not) for rescuing me, should my re-capture be effected.

But this was not effected, although attempted with an energy that alarmed me, and even perplexed me with a vague thought (far too ambitious for my years) that one or two of the pursuing party might be possessed by some demon of jealousy, as eventinesses to my revelling amongst the lips of that fair girlish bevy, kissing and being kissed, loving and being loved, in which case from all that ever I had read about jealousy and I had read a great dealviz., 'Othello,' and Collinss 'Ode to the Passions'), I was satisfied that, if again captured, I had very little chance for my life That jealousy was a green eyed monster, nobody could know better than I did. "Oh my lord, beware of jealousy " Yes, and my lord couldn't possibly have more reason for bewaring of it than myself, indeed, well it would have been had his lordship run away from all the ministers of jealousy-Iago, Cassio and embroidered handkerchiefsat the same pace of six nules an hour which kept me ahead of my infuriated pursuers. Ah, that maniac, white as a leper with flakes of cotton can I over forget him, him that ran so far in advance of his party? What passion, but jealousy, could have sustained him in so hot a chase? There were some lovely girls in the fur company that had so condescendingly caressed me, but, doubtless, upon that sweet creature his love must have settled, who suggested, in her soft, relenting voice, a penitence in me that, alas! had not dawned, saying, "Ice, but perhaps he will not do so any more" Thinking as I ran of her beauty, I felt that this jealous demonice must fancy himself justified in committing seven times seven murders upon me, if he should have it in his power But, thank heaver, if jealousy can run six miles an hour, there are other passions, as for instance panic, that can run, upon occasion, six and a-half; so, as I had the start of him (you know, reader), and not a very short start thanks be to the expanded petticoats of my dear female friends '-naturally it happened that the green-eyed monster came in second best Time luckily was precious with him, and, accordingly, when he had chased me into the by-road leading down to Greenhay, he turned back. For the moment, therefore, I found myself suddenly released from danger. But this counted for nothing. The same scene

would probably revolve upon me continually; and, on the next reheared Green-eyes inight have better luck. It suddened inc, besides, to find myself under the political necessity of numbering amongst the Pinlistines, and as daughters of Gath, so many kind-hearted girls, whom, by personal proof, I knew to be such. In the profoundest sense I was unhappy, and not from any momentary accident of distress, but from deep glimpses which now, and heretofore, had opened themselves, as occasions arose, into the inevitable conflicts of life. One of the saddest among such conflicts is the necessity, wheresoever it occurs, of adopting—though the heart should disown—the enimities of one's own family, or country, or religious sect. In forms how afflicting must that invessity have sometimes occurred during the Parliamentary War! And, in after years, amongst our beautiful old English metrical romances, I found the same impassioned complaint nitered by a knight, Sir Iwam, as early as and 1240—

"But now, where'er I stray or go,
My heart Sur has that is my local"

I knew—I anticipated to a certainty—that my brother would not hear of any ment belonging to the factory population whom every day we had to meet in battle, on the contrary, even submission on their part, and willingness to walk penitentially through the Furca Caudina, would hardly have satisfied his sense of their criminality. Often, indeed, as we came in view of the factory, he would shake his fist at it, and say, in a ferocious tone of voice, "Delenda est Carthago!" And certainly, I thought to myself, it must be admitted by everybody, that the factory people are mexcusable in raising a rebellion against my brother. But still rebels were men, and sometimes were women, and rebels that stretch out their petticoats like fans for the sake of screening one from the hot pursuit of enemies with fiery eyes (green or otherwise) really are not the sort of people that one wishes to hate.

Homewards, therefore, I drew in sadness, and little doubting that hereafter I might have verbal feuds with my brother on behalf of my fair friends, but not dreaming how

much displeasure I had already meurred by my treasonable collusion with their earesses. That part of the affair he had seen with his own eyes, from his position on the field; and then it was that he left me indignantly to my fate, which, by my first reception, it was easy to see would not prove very gloomy When I came into our own study, I found him engaged in preparing a bulletin (which word was just then travelling into universal use), reporting briefly the events of the day. The art of drawing, as I shall again have occasion to mention, was amongst his foremost accomplishments, and round the maigin of the bulletin ran a black border, ornamented with cypress, and other funereal emblems When finished, it was carried into the room of Mis Evans This Mrs. Evans was an important person in our affairs My mother, who never chose to have any direct communication with her servants, always had a housekeeper for the regulation of all domestic business, and the housekeeper for some years was this Mrs Evans. Into her private parlour, where she sat aloof from the under servants, my brother and I had the entrée at all times, but upon very different terms of acceptance he as a favourite of the first class, I, by sufference, as a sort of gloomy shadow that ran after his person, and could not well be shut out if that ran after his person, and could not well be shut out in he were let in. Him she admired in the very lighest degree, myself, on the contrary, she detested,—which made me unhappy. But then, in some measure, she made amends for this, by despising me in extremity, and for that I was truly thankful—I need not say why, as the reader already knows. Why she detested me, so far as I know, arose m part out of my thoughtfulness indisposed to garrulity, and in part out of my savage, Orson-like sincerity. I had a great deal to say, but then I could say it only to a very few neonle, amongst whom Mrs. Evens was certainly not one. deal to say, but then I could say it only to a very iew people, amongst whom Mrs Evans was certainly not one, and when I did say anything, I fear that dire ignorance prevented my laying the proper restraints upon my too liberal candonr, and that could not prove acceptable to one who thought nothing of working for any purpose, or for no purpose, by petty tricks, or even falsehoods—all which I held in stern abhorrence, that I was at no pains to conecal. The bulletin on this occasion, garnished with its pageantry of woe, cypress wreaths, and arms reversed, was read aloud to Mrs Evans, indirectly therefore to me It communicated, with Spartan brevity, the sad intelligence (but not sad to Mrs E), "that the major-general had for ever disgraced himself, by submitting to the caresses of the enemy" I leave a blank for the epithet affixed to "caresses," not because there was any blank, but, on the contrary, because my brother's wrath had boiled over in such a hubble-bubble of epithets, some only half erased, some doubtfully erased, that it was impossible, out of the various readings, to pick out the true classical text. "Infamous," "disgusting," and "odious," struggled for precedency, and infamous they might be, but on the other affixes I held my own private opinions For some days, my brother's displeasure continued to roll in reverberating thunders, but at length it growled itself to rest; and at last he descended to mild expostulations with me, showing clearly, in a series of general orders, what frightful consequences must ensue, if major-generals (as a general principle) should allow themselves to be kissed by the enemy

About this time, my brother began to issue, instead of occasional bulletins, through which litherto he had breathed his opinions into the ear of the public (viz, of Mrs Evans), a regular gazette, which, in initation of the "London Gazette," was published twice a-week. I suppose that no creature ever led such a life as I did in that gazette. Run up to the giddlest heights of promotion on one day, for merits which I could not myself discern, in a week or two I was brought to a court-martial for offences equally obscure I was cashiered. I was restored "on the intercession of a distinguished lady" (Mis. Evans, to wit), I was threatened with being-drummed out of the aimy, to the music of the "Rogne's Maich", and then, in the midst of all this misery and degradation, upon the discovery of some supposed energy that I had manifested, I was decorated with the Order of the My reading had been extensive enough to give me some vague aerial sense of the honour involved in such a decoration, whilst I was profoundly ignorant of the channels through which it could reach an individual, and of the sole fountain from which it could flow. But, in this enormity of

disproportion between the cause and the effect, between the agency and the result, I saw nothing more astonishing than I had seen in many other cases confessedly true Thousands of vast effects, by all that I had heard, linked themselves to causes apparently trivial. The dreadful taint of serofula, according to the belief of all Christendom, fled at the simple touch of a Stuart sovereign 1 no miraele in the Bible, from Jordan or from Bethesda, could be more sudden, or more astoundingly victorious. By my own experience, again, I knew that a styan (as it is called) upon the eyelid could be easily reduced, though not instantaneously, by the slight application of any golden trinket. Waits upon the fingers of children I had myself known to vanish under the icrbal charm of a gipsy woman, without any medicinal application whatever And I well knew, that almost all nations believed in the dreadful mystery of the end eye, some requiring, as a condition of the evil agency, the copresence of malice in the agent, but others, as appeared from my father's Portuguese recollections, ascribing the same horrid power to the eye of certain select persons, even though innocent of all malignant purpose, and absolutely unconscious if their own fatal gift, until awakened to it by the results. Why, therefore, should there be anything to shock, or even to surprise, in the power claimed by my brother, as a attribute malignable from primogeniture in contain school for the same and the same and the same and the same and the same are same as a same as a same and the same certain select families, of conferring knightly honours? The red ribine of the Bath he certainly did confer upon me, and once, n a paroxysm of imprudent liberality, he promised me at the end of certain months, supposing that I swerted from my duty by no atrocious delinquency, the Garter itself. This, I knew, was a far lofter distinction than the Bath Even then it was so, and since those days

Queen Anne, the last Struct who sat on the British throne, was the last of our princes who touched for the king's cell (as scrofula wis be crally called until lately), but the Bourbon Houses, on the thrones of France, Spain, and Naples, as well as the House of Savoy, the red and extraced the same supernatural privilege down to a much later period than the year 1714—the last of Queen Anne according to the rown and the popular fully, they could have cleansed Nauman the Struck, and Gebru 100

it has become much more so, because the long roll of martial services in the great war with Napoleon compelled our government greatly to widen the basis of the Bath. This promise was never fulfilled, but not for any want of clamorous persecution on my part addressed to my brother's wearied ear, and somewhat callons sense of honour. Every fortinglit or so, I took care that he should receive a "refresher," as lawyers call it—a new and revised brief—memorialising my pretensions. These it was my brother's policy to parry, by alleged instances of recent misconduct on my part. But all such offences, I missted, were thoroughly washed away by subsequent services in moments of peril, such as he himself could not always deny. In reality, I believe his real motive for withholding the Garter was, that he had nothing better to bestow upon himself.

"Now, look here," he would say, appealing to Mrs Evans, "I suppose there's a matter of half-a-dozen kings on the Continent that would consent to lose three of their fingers. if by such a sacrifice they could purchase the blue riband. and here is this little scamp, conceiting himself entitled to it before he has finished two campaigns." But I was not the person to be beaten oft in this fashion. I took my stand upon the promise A promise was a piomise, even if made to a scainp, and then, besides—but there I hesitated, awful thoughts interposed to cheek ine, else I wished to suggest that, perhaps, some two or three among that halfdozen kings might also be scamps However, I reduced the case to this plain dilemma These six kings had received a promise, or they had not. If they had not, my ease was better than theirs, if they had, then, said I, "all seven of us"——I was going to add, "are sailing in the same boat," or something to that effect, though not so picturesquely expressed, but I was interrupted by his deadly frown at my audaeity in thus linking myself on as a seventh to this attelege of kings, and that such an absolute grub should dream of ranking as one in a bright pleuad of pietenders to the Garter I had not particularly thought of that, but, now that such a demur was offered to my consideration, I thought of teminding him that, in a certain shadowy sense, I also might presume to class myself as a king,—the meaning

of which was this Both my brother and myself, for the sake of varying our intellectual amusements, occupied ourselves at times in governing imaginary kingdoms I do not mention this as anything unusual, it is a common resource of mental activity and of aspiring energies amongst boys Hartley Coleridge, for example, had a kingdom which he governed for many years, whether well or ill, is more than I can say Kindly, I am sure, he would govern it, but, unless a machine had been invented for enabling him to write without effort (as was really done for our Fourth George during the pressure of illness), I fear that the public service must have languished deploiably for want of the royal signature In sailing past his own dominions, what dolorous outcries would have saluted him from the shore-" Hollon, royal sir ! here's the deuce to pay a perfect lock there is, as tight as locked jaw, upon the course of our public business, throats there are to be cut, from the product of ten jail-deliveries, and nobody darcs to cut them, for want of the proper, warrant, archbishopines there are to be filled, and, because they are not filled, the whole nation is running helter-skelter into heresy, and all in consequence of your majesty's sacred laziness" Our governments were less remissly administered, since each of us, by continued reports of improvements and gracious concessions to the folly or the weakness of our subjects, stimulated the zeal of his rival-And here, at least, there seemed to be no reason why I should come into collision with my brother At any rate, I took pains not to do so But all was in vain. My destiny was, to live in one eternal element of fend

My own kingdom was an island called Gombroon But in what parallel of north or south latitude it lay, I concealed for a time as rigorously as ancient Rome through every century concealed her real name. The object in this pro-

One reason, I believe, why it was hold a point of wisdom, in ancient days, that the metropolis of a warlike state should have a secret name hidden from the world, lay in the Pagan practice of evocation, applied to the tutelary derives of such a state. These derives might be lured by certain rites and briberies into a transfer of their favours to the besieging army. But, in order to make such an evocation effectual it was necessary to know the original and secret name of the beleaguered city, and this, therefore, was religiously concealed.

visional concealment was, to regulate the position of my own territory by that of my brother's, for I was determined to place a monstrons world of waters between us, as the only chance (and a very poor one it proved) for compelling my brother to keep the peace At length, for some reason unknown to me, and much to my astonishment, he located his capital city in the high latitude of 65 deg north That fact being once published and settled, instantly I smacked my little kingdom of Gombroon down into the tropics, 10 deg, I think, south of the line. Now, at least, I was on the right side of the hedge, or so I flattered myself, for it struck me that my brother never would degrade himself by fitting out a costly nautical expedition against poor little Gombroon, and how else could he get at me? Smely the very fiend himself, if he happened to be in a high arctic latitude, would not indulge his malice so far as to follow its trail into the Tropic of Capricorn And what was to be got by such a freak? There was no Golden Fleece in Gombroon If the fiend or my biother fancied that, for once they were in the wrong box, and there was no variety of vegetable produce, for I never denied that the poor little island was only 270 miles in cucuit. Think, then, of sailing through 75 deg of latitude only to crack such a miserable little filbert as that But my brother stunned me by explaining that, although his capital lay in lat 65 deg N, not the less his dominions swept southwards through a matter of 80 or 90 deg; and, as to the Tropic of Capilcoin, much of it was his own private property I was aghast at hearing that It seemed that vast horns and promontones ran down from all parts of his dominions towards any country whatsoever, in either hemisphere - empire, or republic, monarchy, polyarchy, or anarchy—that he might have reasons for assaulting

Here in one moment vanished all that I had relied on for protection—distance I had relied on, and suddenly I was found in close neighbourhood to my most formidable enemy. Poverty I had relied on, and that was not denied, he granted the poverty, but it was dependent on the barbarism of the Gombroomans—It seems that in the central forests of Gombrooma there were diamond mines, which my people.

from their low condition of civilisation, did not value, nor had ony means of working Farewell, therefore, on my side, to" all hopes of enduring peace, for here was established, in legal phrise, a hen for ever upon my island, and not upon its margin, but its very centre, in favour of any invaders, better able tran the natures to make its treasures available. For, of old it was an article in my brothers code of morals—that, supposing a contest between any two parties, of which one possessed an article, whilst the other was better able to use it, the rightful property vested in the latter. As if you met a man with a musket, then you might justly challenge him to a trial in the art of making gunpowder, which if you could. make, and he could not, in that case the musket was de jure vours For what shadow of a right had the fellow to a noble instrument which he could not "maintain" in a serviceable condition, and "feed" with its daily rations of powder and shot? Still, it may be fancied that, since all the relations between us as independent sovereigns (whether of war, or peace or freaty) rested upon our own representations and official reports, it was surely within my competence to deny or qualify, as much as within his to assert. But, in reality, the law of the contest between us, as suggested by some instruct of property in my own mind, would not allow me to proceed in such a method. What he said was like a more at chess or draughts, which it was children to dispute The more is ng made, my business was—to face it, to parry it, to evade it, and, if I could, to overthrow it. I proceeded as a lawrer who moves is long as he can, not by blank demili of ficts (or coming to an usive), but by demurring (e.e., aduntting the allegations of fact, or otherwise interpreting their constructs in). It was the understood necessity of the case, that I must 1 issued, accept my brother's statements so far as recorded their verbal expression, and, if I would extricate my poor relanders from their troubles, it must be by some distinct on or even lying within this expression, or not Harkly controducting it.

'Her, and to what extent,' my brother asked, "did I ame taxon upon my subjects?' My first impulse was to enter I did not tax them at all, for I had a perfect horizon of definite extent here would not allow of my saying that;

because it was too probable he would demand to know how, in that case, I maintained a standing army, and if I once allowed it to be supposed that I had none, there was an end for ever to the independence of my people Poor things! they would have been invaded and dragooned in a I took some days, therefore, to consider that point, but at last replied, that my people, being maritime, supported themselves mainly by a herring fishery, from which I deducted a part of the produce, and afterwards sold it for manure to neighbouring nations. This last hint I borrowed from the conversation of a stranger who happened to dine one day at Greenhay, and mentioned that in Devonshire, or at least on the western coast of that country, near Hiracombe, upon any excessive take of herrings, beyond what the markets could absorb, the surplus was applied to the land as a valuable dressing It might be inferred from this account, however, that the arts must be in a languishing state, amongst a people that did not understand the process of salting fish; and my brother observed derisively, much to my grief, that a wretched ichthyophagous people must make shocking soldiers, weak as water, and hable to be knocked over like nine-pins; whereas, in his army, not a man ever ate herrings, pilchards, mackerels, or, in fact, condescended to anything worse than sirloins of beef . .

At every step I had to contend for the honour and independence of my islanders, so that early I came to understand the weight of Shakspere's sentiment—

"Uneasy has the head that wears a crown!"

Oh, reader, do not laugh! I lived for ever under the terror of two separate wars in two separate worlds—one against the factory boys, in a real world of flesh and blood, of stones and brickbats, of flight and pursuit, that were anything but figurative, the other in a world purely aerial, where all the combats and the sufferings were absolute moonshine—And yet the simple truth is—that, for auxiety and distress of mind, the reality (which almost every morning's light brought round) was as nothing in comparison of that dream-kingdom which rose like a vapour from my own brain, and which apparently by the flat of my will could be for ever dissolved.

Ah ' but no , I had contracted obligations to Gombroon , I had submitted my conscience to a yoke, and in secret truth my will had no such autocratic power Long contemplation of a shadow, earnest study for the welfare of that shadow, sympathy with the wounded sensibilities of that shadow under accumulated wrongs, these bitter experiences, nursed by brooding thought, had gradually frozen that shadow into a rigour of reality far denser than the material realities of brass or granite. Who builds the most durable dwellings? asks the labourer in "Hamlet", and the answer is, The gravedigger He builds for corruption, and yet his tenements are incorruptible "the houses which he makes last to doomsday" 1 Who is it that seeks for concealment? Let him hide himself 2 in the unsearchable chambers of light-

1 "Hamlet," Act v scene 1

2 "Hide himself in-light" -The greatest scholar, by far, that this island ever produced (viz, Richard Bentley) published (as is well known) a 4to volume that in some respects is the very worst 4to now extant in the world-viz, a critical edition of the "Parudise Lost" I observe, in the "Edinburgh Review" (July, 1851, No. 191, p. 15), that a learned critic supposes Bentley to have meant this edition as a "practical jest" Not at all Norther could the critic have fancied such a possibility, if he had taken the trouble (which I did many a year back) to examine it A jest book it certainly is, and the most prosperous of jest books, but undoubtedly nover meant for such by the author A man whose lips are hald with anger does not jest, and does not understand jesting Still, the Edinburgh Reviewer is right about the proper functions of the book, though wrong about the intentions of the author The fact is, the man was manuacily in error, and always in error, as regarded the ultimate or poetic truth of Milton, but, as regarded truth reputed and truth apparent, he often had the air of being furiously in tho right, an example of which I will cite Milton, in the First Book of the "Paradise Lost," had said -

"That from the secret top Of Oreb or of Smar didst inspire,

"How !-the exposed npon which Bentley comments in effect thus summit of a mountain secret? Why, it's like Charing Cross-always the least secret place in the whole county" So one might fanc) since the summit of a mountain, like Phinhmmon or Cader Idris in Wales, like Skiddaw or Helvellyn in England, constitutes a central object of attention and gaze for the whole circumjacent district, measured by a radius sometimes of 15 to 20 miles. Upon this con sideration, Bentloy instructs us to substitute as the true reading-"That on the sacred top," &c Meantime, an actual experiment will of light which at noonday, more effectually than any gloom, conceals the very brightest stars, rather than in labyrinths of darkness the thickest. What criminal is that who wishes to abscond from public justice? Let him hurry into the frantic publicaties of London, and by no means into the quiet privactes of the country. So, and upon the analogy of these cases, we may understand that, to make a strife overwhelming by a thousandfold to the feelings, it must not deal with gross material interests, but with such as rise into the world of dreams, and act upon the nerves through spiritual, and not through fleshly, torments. Mine, in the present case, rose suddenly, like a rocket, into their meridian altitude, by means of a hint furnished to my brother from a Scottish advocate's reverses.

This advocate, who by his writings became the remote cause of so much affliction to my childhood, and struck a blow at the dignity of Gombroon that neither my brother nor all the forces of Tigrosylvania (my brother's kingdom) ever could have devised, was the celebrated James Burnett, better known to the English public by his judicial title of Lord Monboddo. The Burnetts of Monboddo, I have often heard, were a race distinguished for their intellectual accomplishments through several successive generations, and the judge in question was eminently so. It did him no injury that many people regarded him as crazy. In England, at the beginning of the last century, we had a saying, in reference to the Harveys of Lord Bristol's family, equally distinguished for wit, beauty, and eccentricity, that at the creation there had been three kinds of people made—viz, men, women, and Harveys, and by all accounts something of the same kind might plausibly have

demonstrate that there is no place so absolutely secret and hidden as the exposed summit of a mountain, 3500 feet high, in respect to an eye stationed in the valley immediately below. A whole purty of men, women, horses, and even tents, looked at under those circumstances, is absolutely invisible unless by the aid of glasses and it becomes evident that a murder might be committed on the bare open summit of such a mountain with more assurance of absolute secrecy than anywhere else in the whole surrounding district

1 Which "saying" is sometimes ascribed, I know not how truly, to

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

been said in Scotland about the Burnetts Lord Monboddo's meces, of whom one perished by falling from a precipiee (and, as I have heard, through mere absence of mind, whilst musing upon a book which she carried in her hand), still survive in the affection of many friends, through the interest attached to their intellectual gifts, and Miss Burnett, the daughter of the judge, is remembered in all the memorials of Burns the poet, as the most beautiful, and otherwise the most interesting, of his female anistocratic friends in Edinburgh Lord Monboddo himself trod an eccentric path in literature and philosophy, and our tutor, who spent his whole life in reading, withdrawing himself in that way from the auxieties incident to a narrow income and a large family, found, no doubt, a vast fund of interesting suggestions in Lord M's "Dissertations on the Origin of Language", but to us he communicated only one section of the work It was a long passage, containing some very useful illustrations of a Greek idiom, useful I call them, because four years afterwards, when I had made great advances in my knowledge of Greek, they so appeared to me 1 But then, being scareely seven years old, as soon as

"and the heart of the shepherd rejoices", where the verb  $\gamma\eta\theta\eta\sigma\varepsilon$  is in the indefinite or agriculture, and is meant to indicate a condition of feeling not limited to any time whatever—past, present, or future—In Latin the force and elegance of this usage are equally impressive, if not more so—At this moment I remember two cases of this in Horace—

"Rarò antecedentem scelestum
 Descrut pede pæna claudo",
 "sæpe Diespiter
 Neglectus incesto addidit integrum"

That is—"Oftentimes the Supreme Ruler, when treated with neglect, eonfounds or unites (not has united, as the tyro might fancy) the impure man with the upright in one common fate"

Exceedingly common is this usage in Latin poetry, when the object is to generalise a remark—as not connected with one mode of time

our tutor had finished his long extract from the Scottish judge's prelection, I could express my thankfulness for what I had received only by composing my features to a deeper solemnty and sadness than usual—no very easy task, I have been fold, otherwise, I really had not the remotest conception of what his lordship meant. I knew very well the thing called a tense; I knew even then by name the Aoristus Primus, as a respectable tense in the Greek language. It (or shall we say he?) was known to the whole Christian world by this distinction of Primus; clearly, therefore, there must be some low, vulgar tense in the background, pretending also to the name of Aorist, but universally scouted as the Aoristus Secundus, or Birmingham counterfeit. So that, unable as I was, from ignorance, to go along with Lord M's appreciation of his pretensions, still, had it been possible to meet an Aoristus Primus in the flesh, I should have bowed to him submissively, as to one apparently endowed with the mysterious rights of primogeniture. Not so my brother. Aorist, indeed! Primus or Secundus, what mattered it? Paving-stones were something, brickbats were something, but an old superannuated tense! That any grown man should trouble himself about that! Indeed, there was something extraordinary there For it is not amongst the ordinary functions of lawyers to take charge of Greek, far less, one might suppose, of lawyers in Scotland, where the general system of education has moved for two centuries upon a principle of slight regard to classical literature Latin literature was very much neglected, and Greek nearly altogether The more was the astonishment at finding a rare delicacy of critical instinct, as well as of critical

more than another In reality, all three modes of time-past, present, future—are used (though not equally used) in all languages for this purpose of generalisation Thus.

The future - as, Sapiens dominabitur astris

2 The present as, Fortes fortuna juvat.
3 The past as in the two cases cited from Horace.

, But this practice holds equally in English as to the future and the present, nobody will doubt it, and here is a case from the past— "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God", not meaning that in some past time he hath said so, but that generally in all times he does say so, and will say so

sagacity, applied to the Greek idiomatic niceties by a Scottish lawjer-viz, that same eccentric judge, first made

known to us by our tutor

To the majority of readers, meantime, at this day, Lord M is memorable chiefly for his craze about the degeneracy of us poor moderns, when compared with the men of Pagan antiquity, which eraze itself might possibly not have been generally known, except in connection with the little skirmish between him and Dr Johnson, noticed in Boswell's account of the Doctor's Scottish tour "Ah, doctor," said Lord M, upon some casual suggestion of that topic, "poor creatures are we of this eighteenth century, our fathers were better men than we!" "Oh no, my lord," was Johnson's reply, "we are quite as strong as our forefathers, and a great deal wiser!" Such a craze, however, is too widely diffused, and falls in with too obstinate a preconception?

1 "Too obstructe a preconception" —Until the birth of geology, and of fossil palaentology, concurring with vast strides ahead in the science of comparative anatomy, it is a well established fact, that oftentimes the most scientific minseum admitted as genuine frigments of the human esteelogy what in fact belonged to the gigantic brutes of our earth in her earliest stages of development This mistake would go some way in accounting for the absurd disposition in all gonerations to view themselves as abridged editions of their forefathers Added to which, as a separate eause of error, there can be little doubt, that intermingled with the human ruce there has at most periods of the world been a separate and Titanie race, such as the Anakım amongst the peoples of Palestine, the Cyclopean race diffused over the Mediterrancan in the elder ages of Grecee, and certain tribes amongst the Alps, known to Evelyn in his youth (about Cromwell's time) by an unpleasant travelling experience These gigantic races, however, were no arguments for a degeneration amongst the rest of mankind They were evidently a variety of man, eo existent with the ordinary races, but hable to be absorbed and gradually lost by intermarriage amongst other tribes of the ordinary standard Occasional exhumations of such Titan skelctons would strengthen the common prejudice They would be taken not for a local variety, but for an antediluvian or prehistoric type, from which the present races of man had arisen by gradual degeneration

These cases of actual but misinterpreted ovperience, at the same time that they naturally must tend to fortify the popular prejudice, would also, by accounting for it, and engrafting it npon a reasonable origin, so far tend to take from it the reproach of a prejudice Though erroneous, it would yet seem to us, in looking back upon it, a rational and even an mevitable opinion, having such plausible grounds to in the human race, which has in every age hypochondriacally regarded itself as under some fatal necessity of dwindling, much to have challenged public attention. As real paradoxes (spite of the idle meaning attached usually to the word paradox) have often no falsehood in them, so here, on the contrary, was a falsehood which had in it nothing paradoxical. It contradicted all the indications of history and experience, which uniformly had pointed in the very opposite direction, and so far it ought to have been paradoxical (that is, revolting to popular opinion), but was not so, for it fell in with prevailing opinions, with the oldest, blindest, and most inveterate of human super-

stand upon; plausible, I mean, until science and accurate examination of the several cases had begin to read them into a different construction. Yet, on the other hand, in spite of any colourable excuses that may be pleaded for this prejudice, it is pretty plain that, after all, there is in human nature a deep-land predisposition to an obstinate craze of this nature. Else why is it that, in every age alike, men have asserted or even assumed the downward tendency of the human race in all that regards moral qualities. For the physical degeneration of man there really were some apparent (though erroneous) arguments, but for the moral degeneration, no aigument at all, small or great. Yet, a bigotry of belief in this idle notion has always prevailed amongst moralists, Pagan alike and Christian. Horace, for example, informs us that

"Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit Nos nequiores—mov daturos Progeniem vitiosiorem"

The last generation was worse, it seems, than the penultimate, as the present is worse than the last We, however, of the present, bad as we may be, shall be kept in countenance by the coming generation, which will prove much worse than ourselves On the same precedent, all the sermons through the three last centuries, if traced back through decennial periods, so as to form thirty successive strata, will be found regularly claiming the piecedency in wickedness for the immediate period of the writer Upon which theories, as men ought physically to have dunidled long ago into pigmies, so, on the other hand, morally they must by this time have left Sodom and Gomorrah What a struge animal must man upon this scheme offer to our contemplation, shrinking in size, by graduated process, through every century, until at last he would not rise an inch from the ground and, on the other hand, as regards villany, towering ever more and more up to the heavens What a dwarf ! what a grant! Why, the very crows would combine to destroy such a little monster.

stitions If extravagant, yet to the multitude it did not scem extravagant. So natural a craze, therefore, however baseless, would never have carried Lord Monboddo's name into that meteoric notoriety and atmosphere of astomishment which soon invested it in England. And, in that case, my childhood would have escaped the deadhest blight of mortification and despondency that could have been incident to a most morbid temperament concurring with a situation of visionary (yes if you please, of fantastic) but still of most real distress

How much it would have astonished Lord Monboddo to find himself made answerable-virtually made answerable, by the evidence of secret tears-for the misery of an nuknown child in Lancashine Yet night and day these silent memorials of suffering were accusing him as the founder of a wound that could not be healed It happened that the several volumes of his work lay for weeks in the study of our tutor Chance directed the eye of my brother, one day, upon that part of the work in which Lord M unfolds his hypothesis that originally the human race had been a variety of the ape On which hypothesis, by the way, Dr Adam Clarke's substitution of ape for serpent, intranslating the word nachash (the brute tempter of Eve), would have fallen to the ground, since this would simply have been the case of one human being tempting another It followed inevitably, according to Lord M, however painful it might be to human dignity, that, in this their early stage of brutality, men must have had tails My biother mused upon this reverse, and, in a few days, published an extract from some seoundrel's travels in Gombioon, according to which the Gombioomans had not yet emerged from this early condition of apedoin. They, it seems, were still homines caudate Overwhelming to me and stunning was the ignominy of this horrible discovery Lord M had not overlooked the natural question, In what way did men get rid of their tails! To speak the truth, they never would have got rid of them had they continued to run wild, but growing eivilisation introduced arts, and the arts introduced sedentary habits By these it was, by the mere necessity of continually sitting down, that men gradually wore off their tails! Well, and what should hinder the Gombroomans from sitting down? Then tailors and shoemakers would and could, I hope, sit down, as well as those of Tigrosylvania Why not? Ay, but my brother had insisted already that they had no tailors, that they had no shoemakers, which, then, I did not care much about, as it merely put back the elock of our history—throwing us into an earlier, and therefore, perhaps, into a more warlike stage of society But, as the case stood now, this want of tailors, &c, showed clearly that the process of sitting down, so essential to the ennobling of the race, had not commenced My brother, with an air of consolation, suggested that I might even now, without an hour's delay, compel the whole nation to sit down for six hours a-day, which would always "make a beginning" But the truth would remain as before—viz, that I was the king of a people that had tails, and the slow, slow process by which, in a course of many centuries, their posterity might rub them off, a hope of vintages never to be enjoyed by any generations that are yet heaving in sight—that was to me the worst form of despair

Still there was one resource if I "didn't like it"meaning the state of things in Gombroon-I might "abdicate" Yes, I knew that I might abdicate, and, once having cut the connection between myself and the poor abject islanders, I might seem to have no further interest in the degradation that affected them. After such a disruption between us, what was it to me if they had even three tails apiece? Ah, that was fine talking, but this connection with my poor subjects had grown up so slowly and so genially, in the midst of struggles so constant against the encroachments of my brother and his rascally people, we had suffered so much together, and the filements connecting them with my heart were so acrially fine and fantastic, but for that reason so inseverable, that I abated nothing of my antiety on their account, making this difference only in my legislation and administrative cares, that I pursued them more in a spirit of despondency, and retreated more shyly from communicating them It was in vain that my brother counselled me to dress my people in the Roman toga, as the best means of concealing their ignominious appendages if he meant this as comfort, it was none to me, the disgrace lay in the fact, not in its publication, and, in my heart, though I continued to honour Lord Monboddo (whom I heard my guardian also daily delighting to honour) as a good Giecian, yet secretly I cuised the Addistus Primus, as the indirect occasion of a misery which was not and could not be

eomprehended From this deep degradation of myself and my people, I' was drawn off at intervals to contemplate a different inode of degradation affecting two persons, twin sisters, whom I saw interinitingly, sometimes once a-week, sometimes frequently on each separate day You have heard, reader, of pariabs. The pathos of that great idea possibly never reached you. Did it ever strike you how far that idea had extended? Do not fancy it peculiar to Hindostan Before Delhi was, before Agra, or Lahore, might the pariah say, I was The most interesting, if only as the most my sterious, race of ancient days, the Pelasgi, that overspread, in early times of Greece, the total Mediterranean—a race distinguished for beauty and for intellect, and sorrowful beyond all power of man to read the cause that could be deep enough for so imperishable an impression—they were parallel. The Jews that, in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, were cursed in a certain contingency with a sublimer curse than ever rang through the passionate wrath of prophecy, and that afterwards, in Jerusalem, cursed themselves, voluntarily taking on their own heads, and on the heads of their children's children for ever and ever, the guilt of innocent blood—they are parials to this hour Yet for them there has ever shone a sullen light of hope. The gipsies, for whom no conscious or acknowledged hope burns through the mighty darkness that surrounds them—they are pariahs of pariahs Lepers were a race of mediæval pariahs, rejected of men, that now have gone to rest. But travel into the forests of the Pyrenees, and there you will find their modern representatives in the Cagots Are these Pyrenean Cagots Pagans? Not at all They are good Christians Wherefore, then, that low door in the Pyrenean churches, through which the Cagots are forced to enter, and which, obliging them to stoop almost to the ground, is a perpetual memento of their degradation? Wherefore is it that men of pure Spanish blood will hold no intercourse with the Cagot? Wherefore is it that even the shadow of a Cagot, if it falls across a fountain, is held to have polluted that fountain? All this points to some dreadful taint of guilt, real or imputed, in ages far remote 1

But in ages far nearer to ourselves, nay, in our own generation, and our own land, are many parals, sitting amongst us all, nay, oftentimes sitting (yet not recognised for what they really are) at good men's tables How general is that sensuous dulness, that deafness of the heart, which the Scriptures attribute to human beings! "Having ears, they hear not; and, seeing, they do not understand " In the very act of facing or touching a dreadful object, they will utterly deny its existence. Men say to me daily, when I ask them, in passing, "Anything in this morning's paper?" "Oh no, 'nothing at all" And, as I never had any other answer, I am bound to suppose that there never was anything in a daily newspaper, and, therefore, that the horrible burden of misery and of change which a century accumulates as its facit or total result, has not been distributed at all amongst its thirty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five days every day, it seems, was separately a blank day, yielding absolutely nothing-what children call a deaf nut, offering no kernel, and yet the total product has caused angels to weep and tremble Meantime, when I come to look at the newspaper with my own eyes, I am astonished at the misreport of my

In the name and history of the Pyrenean Cagots are equally obscure Some have supposed that, during the period of the Gothie warfare with the Moors, the Cagots were a Christian tribe that betrayed the Christian cause and interests at a critical moment. But all is conjecture. As to the name, Southey has somewhere offered a possible interpretation of it; but it struck me as far from felicitous, and not what might have been expected from Southey, whose vast historical research and commanding talent should naturally have nnlocked this most mysterious of modern secrets, if any unlocking does yet lie within the resources of human skill and combining power, now that so many ages divide us from the original steps of the case. I may here mention, as a fact accidentally made known to myself, and apparently not known to Southey, that the Cagots, under a name very slightly altered, are found in France also, as well as Spain; and in provinces of France that have no connection at all with Spain.

mformants Were there no other section in it than simply that allotted to the police reports, oftentimes I stand aghast at the revelations there made of human life and the human heart—at its colossal guilt, and its colossal misery, at the suffering which oftentimes throws its shadow over palaces, and the grandeur of mute endurance which sometimes glorifies a cottage Here transpires the dreadful truth of what is going on for ever under the thick curtains of domestic life, close behind us, and before us, and all around us Newspapers are evanescent, and are too rapidly recurrent, and people see nothing great in what is familiar, nor can ever be trained to read the silent and the shadowy in what, for the moment, is covered with the babbling garrulity of daylight I suppose now that, in the next generation after that which is here concerned, had any neighbour of our tutor been questioned on the subject of a domestic tragedy, which travelled through its natural stages in a leisurely way, and under the eyes of good Dr S, he would have replied, "Tragedy! oh, sir, nothing of the kind! You have been misled, the gentleman must be under a mistake perhaps it was in the next street." No, it was not in the next street, and the gentleman does not he under a mistake, or, in fact, he at all The simple truth is, blind old neighbour, that you, being raiely in the house, and, when there, only in one particular room, saw no more of what was hourly going on, than if you had been residing with the Sultan of Bokhaia But I, a child between seven and eight years old, had access everywhere I was privileged, and had the entite even of the female apartments, one consequence of which was, that I put this and that together A number of syllables, that each for itself separately might have meant nothing at all, did yet, when put together, through weeks and months, read for my eyes into sentences as deadly and significant as Tekel, upharsin And mother consequence was, that being, on account of my age, nobody at all, or very near it, I sometimes witnessed things that perhaps it had not been meant for anybody to witness, or perhaps some half-conscious negligence overlooked my presence. "Saw things! What was it now? Was it a man at midnight, with a dark lantern and a sixbarrel revolver?" No that was not in the least like what I

it was a great deal more like what I will endeavour to describe Imagine two young girls, of what exact age I really do not know, but apparently from twelve to fourteen, twins, remarkably plan in person and features, unhealthy, and obscurely reputed to be idnots. Whether they really were such was more than I knew, or could devise any plan for learning Without dreaming of anything unkind or un-courteous, my original impulse had been to say, "If you please, are you idnots?" But I felt that such a question had an air of coarseness about it, though, for my own part, I had long reconciled myself to being called an idiot by my biother. There was, however, a further difficulty breathed as a gentle, murmnring whisper, the question might possibly be reconciled to an indulgent car as confidential and tender Even to take a liberty with those you love, is to show your trust in their affection; but, alas! these poor girls were deaf, and to have shouted out, "Are you idiots, if you please?" in a soice that would have sung down three flights of stairs, promised (as I felt, without exactly seeing why) a dreadful exaggeration to whatever incivility might, at any late, attach to the question; and some did attach, that was clear even if waibled through an air of Cheribini's, and accompanied on the flute Perhaps they were not idiots, and only seemed to be such from the slowness of apprehension naturally connected with deafness That I saw them but seldom, arose from their peculiar position in the family Their father had no private fortune, his meome from the church was very slender, and, though considerably increased by the allowance made for us, his two pupils, still, in a great town, and with so large a family, it left him little room for luxuries Consequently, he never had more than two servants, and at times only one. Upon this plea rose the scheme of the mother for employing these two young girls in menial offices of the household economy One reason for that was, that she thus indulged her dislike for them, which she took no pains to conceal; and thus, also, she withdrew them from the notice of strangers. In this way, it happened that I saw them myself but at uncertain intervals. Gradually, however, I came to be aware of their forloin condition, to pity them, and to love them. The poor twins were undoubtedly plain,

to the degree which is called, by unfeeling people, ugliness They were also deaf, as I have said, and they were scrofulous, one of them was disfigured by the small-pox, they had glimmering eyes, red, like the eyes of ferrets, and scarcely half-open, and they did not walk so much as stumble along. There, you have the worst of them. Now, hear something on the other side. What first won my pity was, their affection for each other, united to their constant sidness, secondly, a notion which had crept into my head, probably derived from something said in my presence by clder people, that they were destined to an early death, and, lastly, the incessant persecutions of their mother. This lady belonged, by birth, to a more elevated rank than that of their husband, and she was remarkably well-bred as regarded her manners. But she had probably a weak understanding she was shrewish in her temper, was a severe economist, a merciless exactor of what she viewed as duty, and, in persecuting her two unhappy daughters, though she yielded cuting her two unhappy daughters, though she jielded blindly to her unconscious dislike of them, as creatures that disgraced her, she was not aware, perhaps, of ever having put forth more expressions of anger and severity than were absolutely required to rouse the constitutional torpor of her daughters' nature, and where disgust has once rooted her daughters' nature, and where disgust has once rooted itself, and been habitually expressed in tones of harshness, the mere sight of the hateful object mechanically ealls forth the eternal tones of anger, without distinct consciousness or separate intention in the speaker. Lond speaking, besides, or even shouting, was required by the deafness of the two girls. From anger so constantly discharging its thunders, naturally they did not show open signs of recoiling, but that they felt it deeply, may be presumed from their sensibility to kindness. My own experience showed that, for, as often as I met them, we exchanged kisses, and my wish had always been to beg them, if they really uere idiots, not to mind it, since I should not like them the less on that account. This wish of nume never came to reterence, but not the less they wish of mine never came to ntterance, but not the less they were aware, by my manner of salutation, that one person at least, amongst those who might be considered strangers, did not find anything repulsive about them, and the pleasure they felt was expressed broadly upon their kindly faces

Such was the outline of their position, and, that being explained, what I saw was simply this; it composed a silent and symbolic scene, a momentary interlude in dumb show, which interpreted itself and settled for ever in my recollection, as if it had prophesied and interpreted the event which soon followed. They were resting from toil, and both sitting This had lasted for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes Suddenly from below-stairs the voice of angry summons rang up to their ears Both rose in an instant, as if the echoing scourge of some avenging Tisiplione were uplifted above their heads, both opened their aims, flung them round each other's necks, and then, unclasping them, parted to their separate labours This was my last rememberable interview with the two sisters; in a week both were corpses had died, I believe, of scarlatura, and very nearly at the same moment

But surely it was no matter for grief, that the two scrofulous idiots were dead and buried. Oh no! Call them idiots at your pleasure, serfs, or slaves, strulbrugs! or parialis

1 "Sirulbrugs" - Hardly strulbrugs, will be the thought of the learned reader, who knows that young women could not be strulbrugs,. since the true strulbrug was one who, from base fear of dying, had lingered on into an old age omnivorous of every genial or vital impulse The strulbrug of Swift (and Swift, being his horrid ereator, ought to understand his own horrid creation) was a wreck, a shell, that lind been burned hollow, and cancered-by the fierce furnace of life His clock-work was gone, or carrous, only some miserable fragment of a pendulum continued to oscillate paralytically from mere incapacity of anything so abrupt, and therefore so vigorous, as a decided HALT! However, the use of this dreadful word may be reasonably extended to the young who happen to have become essentially old in misery -Intensity of a suffering existence may compensate the want of extension, and a boundless depth of misery may be a transformed expression for a boundless duration of misery The most aged person, to all appearance, that ever came under my eyes, was an infant-hardly eight months old. - He was the illegitimate son of a poor idiot girl, who had herself been shamefully ill-treated, and the poor infant, falling under the care of an enraged grandmother, who felt herself at once burdened and disgraced, was certainly not better treated He was dying, when I saw him, of a lingering malady, with features expressive of frontic misery, and it seemed to me that he looked at least three centuries old One might have fancicd him one of Swift's strulbrings, that, through long attenuation and decay, had dwindled back into infancy, with one organ only left perfect—the organ of fear and misery,

—their case was certainly not worsened by being booked for places in the grave. Idiocy, for anything I know, may, in that vast kingdom, enjoy a natural precedency, scrofula and leprosy may have some mystic privilege in a coffin, and the pariahs of the upper earth may form the aristocracy of the dead That the idiots, real or reputed, were at rest—that their warfare was accomplished—might, if a man happened to know enough, be interpreted as a glorious festival. The sisters were seen no more upon staircases or in bedrooms, and deadly silence had succeeded to the sound of continual. uproars Memorials of them were none surviving on earth Not they it was that furnished mementoes of themselves The mother it was, the father it was-that mother who by persecution had avenged the wounds offered to her-pride, that father who had tolerated this persecution,—she it was, he it was, that by the altered glances of her haunted eye, that by the altered character of his else stationary habits, had revived for me a spectacle, once real, of visionary twin sisters, moving for ever up and down the stairs—sisters, patient, humble, silent, that snatched convulsively at a loving smile, or loving gesture, from a child, as at some message of remem brance from God, whispering to them, "You are not forgotten"—sisters born apparently for the single purpose of suffering, whose trials, it is true, were over, and could not be repeated, but (alas for her who had been their cause!) could not be recalled Her face grew thin, her eye sunken and hollow, after the death of her daughters, and, meeting her on the staircase, I sometimes fancied that she did not see me so much as something beyond me Did any misfortune befall her after this double funeral? Did the Nemess that waits upon the sighs of children prisue her steps? Not apparently externally, things went well, her sons were reasonably prosperons, her handsome daughter—for she had a more youthful daughter, who really was handsome—continued to improve in personal attractions, and some years after, I have heard, she married happily—But from herself, so long as I continued to know her, the altered character of countenance did not depart, nor the gloomy eye, that seemed to converse with secret and visionary objects.

This result from the interventile meet were not altogether.

This result from the irrevocable past was not altogether

confined to herself It is one evil attached to chronic and domestic oppression, that it draws into its vortex, as unwilling, or even as loadling, co-operators, others who either see but partially the wrong they are abetting, or, in cases where they do see it, are unable to make head against it, through the mertia of their own nature, or through the coercion of Too clearly, by the restless irritation of his circumstances manner for some time after the children's death, their father testified, in a language not fully, perhaps, perceived by himself, or meant to be understood by others, that to his inner conscience he also was not clear of blame ' Had he then in any degree sanctioned the injustice which sometimes he must have witnessed? Far from it he had been roused from his habitual indolence into energetic expressions of anger he had put an end to the wrong, when it came openly before him I had myself heard him say on many occasions, with patriarchal fervour, "Woman, they are your children, and God made them Show mercy to them, as you expect it for yourself" But he must have been aware, that, for any three instances of tyrannical usage that fell under his notice, at least five hundred would escape it. That was the sting of the case—that was its poisonous aggravation nature that sought for peace before all things, in this very worst of its aggravations was found a morbid cure—the effectual tempiation to wilful blindness and forgetfulness. The sting became the palliation of the wrong, and the poison became its anodyne For together with the five hundred hidden wrongs, arose the necessity that they must be hidden Could he be puned on, morning, noon, and night, to his wife's apron? And if not, what else should he do by angry interferences at chance times, than add special vindictive impulses to those of general irritation and dislike? Some truth there was in this, it cannot be denied innumerable cases arise, in which a man the most just is obliged, in some imperfect sense, to connive at injustice, his chance experience must convince him that injustice is continually going on, and yet, in any attempt to intercept it or to check it, he is met and baffled by the insuperable obstacles of household Dr. S-, therefore, surrendered himself, as under, a coercion that was none of his creating, to a passive '

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

acquiescence and a blindness that soothed his constitutional indolence, and he reconciled his feelings to a tyranny which he tolerated, under some self-flattering idea of submitting

with resignation to a calamity that he suffered.

Some years after this, I read the "Agamenmon" of Æschylus, and then, in the prophetic horror with which Cassandra surveys the regal abode in Mycene, destined to be the scene of murders so memorable through the long traditions of the Grecian stage, murders that, many centuries after all the parties to them—perpetuators, sufferers, avengers:
—had become dust and ashes, hindled again into mighty life, through a thousand years upon the tast theatres of Athens and Rome, I retruced the horrors, not prophetic but memorial, with which I my-elf had invested that humble duelling of Dr S-, and read again, repeated in visionary proportions, the sufferings which there had darkened the days of people known to myself through two distinct successions-not, as was natural to expect, of purents first, and then of children, but inversely of children and parents. Manchester was not Mycenæ No, but by many degrees nobles In some of the features most favourable to tragic effects, it was so, and wanted only those idealising advantages for withdrawing mean details which are in the gift of distance and harr, antiquity Even at that day Manchester was for larger, teeming with more and with stronger hearts, and it contained a population the most energetic even in the modern world—how much more so, therefore, by comparison with any race in ancient Greece, inevitably rendered esseminate by dependence too generally upon slaves. Add to this superior energy in Lancashire, the immeasurably profounder feelings generated by the mysteries which stand behind Christianity, as compared with the shallow mysteries that stood behind Paganism, and it would be easy to draw the inference, that, in the capacity for the infinite and the impassioned, for horror and for pathos, Mycente could have had no pretensions to measure herself against Manchester Not that I had drawn such an inference myself Why should I? there being nothing to suggest the points in which the two cities differed, but only the single one in which they agreed—viz, the dusky veil that overshadowed in both the

noonday tragedies haunting their household recesses, which veil was raised only to the gifted eyes of a Cassandra, or to eyes that, like my own, had experimentally become acquainted with them as facts. Pitiably mean is he that measures the relations of such cases by the scenical apparatus of purple and gold. That which never has been apparelled in royal robes, and hung with theatrical jewels, is but suffering from an accidental fraid, having the same right to them that any similar misery can have, or calamity upon an equal scale. These proportions are best measured from the fathoning ground of a real uncounterfeit sympathy.

I have mentioned already that we had four male gnardians (a fifth being my mother) These four were B, E, G, and H The two consonants, B and G, gave us little trouble G, the wisest of the whole band, lived at a distance of more than one hundred miles him, therefore, we raiely saw, but B, living within four miles of Greenhay, washed his hands of us, by inviting us, every now and then, to spend a few days at his house

At this house, which stood in the country, there was a family of annable children, who were more skilfully trained in their musical studies than at that day was usual. They sang the old English glees and madrigals, and correctly enough for me, who, having, even at that children age, a preternatural sensibility to music, had also, as may be supposed, the most entire want of musical knowledge No blunders could do much to mar my pleasure. There first I heard the concertos of Corelli, but also, which far more profoundly affected me, a few selections from Jonelli and Cimarosa With Handel I had long been familiar, for the famous chorus-singers of Lancashne sang continually at churches the most effective parts from his chief oratorios Mozait was yet to come, for, except perhaps at the opera in London, even at this time his music was most imperfectly diffused through England But, above all, a thing which to my dying day I could never forget, at the house of this guardian I heard sung a long canon of Cherubini's Forty years later, I heard it again, and better sung, but at that time I needed nothing better It was sung by four male voices, and rose into a region of

thrilling passion, such as my heart had always dimly craved and hungered after, but which now first interpreted itself,

as a physical possibility, to my car

My brother did not share my inexpressible delight; his taste ran in a different channel, and the arrangements of the house did not meet his approbation, particularly this, that either Mis B herself, or else the governess, was always present when the joung ladies joined our society, which my brother considered particularly vulgar, since natural propriety and decornin should have whispered to an old lady that a young gentleman might have "things" to say to her daughters which he could not possibly intend for the general ear of eavesdroppers—things tending to the confidential or the sentimental, which none but a shaineless old lady would seek to participate, by that means compelling a young man to talk as loud as if he were addressing a mob at Charing Cross, or reading the Riot Act There were other out-of-door amusements, amongst which a swing—which I mention for the sake of illustrating the passive obedience which my brother levied upon me, either through my conscience, as mastered by his doctrine of primogeniture, or, as in this case, through my sensibility to shame under his taunts of cowardice It was a most ambitious swing, ascending to a height beyond any that I have since seen in fairs or public gardens Hoiror was at my heart regularly as the swing reached its most acrial altitude, for the only, swallow-like fluency of the swoop downwards threatened always to make me sick, in which case it is probable that I must have relaxed my hold of the ropes, and have been projected, with fatal violence, to the ground. But, in defiance of all this miserable pame, I continued to swing whenever he tauntingly invited me. It was well that my brother's path in life soon ceased to comeide with my own, else I should infallibly have broken my neek in confronting perils which brought the neither honour nor profit, and in accepting defiances which, issue how they night, won self-reproach from myself, and sometimes a galety of derision from him. One only of these defiances I declined There was a horse of this same guardian B's, who always, after histening to Cherubini's music, grew irritable to excess, and, if anybody mounted hun, would seek relief to his wounded

feelings in kicking, more or less violently, for an hour. This hant endeared him to my brother, who acknowledged to a propensity of the same amiable kind; protesting that an abstract desire of kicking served him always after hearing good performers on Particular instruments, especially the bigpipes Of kicking? But of kicking what or whom? har of licking the venerable public collectively, creditors without exception but also as many of the debtors as might - be found at large, dectors of medicine more especially, but with no absolute immunity for the inspority of their patients , Jacobins, but not the less Anti-Jacobins, every Calvinist, which seems reasonable, but then also, which is intolerable, every Armman. Is philosophy able to account for this morbid affection, and particularly when it takes the restricted form (as sometimes it does, in the bagpipe case) of seeking furiously to kick the piper, instead of paying him? In this case, my brother was urgent with me to mount on cronne behind himself But, weak as I usually was, this proposal Iresisted as an immediate suggestion of the field, for I had heard, and have since known proofs of it, that a horse, when he is ingeniously vicious, sometimes has the power, in lashing out, of curving round his hoofs, so as to lodge them, by way of indorsement, in the small of his rider's back, and, of - course, he would have an advantage for such a purpose, in the case of a rider sitting on the cimpper. That sole invitation I persisted in declining

A young gentleman had joined us as a fellow-student under the case of our tutor. He was an only son, indeed, the only child of an annable widow, whose love and hopes all centred in him. He was destined to inherit several separate estates, and a great deal had been done to spoil him by indulgent aunts; but his good natural disposition defeated all these efforts, and, upon joining us, he proved to be a very annable boy, clever, quick at learning, and abundantly courageous. In the summer months, his mother usually took a house out in the country, sometimes on one side of Manchester, sometimes on another. At these justicating seasons, he had often much further to come than ourselves, and on that account he rode on horseback. Generally it was a fierce mountain-pony that he rode, and it was worth while to

cultivate the pony's acquaintance, for the sake of understanding the extent to which the fiend can sometimes incarnate humself in a horse I do not trouble the reader with any account of his tricks, and diolleries, and scoundrelisms, but this I may mention, that he had the propensity ascribed many centuries ago to the Scandinavian horses for sharing and practically asserting his share in the angry passions of a battle. He would fight, or attempt to fight, on his rider's side, by biting, realing, and suddenly wheeling round, for the purpose of lashing out when he found himself within kicking range 1 This little monster was coal-black, and, in virtue of his carcase, would not have seemed very formidable, but his head made amends—it was the head of a buffalo,-or of a bison, and his vast jungle of mane was the mane of a His eyes, by reason of this intolcrable and unshorn mane, one did not often see, except as lights that sparkled in the rear of a thicket, but, once seen, they were not easily forgotten, for their malignity was diabolic. A few miles more or less being a matter of indifference to one who was so well mounted, O would sometimes ride out with us to the field of battle, and, by manœuvring so as to menace the enemy on the flanks, in skirmishes he did good service. But at length came a day of pitched battle The enemy had mustered in unusual strength, and would certainly have accomplished the usual result of putting us to flight with more than usual ease, but, under the turn which things took, their very numbers aided their overthrow, by deepening their confusion O had, on this occasion, accompanied us, and, as he had hitherto taken no very decisive part in the war, confining himself to distant "demonstrations," the enemy did not much regard his presence in the field This carelessness threw them into a dense mass, upon which my brother's rapid eye saw instantly the opportunity offered for operating most effectually by a charge. O saw it too, and happening to have his spurs on, he complied cheerfully with my brother's suggestion. He had the advantage of a slight descent the wicked pony went down "with a will" his echoing hoofs drew the general gaze

This was a manœuvre regularly taught to the Austrian cavalry in the moddle of the last century, as a ready way of opening the doors of cottage.

npon him his bead, his havine'n, me, his diabolic eves, did the rist; and in a moment the whole hostile array had broken, and was in ripid flight occuss the brokeneds. I leave the reader to indee whether "To Doune" would be sing on that mehit. A Greet's Extraordinary was resuct, and my brother had really some reason for his as extion, 'that in concious his could not think of comparing Cinum to this smashing defeat '; since at Canum many have men had refused to the—the consul house if, Terentius Vairo, amongst them, but, in the present rout, there was no Terentius Virro—corrolody fled.

The victory, indeed, considered in itself, una complete Did it had consequences which we had not looked for the ariour of our conflict, neither my brother not miself had remarked a cloud, square-built man, mounted on an uncrey horse, who sat quietly in his endille as pectator of the buttle, and, in Liet, as the cole non combitant present. This man, houever, had been observed by O, both before and after his own builliant charge, and, by the description, there could be no dould that it had been our guardian B, as also, by the description of the horse, we could as little doubt that he had been mounted on Chernbun. My brother's commentary was in a tone of litter complaint, that so noble an opportunity should have been lost for strengthening O's charge the consequences of this incident were graver than we anticipated. A general board of our guardians, you els mid consonants, was summoned to my stigito the matter. The origin of the fend, or "war," as my brother called it, wis inquired into As well might the war of Troy of the purser's accounts from the Argonautic expedition have been over-Ancient inglit and chaos had closed over the "incumhula belli"; and that point was given up in despair But what landered a general preflication, no matter in how many wrongs the original dispute had auren? Who stopped the way which led to peace? Not we, was our firm declaration; we were most pacifically inclined, and ever had been; we were, in fact, little saints. But the enemy could not be brought to any terms of accommodation. "That we will iry," said the rowel amongst our guardians, M1 E being a magistrate, had naturally some weight with the proprietors of the eotton factory. The foremen of the several floors were summoned, and gave it as their humble opinion that we, the aristocratic party in the war, were as bad as the sansculottes—"not a pin to choose between us". Well, but no matter for the past could any plan be devised for a pacific future? Not easily. The work-people were so thoroughly independent of their employers, and so careless of their displeasure, that finally this only settlement was available, as wearing any promise of permanence—viz, that we should alter our hours, so as not to come into collision with the exits or returns of the boys.

Under this arrangement, a sort of hollow armistice prevailed for some time, but it was beginning to give way, when suddenly an internal change in our own home put an end to the war for ever. My brother, amongst his many accomplishments, was distinguished for his skill in drawing. Some of his sketches had been shown to Mr de Loutherbourg, an academician well known in those days, esteemed even in these days, after he has been dead for forty or fifty years, and personally a distinguished favourite with the king (George III). He pronounced a very flattering opinion upon my brother's promise of excellence. This being known, a fee of a thousand guineas was offered to Mi. L by the guardians, and finally that gentleman took charge of my brother as a pupil. Now, therefore, my brother, King of Tigrosylvania, scourge of Gombroon, separated from me, and, as it turned out, for ever. I never saw him again; and, at Mr de L's house in Hammersmith, before he, had completed his sixteenth year, he died of typhus fever. And thus it happened that a little gold-dust skilfully applied put an end to wars that else threatened to extend into a Carthaginian length. In one week's time

"H1 motus animorum atque hæe certamina tanta Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quicrunt"

Here I had terminated this chapter—as at a natural pause, which, whilst shutting out for ever my eldest brother from the reader's sight and from my own, necessarily at the same moment worked a permanent revolution in the

character of my duly life. Two such changes, and both so abrupt, indicated imperionsly the close of one cia and the opening of another. The advantages, indeed, which my brother had over me in years, in physical activities of every haid, in decision of purpose, and in energy of will—all which advantages besides, borrowed a ratification from an obscure sense on my part, of duty as incident to what seemed an appointment of Providence—mentably had controlled, and for years to come would have controlled, the free spontaneous movements of a contemplative dicamer like myself Consequently, this separation, which proved an eternal one, and contributed to deepen my constitutional propensity to gloomy meditation, had for me (putly on that account, but much more through the sudden both of perfect independence which so unexpectedly it opened) the value of a revolutionary experience. A new date, a new starting-point, a redemption (is it implies be called) into the golden sleep of haleyon quiet, after everlasting storms, auddenly dawned upon me, and not as any casual intercal tion of holidays that would come to an end—but, for 'anything that appeared to the contary, as the perpetual tenor of my future career. No longer was the factory a Carthage for me if any obdurate old Cato there were who found his amusement in denouncing it with a daily "Delenda est, take notice (I said silently to miself), that I acknowledge no such tiger for a friend of mine Never more was the bridge across the Irwell a bridge of sighs for me And the memest of the factory population—thanks be to their discrimination-despised my pretensions too entirely to waste a thought or a menace upon a cipher so abject

This change, therefore, being so sudden and so total, ought to signalise itself externally by a commensurate break in the narrative. A new chapter, at the least, with a huge inter-pace of blank white paper, or even a new book, ought rightfully to solemnise so profound a revolution. And virtually it shall. But, according to the general agreement of antiquity, it is not felt as at all distinbing to the unity of that event which winds up the "Thad"—viz, the death of Hector—that Homer expands it circumstantially into the whole ceremonial of his funeral obseques, and upon that

same principle I, when looking back to this abrupt close of all connection with my brother-whether in my character of major-general, or of potentate trembling daily for my people—am reminded that the very last morning of this connection had its own separate distinction from all other mornings, in a way that entitles it to its own separate share in the general commemoration A shadow fell upon this particular morning as from a cloud of danger that lingered for a moment over our heads, inight seem even to inuse and licitate, and then sullenly passed away into distant quarters. It is noticeable that a danger which approaches, but wheels away-which threatens, but finally forbears to strike—is more interesting by much on a distant retrospect than the danger which accomplishes its mission The Alpine precipice, down which many pilgrims have fallen, is passed without much attention, but that precipice, within one inch of which a traveller has passed unconsciously in the dark, first tracing his peril along the snowy margin on the next morning, becomes invested with an attraction of horror for all who hear the story dignity of mortal danger ever after conscerates the spot, and, in this particular case which I am now recalling, the remembrance of such a danger conscerates the day

That day was amongst the most splendid in a splendid

June it was, to borrow the line of Wordsworth,

"One of those heavenly days which cannot die "

and, early as it was at that moment, we children, all six of us that then survived, were already abroad upon the lawn. There were two lawns at Greenhay in the shrubbery that invested three sides of the house one of these, which ran' along one side of the house, extended to a little bridge traversed by the gates of entrance. The central gate admitted carriages on each side of this was a smaller gate for foot passengers, and, in a family containing so many as six children, it may be supposed that often enough one or other of the gates was open, which, most fortunately, on this day was not the case. Along the margin of this sidelawn ran a little brook, which had been raised to a uniform level, and kept up by means of a weir at the point where it quitted the premises, after which it resumed its natural

character of wildness, as it trotted on to the little hamlet of Greenhill. This brook my brother was at one time disposed to treat as Remus treated the infant walls of Rome, but, or maturer thoughts, having built a fleet of rafts, he treated it more respectfully, and this morning, as will be seen, the breadth of the little brook did us "Jeoman's service" Me at one time he had meant to put on board this fleet, as his man Friday; and I had a fan prospect of first entering life in the respectable character of supercargo happened that the current carried his rafts and himself over the weir; which, he assured us, was no accident, but a lesson by way of practice in the ait of contending with the rapids of the St Lawrence and other Canadian streams However, as the danger had been considerable, he was prohibited from trying such experiments with me On the centre of the lawn stood my eldest snivning sister, Mary, and my brother William Round him, attracted (as ever) by his merhaustible opulence of thought and fun, stood, laughing and dancing, my joungest sister, a second Jane, and my joungest brother Henry, a posthumous child, feeble, and in his nurse's arms, but on this morning showing signs of unusual animation and of sympathy with the glorions promise of the young June day. Whirling round on his heel, at a little distance, and utterly abstracted from all around him, my next brother, Richard, he that had caused so much affliction by his incorrigible morals to the Sultan Amurath, pursued his own solitary thoughts-whatever those might be. And, finally, as regards myself, it happened that I was standing close to the edge of the brook, looking back at intervals to the group of five children and two nursemaids who occupied the centre of the lawn, time, about an hom before our breakfast, or about two hours before the hom before our breakfast, or about two hours before the world's breakfast—ic, a little after seven—when as yet in shady parts of the grounds the dazzling jewellery of the early dews had not entirely exhaled. So standing, and so occupied, suddenly we were alarmed by shouts as of some great mob manifestly in rapid motion, and probably, at this instant, taking the right-angled turn into the lane connecting Greenlay with the Oxford Road. The shouts indicated hostile and headlong pursuit: within one minute, another right-

angled turn in the lane itself brought the uproar fully upon the ear, and it became evident that some imminent danger —of what nature it was impossible to gness—must be hashly nearing us. We were all rooted to the spot, and all turned anxiously to the gates, which happily seemed to be closed. Had this been otherwise, we should have had no time to apply any remedy whatever, and the consequences must probably have involved us all In a few seconds, a powerful dog, not much above a furlong ahead of his pursuers, wheeled into sight We all saw him pause at the gates, but, finding no ready access through the non lattice-work that protected the side battlements of the little bridge, and the pursuit being so hot, he resumed his course along the outer margin of the brook Coming opposite to myself, he made a dead stop I had thus an opportunity of looking him steadily in the face, which I did, without more fear than belonged naturally to a ease of so much hurry, and to me, in particular, of mystery I had never heard of hydrophobia But, necessarily connecting the furious pursuit with the dog that now gazed at me from the opposite side of the water, and, feeling obliged to presume that he had made an assault upon somebody or other, I looked searchingly into his eyes, and observed that they seemed glazed, and as if in a dreamy state, but at the same time suffused with some watery discharge, while his mouth was covered with masses of white foam He looked most earnestly at myself and the group beyond me, but he made no effort whatever to cross the brook, and apparently had not the energy to attempt it by a flying leap My brother William, who did not in the least suspect the real danger, invited the dog to try his chance in a leap—assuring him that, if he succeeded, he would knight him on the spot. The temptation of a knighthood, however, did not prove sufficient. A very few seconds brought his pursuers within sight, and steadily, without sound or gesture of any kind, he resumed his flight in the only direction open to him—viz, by a field-path across stiles to Greenhill Half-an-hour later he would have met a bevy of children going to a dame's school, or carrying milk to rustic neighbours. As it was, the early morning kept the road clear in front. But behind immense was the body of agreated pulsuers ' Leading the

chase, came, probably, half a troop of light cavalry, all on foot, nearly all in their stable dresses, and armed generally with pitchforks, though some eight or ten carried carbines Half-mingled with these, and very little in the real, succeeded a vast miscellaneous mob, that had gathered on the chase as it hunned through the purlieus of Deansgate, and all that populous suburb of Manchester. From some of these, who halted to recover breath, we obtained an explanation of the affair About a mile and a-half from Greenhay stood some horse-barracks, occupied usually by an entire regiment of cavalry A large dog-one of a multitude that haunted the barracks-had for some days manifested an increasing sullenness, snapping occasionally at dogs and horses, but finally at Upon this he had been tied up, but in some way he had this morning liberated himself two troop horses he had immediately bitten, and had made attacks upon several of the men, who fortunately parried these attacks by means of the pitchforks standing ready to their hands. On this evidence, coupled with the knowledge of his previous illness, he was summarrly condemned as mad, and the general pursuit commenced, which brought all parties (hunters and game) sweeping so wildly past the quiet grounds of Greenhay The sequel of the affan was thus none of the carbineers succeeded in gitting a shot at the dog, in consequence of which, the chase lasted for seventeen miles nominally, but, allowing for all the doublings and headings-back of the dog, by computation for about twenty-four and finally, in a state , of atter exhaustion, he was run into, and killed, somewhere in Cheshile Of the two horses whom he had bitten, both treated alike, one died in a state of furious hydrophobia some two months later, but the other (though the more, seriously wounded of the two) manifested no symptoms whatever of constitutional derangement. And thus it happened that for me this general event of separation from my eldest brother, and the particular morning on which its occurred, were each for itself separately and equally memorable Freedom won and death escaped, almost in the same, hour-freedom from a yoke of such secret and fretful annoyance as none could measure but myself—and death probably through the fiercest of torments, these double cases of

deliverance, so sudden and so unlooked for, signalised, by what heraldically might have been described as a two-headed memorial, the establishment of an epoch in my life. Not only was the Chapter of INFANCI thus solemnly finished for ever, and the record closed, but—which cannot often happen—the chapter was closed pompously and conspicuously, by what the early printers through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries would have called a bright and illuminated Colophon.

# CHAPTER IV

# INFANT LITERATURE 1

"The child," says Wordsworth, "is father of the man", thus calling into conscious notice the fact, else faintly or not at all perceived, that whatsoever is seen in the maturest adult, blossoming and bearing fruit, must have pre-existed by way of germ in the infant Yes, all that is now broadly emblazoned in the man, once was latent-seen or not seen-as a vernal bud in the child But not, therefore, is it true inversely—that all which pre-exists in the child finds its development in the man. Rudiments and tendencies, which might have found, sometimes by accidental, do not find, sometimes under the killing frost of counter forces cannot find, their natural evolution. Infancy, therefore, is to be viewed, not only as part of a larger would that waits for its final complement in old age, but also as a separate world itself, part of a continent, but also a distinct peninsula Most of what he has, the grown-up man inherits from his infant self, but it does not follow that he always enters upon the whole of his natural inheritance.

Childhood, therefore, in the midst of its intellectual weakness, and sometimes even by means of this weakness, enjoys a limited privilege of strength. The heart in this season of life is apprehensive, and, where its sensibilities

<sup>1</sup> Chiefly a corrected and abridged reproduction of what had been the sixth of the series of articles contributed by De Quincey to Hogg's Instructor in 1851-52, under the general title of "A Sketch from Childhood" This particular mitcle had there borne the sub-title "Literature of Infancy '—M.

are profound, is endowed with a special power of listening for the tones of truth—hidden, struggling, or remote for, the knowledge being then narrow, the interest is narrow in the objects of knowledge consequently the sensibilities are not scattered, are not multiplied, are not crushed and confounded (as afterwards they are) under the burden of that distraction which lurks in the infinite littleness of details

That mighty silence which infancy is thus privileged by nature and by position to enjoy, co-operates with another source of power—almost peculial to youth and youthful circumstances—which Wordsworth also was the first person to notice. It belongs to a profound experience of the relations subsisting between ourselves and nature—that not always are we called upon to seek, sometimes, and in childhood above all, we are sought.

"Think you, 'mid all this inighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

And again-

"Nor less I deem that there are pow'rs
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness'

These cases of infancy, leached at intervals by special revelations, or creating for itself, through its privileged silence of heart, authentic whispers of truth, or beauty, or power, have some analogy to those other cases, more directly supernatural, in which (according to the old traditional faith of our ancestors) deep messages of admonition reached an individual through sudden angular deflexions of words, uttered or written, that had not been originally addressed to himself. Of these, there were two distinct classes—those where the person concerned had been purely passive, and, secondly, those in which he himself had to some extent co-operated. The flist class have been noticed by Cowper the poet, and by George Herbert, the well-known pious brother of the still better known infidel, Lord Herbert (of Cherbury), in a memorable sonnet, scintillations they are of what seem nothing less than providential lights,

oftentimes arresting our attention, from the very eentre of what else seems the blank darkness of chance and blind accident. "Books lying open, millions of surprises "-these are among the cases to which Herbert (and to which Cowper) alludesbooks, that is to say, left casually open without design or consciousness, from which some careless passer by, when throwing the most negligent of glances upon the page, has been startled by a solitary word, lying, as it were, in ambush, waiting and lurking for ham, and looking at him steadily as an eye scarching the haunted places in his conscience These cases are in principle identical with those of the second class. where the inquirer himself co-operated, or was not entirely passive, cases such as those which the Jews called Bath-col, or daughter of a voice (the echo augury 1)—viz, where a man, perplexed in Judgment, and sighing for some determining counsel, suddenly heard from a stranger in some unlooked-for quarter words not meant for hunself, but clamorously applying to the difficulty besetting him. In these instances, the mystical word, that carried a secret meaning and message to one sole ear in the world, was always unsought for that constituted its virtue and its divinity, and to arrange means walfully for catching at such casual words would have defeated the purpose A well-known variety of augury, conducted upon this principle, lay in the "Sortes Biblicae,"

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Licho augury" -The daughter of a voice meant an echo, the original sound being viewed as the mother, and the reverberation, or secondary sound, as the daughter Analogically, therefore, the direct and original meaning of any word, or sentence, or counsel, was the mother meaning, but the secondary, or mystical meaning, created by peculiar circumstances for one separate and peculiar en, the daughter meaning, or echo meaning This mode of augury, through secondary interpretations of chance words, is not, as some readers may fancy, an old, obsolete, or merely Jewish form of seeking the divine pleasure About a century ago, a man so famous, and by repute so unsuperstitious, as Dr Doddridge, was guided in a primary let of choice, influencing his whole after life, by a few chance words from a child reading aloud to his mother With the other mode of augury-viz, that - noticed by Herbert-where not the ear but the eye presides, catching at some word that chance has thrown upon the eye in some book left open by negligence, or opened at random by one's-self, Cowper the poet, and his friend Newton with scores of others that could be men-, troped, were made acquainted through practical results and personal experiences that in their belief were memorably important

where the Bible was the cracular book consulted, and far more extensively at a later period in the "Sortes Virgiliana," where the Enerd was the oracle consulted.

Something analogous to these spiritual transfigurations of a word or a sentence, by a bodily organ (eye or ear) that has been touched with virtue for evoking the spiritual echo lurking in its recesses belongs, perhaps to every impossioned mind for the kin leed result of forcing out the peculiar beauty, pathos, or grandeur that may happen to lodge (unobserved by ruder forms of sensibility) in special passages exittened up and down literature. Meantime, I wish the reader to understand that in putting forward the peculiar power with which my children are detected a grandeur or a pomp of beauty not seen by others in some special instances, I am not arrogating more than it is lawful for every man the very humblest to arregate-viz, an individuality of mental constitute a so far applicable to special and exceptional cases as to reveal in the a life and power of beauty which others and sometimes, which all others, had missed.

The first case belongs to the march (or boundary) line between my eighth and minth years the others to a period

<sup>1 &#</sup>x27; Sorks Firefleree' - Upon what principle could it have been that Virgil was subject as the omission formain in such a case.' An author so marted even as to only and much more limited as regards compass of though and variety of stanton or character, was about the word that Pagen Literature office. But I myself once threw out a suggest on Tunk in the second lexposes a motive in behalf of such a choice that would be he sign to ordinate the strong motives against the That motive was unless my whole speciment on its groundless the very same vaith his Dante, in an age of ignorance to select Virgil as Lis grade in Hales - The seventh son of a seventh son his always tradnormally been honoured as the dispositing of magnetic and other supermitual fulls. And the same traditional privilege attached to any man whose maternal grandfather was a someter. Now it happened that Virgil's maternal grandfut or bore the name of Magnes. This, by the and the transmission for the forest the forest transmission of the first transmission from its true constitution to a proper name, to a false on as an appellative; it was supposed to indicate not the name, but the preserve of the old gentleman. And thus, according to in ble of the Lexistry that expellent Constian, P. Virgilius Name as a terroid by more successors and right of informare in a like wasted gradenes intered power and knowledge both of which "- exercised, contrient, for animaris without blame, and for the ledelt of the hall to

eliasm, in the abyss that no eye could bridge, between the pollution of slavery—the being a man, jet without right or lawful power belonging to a man—between this unutterable degradation and the starry altitude of the slave at that moment when, upon the unveiling of his everlasting statue, all the armies of the earth might be conceived as presenting arms to the emancipated man, the eymbals and kettle-drums of kings as drowning the whispers of his ignominy, and the harps of all his sisters that wept over slavery yet joining in one choral gratulation to the regenerated slave I assign the elements of what I did in reality feel at that time, which to the reader may seem extravagant, and by no means of what it was reasonable to feel But, in order that full justice may be done to my childish self, I must point out to the reader another source of what strikes me as real grandeur that exquisite master of the lyre, and that most shallow of erities, it is needless to say that in those days I had not read Consequently I knew nothing of his idle canon, that the opening of poems must be humble and subdued But my own sensibility told me how much of additional grandem accrued to these two lines as being the immediate and allpoinpous opening of the poem The same feeling I had received from the erashing overture to the grand chapter of Damel—"Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords" But, above all, I felt this effect produced in the two opening lines of "Macbeth" --

"WHEN' (but watch that an emphasis of thunder dwells upon that word "when')—

" When shall we three meet again— In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

What an orchestral erash bursts upon the ear in that all-shattering question. And one syllable of apologetic preparation, so as to meet the suggestion of Horace, would have the effect of emasculating the whole tremendous alarum. The pressing in Phiedrus differs thus far from that in "Macbeth," that the first line, simply stating a matter of fact, with no more of sentiment than belongs to the word ingentem, and to the untitlesis between the two parties so enormously divided—Alsop the slave and the Athenians—must be read as an

apoggiatura, or hurried note of introduction, flying forward as if on wings to descend with the fury and weight of a thousand orchestras upon the immortal passion of the second line—"Servumque collocarunt Eterna in Basi" This passage from Phiedrus, which might be briefly designated The Apotheosis of the Slave, gave to me my first grand and jubilant sense of the moral sublime

Two other experiences of mine of the same class had been earlier, and these I had shared with my sister Elizabeth The first was derived from the "Alabian Nights" Mrs Barbauld, a lady now very nearly forgotten, then filled a large space in the public eye, in fact, as a writer for children, she occupied the place from about 1780 to 1805 which, from 1805 to 1835, was occupied by Miss Edgeworth Only, as unhappily Miss Edgeworth is also now very nearly forgotten, this is to explain agnotum per agnotius, or at least one agnotum by another ignotum However, since it cannot be helped, this unknown and also most well-known woman, having occasion, in the days of her glory, to speak of the "Aiabian Nights," insisted on Aladdin, and secondly on Sinbad, as the two jewels of the collection Now, on the contrary, my sister and myself pronounced Sinbad to be very bad, and Aladdin to be pretty nearly the worst, and upon grounds

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Very nearly forgotten" — Not quite, however—It must be hard upon eighty or eighty-five years since she first commenced authorship—a period which allows time for a great deal of forgetting and yet, in the very neek when I am revising this passage, I observe advertised a new edition, attractively illustrated, of the "Evenings at Home"—a joint work of Mrs Barbauld and her brother (the elder Dr Aikin) Mrs Barbauld was exceedingly elever—Her miniery of Dr Johnson's style was the best of all that exist—Her blank-verse "Washing Day," descriptive of the discomforts attending a mistimed—visit to a rustic friend, under the affliction of a family-washing, is picturesquely circumstantiated—And her prose hymns for children have left upon my children recollection a deep impression of solemn beauty and simplicity—Coleridge, who scattered his succing compliments very liberally up and down the world, used to call the elder Dr Alkin (allusively to Pope's well-known line—

<sup>&</sup>quot;No craving void left aching in the breast")

an aching roid, and the nephen, Dr. Arthur Aikin, by way of variety, o void aching. Whilst Mrs. Burbauld he designated as that pleonasm of nakedness, since, as if it were not enough to be bare, she was also bald.

that still strike me as just For, as to Sinbad, it is not a story at all, but a mere succession of adventures, having no unity of interest whatsoever and in Aladdin, after the possession of the lamp has been once seemed by a pure accident, the story eeases to move All the rest is a mere record of upholstery, how this saloon was finished to-day, and that window on the next day, with no fresh incident whatever, except the single and transient misfortune arising out of the advantage given to the magician by the unpardonable stupidity of Aladdin in regard to the lamp But, whilst my sister and I agreed in despising Aladdin so much as almost to be on the verge of despising the queen of all the blue-stockings for so ill-directed a preference, one solitary section there was of that tale which fixed and fascinated my gaze, in a degree that I never afterwards forgot, and did not at that time comprehend The sublimity which it involved was mysterious and unfathomable, as regarded any key which I possessed for deciphering its law or origin. Made restless by the blind sense which I had of its grandeur, I could not for a moment succeed in finding out why it should be grand Unable to explain my own impressions in Aladdin, I did not the less obstinately persist in believing a sublimity which " I could not understand It was, in fact, one of those many important cases which elsewhere I have called involutes of human sensibility, combinations in which the materials of future thought or feeling are earned as imperceptibly into the mind as vegetable seeds are carried variously combined through the atmosphere, or by means of rivers, by birds, by winds, by waters, into remote countries. But the reader shall judge for himself At the opening of the tale, a magician living in the central depths of Africa is introduced to us as one made aware by his secret art of an enchanted lamp endowed with supernatural powers available for the service of any man whatever who should get it into his keeping there lies the difficulty The lamp is imprisoned in subterraneous chambers, and from these it can be released only by the hands of an innocent child But this is not enough the child must have a special horoscope written in the stars, or else a peculiar destiny written in his constitution, entitling him to take possession of the lamp. Where shall

such a child be found? Where shall he be sought? The magician knows he applies his car to the earth, he histens to the immunerable sounds of footsteps that at the moment of his experiment are tormenting the surface of the globe, and amongst them all, at a distance of six thousand miles, playing in the streets of Bagdad, he distinguishes the peculiar steps of the child Aladdin. Through this mighty labyingth of sounds, which Archimedes, aided by his arenamis, could not sum or disentangle, one solitary infant's feet are distinctly recognised on the banks of the Tigris, distant by four hindred and forty days' maich of an aimy or a caiavan. These feet, these steps, the sorcere knows, and challenges in his heart, as the feet, as the steps of that innocent boy, through whose hands only he could have a chance of reaching the lamp

It follows, therefore, that the wicked magician evereises two demoniac gifts First, he has the power to disarm Babel itself of its confusion Secondly, after having laid aside as useless many billions of earthly sounds, and after having fastened his murderons 1 attention upon one insulated tread, he has the power, still more unsearchable, of reading in that hasty movement an alphabet of new and infinite symbols, for, in order that the sound of the child's feet should be significant and intelligible, that sound must open into a gamut of infinite compass. The pulses of the heart, the motions of the will, the phantoms of the brain, must repeat themselves in secret hieroglyphics uttered by the flying foot-steps Even the articulate or brital sounds of the globe must be all so many languages and ciphers that somewhere have their corresponding keys—have their own grammar and syntax, and thus the least things in the universe must be secret mirrors to the greatest. Palmistry has something of the same dark sublimity All this, by rude efforts at explanation that mocked my feeble command of words, I communicated to my sister, and she, whose sympathy with my meaning was always so quick and true, often outrinning electrically my imperfect expressions, felt the passage in the same way as myself, but not, perhaps, in the same degree.

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Murderous", for it was his intention to leave Aladdin immured in the subterraneous chambers

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The reader will not understand me as attributing to the Arrbian VOL I ' K

She was much beyond me in velocity of apprehension, and many other qualities of intellect. Here only, viz, on cases of the dark sublime, where it rested upon dim abstractions, and when no particular frait of moral grandeur came forward, we differed—differed, that is to say, as by more or by less. Else, even as to the sublime, and numbers of other intellectual questions which rose up to us from our immense reading, we drew together with a perfect fidelity of sympathy, and therefore I pass willingly from a case which exemplified one of our rare differences, to another, not less interesting for itself, which illustrated (what occurred so continually) the intensity of our agreement

No instance of noble revenge that ever I heard of seems so effective, if considered as applied to a hoble-ininded wrongdoer, or in any case as so pathetie From what quarter the story comes originally, was unknown to us at the time, and I have never met it since, so that possibly it may be new to the reader We found it in a book written for the use of his own children by Dr Pereival, the physician who attended at Greenhay Di P was a literary man, of elegant tastes and philosophic habits Some of his papers may be found in the "Manchester Philosophic Transactions", and these I have heard mentioned with respect, though, for myself, I have no personal knowledge of them. Some presumption meantime arises in their favour, from the fact that he had been a favoured correspondent of the most emment Frenchmen at that time who cultivated literature jointly with philosophy Voltaire, Diderot, Maupertuis, Condoreet, and D'Alembert," had all treated him with distinction, and I have heard my mother say that, in days before I or my sister could have known him, he attempted vainly to interest her in these French luminaries, by reading extracts from their frequent letters, which, however, so far from reconciling her to the letters, or to the writers of the letters, had the unhappy

originator of Aladdin all the sentiment of the case as I have endeavoured to disentangle it. He speke what he did not understand, for, as to sentiment of any kind, all Orientals are obtuse and impassive. There are other sublimities (some, at least) in the "Arabian Nights," which first became such—a gas that first kindles—when entering into combination with new elements in a Christian atmosphere.

effect of injetning her dishke (previously budding) to the doctor, as their receiver, and the pronour of their authors. The tone of the letters—hollow, insincere, and full of courtly civilities to Dr. P., as a known friend of "the tolerance" (meaning, of toleration)—certainly was not adapted to the English taste, and in this respect was specially offensive to my mother, as always assuming of the doctor that, by mere necessity, as being a philosopher, he must be an infidel. Dr P left that question, I believe, "in medio," neither assenting nor denying; and indoubtedly there was no particular call upon him to publish his Confession of Faith before one who, in the midst of her rigorous politeness, suffered it to be too transparent that she did not like him. It is always a pity to see anything lost and wasted, especially love, and, therefore, it was no subject for lamentation, that too probably the philosophic doctor did not enthusiastically like her But, if sister and myself. Us he did like, and, as one proof of his regard, he presented us jointly with such of his works as could be supposed interesting to two young literati, whose combined ages made no more at this period than a baker's dozen. These presentation copies amounted to two at the least, both octavos, and one of them entitled The Father's—something or other, what was it?—Assistant, perhaps. How much assistance the doctor might furnish to the fathers upon this wicked little planet I cannot say But fathers are a this wicked little planet I cannot say. But fathers are a stubboin race, it is very little use trying to assist them. Better always to prescribe for the rising generation. And certainly the impression which he made upon us—my sister and myself—by the story in question, was deep and memorable my sister wept over it, and wept over the remembrance of it, and, not long after, carried its sweet atoma off with her to heaven, whilst I, for my part, have never forgotten it. Yet, perhaps, it is injudicious to have too much excited the reader's expectations, therefore, reader, understand what it is that you are invited to hear—not much of a story, but simply a noble sentiment, such as that of Louis XII when he refused, as King of France, to avenge his own injuries as Duke of Orleans—such as that of Hadrian, when he said that a Roman Imperator ought to die standing. when he said that a Roman Imperator ought to die standing,

meaning that Cæsai, as the man who represented almighty Rome, should face the last enemy, as the first, in an attitude of unconquerable defiance. Here is Dr. Pereival's story, which (again I warn you) will collapse into nothing at all, unless you yourself are able to dilate it by expansive sympathy with its sentiment.

A young officer (in what army, no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tunuit of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would "make him repent it." This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer's anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him towards a sentiment of remorse, and thus the irritation between the two young men grows before there before. Some between the two young men grew hotter than before Some weeks after thus a partial action took place with the enemy Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in maitial array. But it is no more than a skirmish you see, in maitial array But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on, in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy's hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service, there is a cry for somebody to head them, you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership, the party moves rapidly forward, in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke, for one half-hour, from behind these clouds, you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs, advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling. At length all is over the redoubt has been recovered, that which was lost is found again, the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From

the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command inshes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst, with his right hand, he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks That perplexes you not my stery you see none in that For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded, "high and low" are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave. But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier it is that was struck the officer it is that struck him. Once again they are meeting, and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed for ever As one who recovers a brother whom he had accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning, whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes thus unmortal answer—that answer which shut up for ever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even whilst for the last time alluding to it —"Sir," he said, "I told you before that I would make you repent it"

### CHAPTER V

# THE FEMALE INFIDEL 1.

At the time of my father's death, I was nearly seven years In the next four years, during which we continued to live at Greenhay, nothing memorable occurred, except, indeed, that troubled parenthesis in my life which connected me with my brother William—this certainly was memorable to myself-and, secondly, the visit of a most eccentiic young woman, who, about nine years later, drew the eyes of all England upon herself, by her unprincipled conduct in an after affecting the life of two Oxonian undergraduates was the daughter of Lord le Despencer (known previously as Sii Francis Dashwood) 3, and at this time (meaning the time of her visit to Greenhay) she was about twenty-two years old4, with a face and a figure classically beautiful, and with the reputation of extraordinary accomplishments, these accomplishments being not only eniment in their degree, but rare and interesting in their kind. In particular, she astonished every

2 "Nearly eight years old" would have been more correct De Quincey was born 15th August 1785, and his father died 18th July 1798 See footnotes, ante, p 30 and p 34—M

She was born in 1774 —M

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> De Quineey now returns to the use of the main series of his mitobiographical papers in *Tuit's Magazine* (see *ante*, p 2), and this chapter is an expansion of what had formed but a page or two in the first of those articles, i.e. the article in *Tait* for Feb 1834—M

Chancellor of the Exchequer in the brief Bute administration of 1762 63, but better known as the founder and one of the chief members of the notorious Medmenham Club (alias Hell-Fire Club), which included ilso Wilkes and the poets Churchill and Whitehead —M

person by her impromptu performances on the organ, and by her powers of disputation. These last she applied entirely to attacks upon Christianity, for she openly professed infidelity in the most audacious form, and at my mother's table she certainly proved more than a match for all the clergymen of the neighbouring towns, some of whom (as the most intellectual persons of that neighbourhood) were daily invited to meet her. It was a mere accident which had introduced her to my mother's house. Happening to hear from my sister Mary's governess that she and her pupil were

1 "My sister Mary's goierness" —This governess was a Miss Wesley, nicee to John Wesley, the founder of Methodism And the mention of her recalls to me a fact, which was recently revived and inis stated by the whole newspaper press of the island. It had been always known that some relationship existed between the Wellesleys and John Wesley Their names had, in fact, been originally the same, and the Duke of Wellington himself, in the earlier part of his career, when sitting in the Irish House of Commons, was always known to the Iri-li journals as Captain Wesley Upon this arose a natural belief, that the aristocratic branch of the house had improved the name into Wellesley But the true process of change had been precisely the other way Not Wesley had been expanded into Wellesley—but, inversely, Wellesley had been contracted by household usage into Wesley. The name must have been Wellesley in its earliest stage, since it was founded upon a connection with Wells Cathedral aboved the same process as prevails in many hundreds of other names St. Leger, for instance, is always pronounced as if written Sillinger, Cholmondeley as Chumleigh, Marjoribanks as Marchbanks, and the illustrious name of Cwendish was for centuries familiarly pronounced Candish, and Wordsworth has even introduced this name into verse, so as to compel the reader, by a metrical coercion, into calling it Candish Miss Wesley's family land great musical sensibility and skill This led the family into giving musical parties, at which was constantly to be found Lord Mornington, the fither of the Duke of Wellington For these parties it was, as Miss Wesley informed me, that the earl composed his most celebrated give. Here also it was, or in similar musical circles githered about himself by the first Lord Mornington, that the Duke of Wellington had formed and cultivated his unaffected love for music of the highest class-ic, for the impassioned imisic of the serious opera. And it occurs to me as highly probable, that Mrs Lee's connection with the Wesleys, through which it was that she became acquainted with my mother, must have rested upon the common interest which she and the Wesleys had in the organ and in the class of music suited to that instrument. Mrs. Lee herself was an improvisatrice of the first class upon the organ and the two brothers of Miss Wesley, Sam and Charles, ranked for very many years as the first organists in Luropa

going on a visit to an old Catholic family in the County of Durham (the family of Mr Swinburne, who was known advantageously to the public by his "Travels in Spain and Sicily," &c.), Mrs Lee, whose education in a French convent, aided by her father's influence, had introduced her extensively to the knowledge of Catholic families in England, and who had herself an invitation to the same house at the same time, wrote to offer the use of her carriage to convey all three—ie, herself, my sister, and her governess—to Mr Swinburne's. This naturally drew forth from my mother an invitation to Greenhay, and to Greenhay she came. On the imperial of her carriage, and elsewhere, she described herself as the Hon Antonina Dashwood Lee. But, in fact, being only the illegitimate daughter of Lord le Despencer, she was not entitled to that designation. She had, however, received a bequest even more enviable from her father—viz, not less than forty-five thousand pounds. At a very early age, she had married a young Oxonian, distinguished for nothing but a very splendid person, which had procured him the distinguishing title of Handsome Lee, and from him she had speedily separated, on the agreement of dividing the fortune.

My mother little guessed what sort of person it was whom she had asked into her family. So much, however, she had understood from Miss Wesley—that Mrs. Lee was a bold thinker, and that, for a woman, she had an astonishing command of theological learning. This it was that suggested the clerical invitations, as in such a case likely to furnish the most appropriate society. But this led to a painful result. It might easily have happened that a very learned clergyman should not specially have qualified himself for the service of a theological tournament and my mother's range of acquaintance was not very extensive amongst the clerical body. But of these the two leaders, as regarded public consideration,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Her husband was Matthew Allen Lee, Esq, sand to have been of a Scottish family It was a runaway match in 1794, and they were married at Haddington. As she was then a ward in Chancery, he was arrested and was for some time in confinement on account of the marriage. An arrangement was made in 1796, by which half her property, or about £1200 a year, was settled on herself, and at the end of that year they separated, he taking the other half, and she going to live in Bolton Row, Piccadilly, London—M.

were Mr II—, my guardian, and Mr Clowes, who for more them fifty years officiated as rector of St John's Church in Manchester In fact, the golden jubilee 1 of his pastoral connection with St. John's was celebrated many years after with much demonstrative expression of public sympathy on the part of universal Manchester—the most important city in the island next after London. No men could have been found who were less fitted to act as chammons in a duel on behalf of Christianity Mr H-was dieadfully commonplace, dull, drendfilly dull, and, by the necessity of his nature, incapible of being in deadly interest, which his splendid antigonist at all times was. His encounter, therefore, with Mrs Lee presented the distressing speciacle of an old, toothless, mimbling mastiff, fighting for the household to which he owed allegrance, against a young leopardess fresh from the forests. Every touch from her, every velvety paw, drew blood. And something come mingled with what my mother felt to be paramount tragedy. Far different was Mr Clowes holy, visionary, apostolic, he could not be treated disrespectfully. No man could deny him a qualified homage But for any polemic service he nanted the taste, the training, and the particular sort of erudition required Neither would such advantages, if he had happened to possess them, have at all availed him in a case like this Horror, blank horior, seized him upon sceing a woman, a young woman, a woman of criptivating beauty, whom God had adorned so emmently withgrifts of personand of mind, breathing sentiments that to him seemed fresh from the mintage of hell. He could have apostrophised her (as long afterwards he himself told me) in the words of Shakepere's Juliet—

# "Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !"

for he was one of those who never think of Christianity as the subject of defence Could sunshine, could light, could the glories of the dawn, call for defence? Not as a thing to

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The golden jubilee"—This, in German, is used popularly as a technical expression a mair ed couple, when celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their mairinge day, are said to keep their golden jubilee, but on the twenty-fifth anniversary they have credit only for a silver jubilee

be defended, but as a thing to be interpreted, as a thing to be illuminated, did Christianity exist for him. He, therefore, was even more unserviceable as a champion against the deliberate impeacher of Christian evidences than my reverend

Thus it was that he himself explained his own position, in after days, when I had reached my sixteenth year, and visited him upon terms of friendship as close as can ever have existed between a boy and a man already grey-headed Him and his noiseless parsonage, the pensive abode for sixty years of religious ieverie and anchoritish self-denial, I have described further on In some limited sense he belongs to described further on In some limited sense he belongs to our literature, for he was, in fact, the introducer of Swedenborg to this country, as being himself partially the translator of Swedenborg, and still more as organising a patronage to other people's translations, and also, I believe, as republishing the original Latin works of Swedenborg. To say that of Mr Clowes was, until lately, but another way of describing him as a delirious dreamer. At present (1853), I presume the reader to be awaie that Cambridge has, within the last few years, unsettled and even revolutionised our estimates of Swedenborg as a philosopher. That man, indeed, whom Emerson ranks as one amongst his inner consistory of intellectual potentates, cannot be the absolute trifler that Kant (who knew him only by the most trivial of his pretensions), eighty years ago, supposed him. Assuredly, Mr Clowes was no trifler, but hived habitaally a life of power, though in a world of religious mysticism and of apocalyptic visions. To him, being such a man by nature and by habit, it was in effect the lofty Lady Geraldine from Coleridge's "Christabelle" that stood before him in this infidel lady. A magnificent witch she was, like the Lady Geraldine, having the same superb beauty, the same power of throwing spells over the ordinary gazer, and yet at intervals unmasking to some solitary, unfascinated spectator the same dull blink of a snaky eye, and revealing, through the most fugitive of gleams, a traitress couchant beneath what else to all others seemed the form of a lady, armed with meomparable pretensions—one that was

"Beautiful exceedingly," our literature, for he was, in fact, the introducer of Sweden-

"Beautiful exceedingly, Lake a lady from a far countrie."

The scene, is I hard it Actched long years afterwards by more than one of those who had witnessed it, was punful in exess. And the shock given to my mother was memorable For the first and the last truc in her long and healthy life, the suitered an almming nervous attack. Partly this arose from the conflict between herself in the character of hostess, and herself as a loval daughter of Christian frith, she shuddered, in a degree almost incontrollable and beyond her power to the emble, at the unfommine intrepulity with which "the leopurdess" conducted her assaults upon the sheep-folds of orthodoxy; and, pirtly also, this internal conflict mose from concern on behalf of her own servants, who wanted at dinner, and were incretably liable to impressions from what they heard My mother, by original choice, and by early training under a very austocratic father recoiled as austerely from all direct communication with her servants as the Pythia of Delphi from the attendants that swept out the temple. not the less her conscience, in all stages of her life, having or not having any special knowledge of religion, acknowledged a pathetic weight of obligation to remove from her household all confessedly corrupting influences. And here was one which the could not remove. What chiefly she feared, on behalf of her servants, was either, hist, the danger from the simple fact, now suddenly made known to them, that it was possible for a person unusually gifted to deny Christianity such a demal and haughty abjuration could not but carry itself more profoundly into the reflective mind, even of servants, when the arrow came winged and made buoyant by the gay ferthering of so many splendid accomplishments This general fact was appreciable by those who would forget, and never could have understood, the particular arguments of the middle Yet, even as regarded these particular arguments, secondly, my mother feared that some one-buef, telling, and rememberable-might be singled out from the rest, might transplant itself to the servants' hall, and take root for life in some mind sufficiently thoughtful to invest it with interest, and yet far removed from any opportunities, through books or society, for distining the argument of its sting. Such a danger was quickened by the character and pretensions of Mis Lee's footman, who was a daily witness,

whilst standing behind his mistress's chair at dimier, to the confusion which she carried into the hostile camp, and might be supposed to renew such discussions in the servants' hall with singular advantages for a favourable attention. For he was a showy and most audacious Londoner, and what is technically known, in the language of servants' hiring-offices, as "a man of figure." He might, therefore, be considered as one dangerously armed for shaking religious principles, especially amongst the female servants. Here, however, I believe that my mother was mistaken. Women of humble station less than any other class have any tendency to sympathise with boldness that manifests itself in throwing off the yoke of religion. Perhaps a natural instinct tells them the joke of religion Perhaps a natural instinct tells them that levity of that nature will pretty surely extend itself contagously to other modes of conscientious obligation, at any rate, my own experience would warrant me in doubting whether any instance were ever known of a woman, in the rank of servant, regarding infidelity or irreligion as something rank of servant, regarding infidelity or irreligion as something brilhant, or interesting, or in any way as favourably distinguishing a man. Meantime, this conscientious apprehension on account of the servants applied to contingencies that were remote. But the pity on account of the poor lady herself applied to a danger that seemed imminent and deadly. This beautiful and splendid young creature, as my mother knew, was floating, without anchor, or knowledge of any anchoring grounds, upon the unfathomable ocean of a London world, which, for her, was wrapped in darkness as regarded its dangers, and thus for her the chances of shipwreck were seven times multiplied. It was notorious that Mrs. Lee had no protector or guide, natural or legal. Her marriage had in fact, instead of imposing new restraints, released her from old ones. For the legal separation of Doctors' Commons technically called a divorce, but a divorce simply a mensite thore (from bed and board), and not a vinculo matrimonii (from the very tie and obligation of marriage), had removed her by law from the control of her husband, whilst, at the sam time, the matrimonial condition, of course, enlarged that time, the matrimonial condition, of course, enlarged that liberty of action which else is unavoidably narrowed by the reserve and delicacy natural to a young woman whilst-young minurined. Here arose one peril more, and, secondly, arose

this most unusual aggravation of that pend—that Mrs. Lee was deplorably ignorant of English life, indeed, of life universally. Strictly speaking, she was even yet a raw untutored novice turned suddenly loose from the twilight of a monastic seclusion Under any circumstances, such a situation lay open to an amount of danger that was afflicting to contemplate But one dreadful exasperation of these fatal angulies lay in the peculiar temper of Mrs Lee, as connected with her infidel thinking. Her nature was too frank and bold to tolerate any disguise and my mother's own experience had now taught her that Mrs. Lee would not be content to leave to the random call of accident the avowal of her principles No passive or latent spirit of free-thinking was hers-headlong it was, uncompromising, almost fierce, and regarding no restraints of place or season Like Shelley, some few years later, whose day she would have gloried to welcome, she looked upon her principles, not only as conferring rights, but also as imposing duties of active proselytism From this feature in her character it was that my mother foresaw an instant evil, which she urged Miss Wesley to piess carnestly on her attention-viz, the inevitable alienation of all her female friends In many parts of the Continent (but too much we are all in the habit of calling by the wide name of "the Contment" France, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium), my mother was aware that the most flagrant proclamation of infidelity would not stand in the way of a woman's favourable reception into society But in England at that time this was far otherwise A display such as Mrs Lee habitually forced upon people's attention would at once have the effect of banishing from her house all women of respectability She would be thrown upon the society of men—bold and reckless, such as either agreed with herself, or, being careless on the whole subject of religion, pretended Her income, though diminished now by the partition with M1 Lee, was still above a thousand per annum, which, though trivial for any purpose of display in a place so costly as London, was still important enough to gather round her unprincipled adventurers, some of whom might be noble enough to obey no attraction but that which lay in her marble beauty, in her Athenian grace and eloquence, and the

wild impassioned nature of her accomplishments, by her acting, her daneing, her conversation, her musical improvisations, she was qualified to attract the most intellectual men, but baser attractions would exist for baser men, and my mother urged Miss Wesley, as one whom Mrs. Lee admitted to her confidence, above all things to act upon her pride by forewarming her that such men, in the midst of hip homage to her charms, would be sure to betray its hollowness by declining to let their wives and daughters visit her. Plead what excuses they would, Mrs. Lee might rely upon it, that the true ground for this insulting absence of female visitors would be found to he in her profession of infidelity. This alienation of female society would, it was clear, be precipitated enormously by Mrs. Lee's frankness. A result that might, by a dissembling policy, have been delayed indefinitely would now be hurried forward to an immediate crisis. And in this result went to wreck the very best part of Mrs. Lee's securities against ruin

It is scarcely necessary to say that all the cycl followed which had been predicted, and through the channels which had been predicted Some time was required on so vast a stage as London to publish the fact of Mrs Lee's free-thinking, that is, to publish it as a matter of systematic purpose Many persons had at first made a liberal allowance for her, as tempted by some momentary impulse into opinions that she had not sufficiently considered, and might forget as hastily as she had adopted them But no sooner was it made known as a settled fact that she had deliberately dedicated her cuergies to the interests of an antichristian system, and that she hated Christianity, than the whole body of her friends within the pale of social respectability fell away from her, and forsook her house To them succeeded a clique of male visitors, some of whom were doubtfully respectable, and others (like Mr Frend, memorable for his expulsion from Cambridge on account of his public hostility to Trinitari anism) were distinguished by a tone of intemperate defiance to the spirit of English society Thrown upon such a circle, and emancipated from all that temper of reserve which would have been impressed upon her by habitual anxiety for the good opinion of virtuous and high-principled women, the

poor lady was tempted into an elopement with two dissolute brothers, for what ultimate purpose on either side was never made clear to the public. Why a lady should elope from her own house, and the protection of her own seivants, under whatever impulse, seemed generally unintelligible. But apparently it was piecisely this piotection from her own servants which presented itself to the biothers in the light of an obstacle to their objects. What these objects might ultimately be, I do not entirely know, and I do not feel myself anthorised, by anything which of my own knowledge I know, to load either of them with mercenary imputations One of them (the younger) was, or fancied himself, in love with Mrs Lec It was impossible for him to marry her, and possibly he may have fancied that in some justic ictirement, where the parties were unknown, it would be easier than in London to appease the lady's scriples in respect to the sole mode of connection which the law left open to them The frailty of the will in Mrs Lee was as manifest in this stage of the case as subsequently, when she allowed herself to be overclamoured by Mr Lee and his friends into a capital prosecution of the brothers After she had once allowed herself to be put into a post-chaise, she was persuaded to beheve (and such was her ignorance of English society that possibly she did believe) herself through the rest of the journey hable at any moment to summary coercion in the case of attempting any resistance The brothers and herself left London in the evening Consequently, it was long after midnight when the party halted at a town in Gloucestershire, two stages beyond Oxford 1 The younger gentleman then persuaded her, but (as she alleged) under the impression on her part that iesistance was unavailing, and that the injury to her reputation was by this time irreparable, to allow of his coming to her

The elopement or abduction was on Sunday, 15th January 1804. The two brothers had been dining with her that day in her house in Bolton Row, Piecadilly, and, after much arging of the younger brother's suit,—the elder brother, however, the more vehement in arging it,—they had succeeded in getting her into a post-chaise and driving off with her. They took the Uxbridge road, and halted at Tetsworth, about twelve miles from Oxford, between one and two o'clock in the morning. There had been no special outcry or disturb ance on the way.—M

bedroom This was perhaps not entirely a fraudulent representation in Mrs Lee. The whole circumstances of the case made it clear that, with any decided opening for deliverance, she would have caught at it, and probably would again, from waveling of mind, have dallied with the danger

Perhaps at this point, having already in this last paragraph shot ahead by some nine years of the period when she visited Greenhay, allowing myself this license in order to connect my mother's waining through Miss Wesley with the practical sequel of the case, it may be as well for me to pursue the arrears of the story down to its final incident. In 1804, at the Lent Assizes for the County of Oxford, she appeared as principal witness against two brothers, L——t G——n, and L——n G——n,¹ on a capital charge of having forcibly carried her off from her own house in London, and afterwards of having, at some place in Gloucestershire, by collision with each other and by terror, enabled one of the brothers to offer the last violence to her person. The circumstantial accounts published at the time by the newspapers were of a nature to conclude the public sympathy altogether to the prisoners, and the general behief accorded with what was, no doubt, the truth—that the lady had been driven into a false accusation by the overpowering remonstrances of her friends, joined, in this instance, by her husband, all of whom were willing to beheve, or willing to have it believed by the public, that advantage had been taken of her little acquaintance with English usages. I was

<sup>1</sup> No need for the blanks now Tho brothors were the Rev Lock hart Gordon and Mr Louden Gordon, sons of a deceased Hon Lock hart Gordon, who was a seion of the Scottish house of Aboyne, and had been Judge Advocate General of Bengal The two brothers, the elder twenty eight years of age at the time of the trial, and the younger twenty-four, had known Miss Dashwood in her girlhood whensho boarded with their mother in Konsington, and had renewed acquaintance with her in 1803, when the elder, now a elergyman, separated from his wife, was residing in Alsop's Buildings, New Road, and the younger, just returned from some stay in the West Indies, was living with him The circumstances of Miss Dashwood, and the amount of her means, were well known to both, and, as both were in straits for money,—the younger more particularly,—there was perhaps a motive for the kind of alliance with her which was sought—M

promint the trial. The court was opened at eight o'clock in the morning; and such was the interest in the case, that a mob, composed chiefly of gownsmen, besieged the doors for some time before the moment of admission this common, by the way. I witnessed a remarkable illustration of the prefound obedience which Englishmen, under all circumstances, pay to the line. The constables, for what remon I do not know, were very numerous, and very violent Such of La as happened to have gone in our readenic dress had our enjernmented in two by the constables' staves, why, it might be difficult for the officers to say, as none of as were miking any tumult, nor had any motive for doing so, unless by way of retilition. Many of these constables were bargemen or petty tradesmen, who in their ex-official character had often been engaged in rows with undergraduates, and neurlly had had the worst of it. At present, in the service of the blindfold golders, these equitable men were no doubt taking out their vengence for past favours. But, under all this wanton display of violence, the gownsinen practised the soverest forluarance. The pressure from behind made it impossible to forbear pressing ahead, crushed, you were obliged to crish, but, beyond that, there was no movement or gesture on our part to give any colourable warrant to the brutality of the officers. For nearly a whole hom, I saw this expression of reverence to the law triumphant over all pro-vocations. It may be presumed that, to prompt so much crow-ling, there must have been some commensurate interest There was so, but that interest was not at all in Mrs Lee She was entirely unknown, and even by reputation or rumour, from so vast a wildciness as London, neither her branty nor her intellectual pretensions had travelled down to Oxford Possibly, in each section of 300 men, there inglit be one individual whom accident had brought acquainted, as it had myself, with her extraordinary endowment. But the general and academic interest belonged exclusively to the accused. They were both Oromans, one belonging to University College, and the other, perhaps, to Balliol, and, as they had severally taken the degree of AB, which implies a residence of at least three years, they were pretty extensively known. But, known or not known

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personally, in viitue of the csprit de corps, the accused parties would have benefited in any case by a general brotherly interest. Over and above which, there was in this case the interest attached to an almost unintelligible accusation charge of personal violence, under the roof of a respectable English posting-house, occupied always by a responsible master and mistress, and within call at every moment of numerous servants—what could that mean? And again, when it became understood that this violence was alleged to have realised itself under a delusion, under a pre-occupation of the victim's mind, that resistance to it was hopeless, liow, and under what profound ignorance of English society, had such a pre-occupation been possible? To the accused, and to the incomprehensible accusation, therefore, belonged the whole weight of the interest, and it was a very secondary interest, indeed, and purely as a reflex interest from the main one, which awaited the prosecutress And yet, though so little curiosity "awaited" her, it happened of necessity that, within a few moments after her first coming forward in - the witness-box, she had created a separate one for herselffirst, through her impressive appearance, secondly, through the appalling coolness of her answers The trial began, I think, about nine o'clock in the morning, and, as some time was spent on the examination of Mrs Lee's servants, of postilions, ostlers, &c, in pursuing the traces of the aflair from London to a place seventy miles north of London, it was probably about eleven in the forenoon before the prosecutress was summoned My heart throbbed a little as the eourt lulled suddenly into the deep stillness of expectation, when that summons was heard —"Rachael Frances Antonian" Dashwood Lee" resounded through all the passages, and unmediately, in an adjoining antercom, through which she was led by her attorney, for the purpose of evading the mob that surrounded the public approaches, we heard her advance. ing steps Pitiable was the humiliation expressed by her carriage as she entered the witness-box Pitiable was the change, the world of distance between this faltering and dejected accuser, and that wild leopardess that had once worked her pleasure amongst the sheepfolds of Christianity, and had enffed my poor guardian so unrelentingly, 'right and left,'

### THE FEMALE INFIDEL

front and rear, when he attempted the feeblest of defences However, she was not long exposed to the searching gaze of the court, and the trying embarrassments of her situation. A single question brought the whole investigation to a close Mrs Lee had been sworn After a few questions, she was suddenly asked by the counsel for the defence whether she believed in the Christian religion? Her answer was brief and peremptory, without distinction or circumlocution-No Or, perhaps, not in God? Again she replied, No, and again her answer was prompt and sans phrase. Upon this the judge declared that he could not permit the trial to proceed The jury had heard what the witness said she only could give evidence upon the capital part of the charge, and she had openly incapacitated herself before the whole court. The jury instantly acquitted the prisoners 1 In the course of the day I left my name at Mrs. Lee's lodgings, but her servant assured me that she was too much agitated to see anybody till the evening. At the hour assigned I called again. It was dusk, and a mob had assembled At the moment I came up to the door, a lady was issuing, muffled up, and in some measure disguised. It was Mrs. Lee At the corner of an adjacent street a postchaise was drawn up Towards this, under the protection of the attorney who had managed her case, she made her way as eagerly as possible Before she could reach it, however, she was detected, a savage howl was raised, and a rush made to seize her Fortunately, a body of gownsmen formed round her, so as to secure her from personal assault, they put her rapidly into the carriage, and then, joining the mob in their hootings, sent off the horses at a gallop Such was the mode of her exit from Oxford

Subsequently to this painful collision with Mis Lee at

¹ De Quincey's account of the trial corresponds closely with the extant reports elsewhere, save that it perhaps intensifies somewhat the terms of Mrs Lee's declaration of her unbelief. At this point of her cross-examination, however, the case was certainly stopped—Mr Justice Laurence instructing the jury to find for the defenders, and at the same time intimating that there had been no sufficient evidence of resistance on Mrs Lee's part. The elerical brother accordingly left the bar, after a severe lecture from the judge, but the jounger was detained on an action for debt.—M

the Oxford Assizes, I heard nothing of her for many years, excepting only this-that she was acsiding in the family of an English clergyman distinguished for his learning and This account give great pleasure to my mothernot only as unplying some chance that Mrs. Lee might be finally reclaimed from her unhappy opinions, but also as a proof that, in submitting to a rustication so moitifying to a woman of her brilliant qualifications, she must have fallen under some influences more promising for her respectability and happiness than those which had surrounded her in Finally, we saw by the public journals that she had written and published a book. The title I forget, but by its subject it was connected with political or social philosophy 1 And one emment testimony to its ment I myself am able to allege—117, Wordsworth's Singular enough it seems, that he who read so very little of modern literature, in fact, next to nothing, should be the sole critic and reporter whom I have happened to meet upon Mis. Lee's work But so it was accident had thrown the book in his way during one of his animal visits to London, and a second time at Louther Castle He paid to Mrs Lee a compliment which certainly he paid to no other of her contemporariesviz, that of reading her book very nearly to the end, and he spoke of it repeatedly as distinguished for vigour and originality of thought.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A book called *Memoirs of R F A Dashnood Let* was published in London, without date, and was afterwards suppressed. But it may be to another book of hers that De Quincey refers here —M

### CHAPTER VI

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE WARFARL OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL 1

Four years after my father's death, it began to be perceived that there was no purpose to be answered in any louger keeping up the costly establishment of Greenhay gardener, besides labourers equal to at least two more, were required for the grounds and gardens. And no motive existed any longer for being near to a great trading town, so long after the commercial connection with it had ceased Bath seemed, on all accounts, the natural station for a person m my mother's situation, and thither, accordingly, she went I, who had been placed under the trution of one of my guardians, remained some time louger under his care. then transferred to Bath During this interval the sale of the house and grounds took place. It may illustrate the subject of guardianship, and the ordinary execution of its duties, to mention the result The year was in itself a year of great depression, and every way unfavourable to such a transaction, and the particular night for which the sale had been fixed turned out remarkably wet, yet no attempt was made to postpone it, and it proceeded Originally the house and grounds had cost about £6000 I have heard that only one offer was made—viz, of £2500 Be that as it may, for the sum of £2500 it was sold, and I have been often assured that, by waiting a few years, four to six times that sum might have been obtained with ease. This is not im-

<sup>1</sup> This chapter, like the list, is an expansion of a portion of the autobiographical paper in *Tait's Magazine* for February 1834 —M

probable, as the house was then out in the country, but since then the town of Manchester has gathered round it and enveloped it. Meantime, my guardians were all men of honour and integrity, but their hands were filled with their own affairs. One (my tutor) was a elergy man, neeter of a church, and having his parish, his large family, and three pupils to attend. He was, besides, a very sedentary and indolent man, loving books—hating business. Another was a merchant. A third was a country magistrate, overladen with official business him we rarely saw. Finally, the fourth was a banker in a distant county, having more knowledge of the world, incre energy, and more practical wisdom, than all the rest united, but too remote for interfering effectually.

Reflecting upon the evils which befell me, and the gross misinanagement, under my guardians, of my small fortune, and that of my brothers and sisters, it has often occurred to me that so important an office, which, from the time of Demosthenes, has been proverbially inal-administered, ought to be put upon a new footing, plainly guarded by a few obvious provisions. As under the Roman laws, for a long period, the guardian should be made responsible in law, and should give security from the first for the due performance of his duties. But, to give him a motive for doing this, of course he must be paid. With the new obligations and habilities will commence commensurate emoluments. If a child is made a ward in Chancery, its property is managed expensively, but always advantageously. Some great change is imperatively called for no duty in the whole compass of himan life being so scandalously neglected as this.

In my twelfth year it was that first of all I entered upon

In my twelfth year it was that first of all I entered upon the arena of a great public school—viz, the Grammar School of Bath, over which at that time presided a most

"Grammar School" —By the way, as the grammar-schools of d are amongst her most emment distinctions, and, with sub to the innumerable wretches (gentlemen, I should say) that ad "worse than toad or asp," have never been rivalled by ding institutions in other lands, I may as well take this explaining the word grammar, which most people fen suppose a grammar school to mean a school mmar. But this is not the true meaning, and

accomplished Etoman-Mi (or was he as yet Doctor?) If he was not, I am sure he ought to have been, and, with the reader's concurrence, will therefore create him a doctor on the spot Every man has reason to rejoice who enjoys the advantage of a public training I condemned, and do condemn, the practice of sending out into such stormy exposures those who are as yet too young, too dependent on female gentleness, and endowed with sensibilities originally too exquisite for such a warfare But at nine or ten the masculine energies of the character are beginning to develop themselves, or, if not, no discipline will better aid in their development than the bracing intercourse of a great Enghsh classical school Even the selfish are there forced into accommodating themselves to a public standard of generosity, and the esteminate into conforming to a rule of manliness I was myself at two public schools, and I think with gratitude of the benefits which I reaped from both, as also I think with gratitude of that guardian in whose quiet household I learned Latin so effectually But the small private schools, of which I had opportunities for gathering some brief experience—schools containing thirty to forty boys—were models of ignoble manners as regarded part of the tends to calumniate such schools, by ignoring their highest functions Limiting by a false limitation the earliest object contemplated by such schools, they obtain a plausible pretext for representing all beyond grammar as something extraneous and casual that did not enter into the original or normal conception of the founders, and that may therefore have been due to alien suggestion But now, when Suctomus writes a little book bearing this title, "De Illustribus Grammaticis," what does he mean? What is it that he promises? A memoir upon the emment grammarians of Rome? Not at all, but a memoir upon the distinguished literate of Rome Grammatica does certainly mean sometimes grammar, but it is also the best Latin word for hterature A grammaticus is what the French express by the word litterateur We unfortunately have no corresponding term in English a man of letters is one awkward periphrasis in the singular (too apt, us our jest-books remind us, to suggest the postman), whilst in the plinal we resort to the Latin word literati The school which professes to teach grammatica professes, therefore, the culture of literature in the widest and most liberal extent, and is opposed generically to schools for teaching mechanic arts, and, within its own sub-genus of schools dedicated to liberal objects, is opposed to schools for teaching mathematics, or, more widely, to schools for teaching science

jumors, and of favouritism as regarded the masters. Nowhere is the sublimity of public justice so broadly exemplified as in an English public school on the old Edward the Sixth or Elizabeth foundation. There is not in the universe such an Aleopagus for fair play, and abhorrence of all elooked ways, as an English mob, or one of the time-honoured English "foundation" schools. But my own first introduction to such an establishment was under peculiar and contradictory circumstances. When my "rating," or graduation in the school was to be settled, naturally my allitude (to speak astronomically) was taken by my proficiency in Greek But here I had no advantage over others of my age My guardian was a feeble Green, and had not excited my ambition, so that I could barely construe books as easy as the Greek Testament and the Had This was considered. quite well enough for my age, but still it caused me to be placed under the care of Mr Wilkins, the second master out of four, and not under Dr Morgan himself Within one month, however, my talent for Latin verses, which had by this time gathered strength and expansion, became known Suddenly I was honoured as never was man or boy since Mordecar the Jew Without any colonrable relation to the doctor's jurisdiction, I was now weekly paraded for distinction at the supreme tribunal of the school, out of which, at first, grew nothing but a sunshine of approbation delightful to my heart. Within six weeks all this had changed The approbation, indeed, continued, and the public expression of it. Neither would there, in the ordinary course, have been any paniful reaction from jealousy or fretful resistance to the soundness of my pretensions, since it was sufficiently known to such of my schoolfellows as stood on my own level in the school, that I, who had no male relatives but military men, and those in India, could not have benefited by any claudestine and But, unhappily, Dr Morgan was at that time dissatisfied with some points in the progress of his head class 1, and, as it soon appeared, was continually throwing in their teeth the brilliancy of my verses at cleven or twelve, by comparison with theirs at

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Class" or "form" —One knows not how to make one's self intelligible, so different are the terms locally

a vent on a design, and even ninonen. I had observed him runchese i antere to involf, and was perplexed at seeing they printer followed by phony looks and what French reporter roll in a ution, in these young men, whom naturally I so wed with nive as my lenders—boys that were ealled young men, men that were reiding Sophocles (a name that corred with it the sound of something semplie to my car' end who maker had concluded to waste a word on rack a child at myself. The day was come, however, when all test would be changed. One of these leaders strode up to me in the public playground, and, delivering a blow on my horder, which was not intended to huit me, but us a mere formula of introduction, asked me, "What the devil I meant by bolting out of the course, and aunoying other people in that manner? Were fother people' to have no r -t for me and my verses, which, after all, were horribly lead?" There mucht have been some difficulty in retning in an wer to the andress but none was required. I was brufly relineurshed to see that I wrote worse for the future, or cle———— At this approprias I looked inquiringly at the specifier, and he filled up the chasm by saying, that he would "annihilate" me— Could any person full to be against at each a demand? I was to write worse than my own standards and, which, by his account of my verses, must be difficult, and I was to write worse than himself, which might be unproble. My feelings revolted against so arrogant a demand, unless it had been far otherwise expressed, if death on the spot had awaited me, I could not have controlled myelf; and, on the next occasion for sending up verses to the herdma-ter, to far from attending to the orders issued, I double shotted my guns, double applause descended on myself, but I remarked, with some nwe, though not repenting of what I had done, that double confusion seemed to agitate the ranks of my enemics. Amongst them, loomed out in the distance my "annihilating" friend, who shook his linge fist at nit, but with something like a grim simile about his eyes. He took an early opportunity of paying his respects to me again, saying, "You little devil, do you call this writing your worst?"—"No," I replied, "I call it writing my best"—The annihilator, as it turned out, was really a

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

good-natured young man, but he was on the wing for Cambridge, and with the rest, or some of them, I continued to wage was for more than a year And yet, for a word spoken with kindness, how readily I would have resigned (had it been altogether at my own choice to do so) the peacock's feather in my cap as the merest of baubles Undoubtedly, praise sounded sweet in my cars also, but that was nothing. by comparison with what stood on the other side. I detested distinctions that were connected with mortification to others, and, even if I could have got over that, the eternal feud fietted and tormented my nature Love, that once in childhood had been so mere a necessity to me, that had long been a reflected ray from a departed sunset But peace, and freedom from strife, if love were no longer possible (as so rarely it is in this world), was the clamorous necessity of my nature. To contend with somebody was still my fate, how to escape the contention I could not see, and yet, for itself, and for the deadly passions into which it forced me, I hated and loathed it more than death. It added to the distraction and internal feud of my mind, that I could not altogether condemn the upper boys. I was made a handle of humilia-And, in the meantime, if I had an undetion to them mable advantage in one solitary accomplishment, which is still a matter of accident, or sometimes of peculiar direction given to the taste, they, on the other hand, had a great advantage over me in the more elaborate difficulties of Greek, and of choral Greek poetry I could not altogether wonder at their hatred of myself Yet still, as they had chosen to adopt this mode of conflict with me, I did not feel that I had any choice but to resist The contest was terminated for me by my removal from the school, in consequence of a very threatening illness affecting my head, but it lasted more than a year, and it did not close before several among my public encures had become my private friends were much older, but they invited me to the houses of their friends, and showed me a respect which affected me-this respect having more reference, apparently, to the firmness I had exhibited, than to any splendonr in my verses. And, indeed, these had rather drooped, from a natural accident, several persons of my own class had found the practice of

asking me to write verses for them. I could not refuse. But, as the subjects given out were the same for the entire class, it was not possible to take so many crops off the ground, without starving the quality of all

The most interesting public event which, during my stay at this school, at all connected itself with Bath, and, indeed, with the school itself, was the sudden escape of Sir Sidney Smith from the prison of the Temple in Paris. The mode of his escape was as striking as its time was critical accidentally thrown a ball beyond the prison bounds in playing at tennis, or some such game, Sir Sidney was surmised to observe that the ball thrown back was not the same Fortunately, he had the presence of mind to dissemble his sudden surprise. He retired, examined the ball, found it stuffed with letters, and, in the same way, he subsequently conducted a long correspondence, and arranged the whole circumstances of his escape, which, remarkably enough, was accomplished exactly eight days before the sailing of Napoleon with the Egyptian expedition, so that Sir Sidney was just in time to confront, and utterly to defeat, Napoleon in the breach of Acre But for Sn Sidney, Bonaparte would have overrun Syria, that is certain. What would have followed from that event is a far more obscure problem

Sir Sidney Smith, I must explain to leaders of this generation, and Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth), figured as the two 1 Paladins of the first war with revolutionary France Rarely were these two names mentioned but in connection with some splendid, prosperous, and unequal contest. Hence the whole nation was saddened by the account of Sir Sidney's capture, and this must be understood, in order to make the joy of his sudden return perfectly intelligible. Not even a rumour of Sir Sidney's escape had or could have run before him, for, at the moment of reaching the coast of England, he had started

<sup>1</sup> To them in the next stage of the war succeeded Sir Michael Seymonr, and Lord Cochrane (the present earl of Dundonald), and Lord Camelford. The two last were the regular fire-eaters of the day. Sir Horato Nelson, being already an admiral, was no longer looked to for insulated exploits of brilliant adventure, his name was now connected with larger and combined attacks, less dashing and adventurous, because including heavier responsibilities.

with post-horses to Bath. It was about dusk when he arrived, the postitions were directed to the square in which his mother lived, in a few minutes he was in his mother's rums, and in fifty minutes more the news hadflown to the remotest ruburb of the city. The agitation of Bath on this occasion was indescribable. All the troops of the line then quartered in that city, and a whole regiment of volunteers, immediately got under aims, and marched to the quarter in which Sn Sidney lived. The sural equare overflowed with the soldiery, Sn Sidney went out, and was immediately lost to us, who were watching for him, in the closing ranks of the troops. Next morning, however, I, my joinger brother, and a schoolfellow of my own age, called formally upon the naval hero Why, I know not, unless as alumn of the school at which Sir Sidney Smith had accented his own education. We were admitted without question or deminr, and I may record it as an amrible trait in Sn Sidney, that he received us then with great kinducse, and took us down with him to the pump-room Considering, however, that we must have been most afflicting bores to Sir Sidney -a fact which no self-esteem could even then disguise from us—it puzzled me at first to understand the principle of his conduct. Having already done more than enough in conricous acknowledgment of our fraternal claims as fellowstudents at the Bath Grammar School, why should he think it necessary to burden himself further with our worshipfulsociety? I found out the secret, and will explain it. A very slight attention to Sir Sidney's deportment in public revealed to me that he was morbidly afflicted with nervous sensibility, and with maniaise honic He that had faced so cheerfully crowds of hostile and threatening eyes, could not support without trepidation those gentle eyes, beaming with gracions admiration, of his fur young countrywomen accident, at that moment Si Sidney had no acquaintances in Bath, a fact which is not at all to be wondered at. Living so much abroad and at sea, an English sailor, of whatever rank, has few opportunities for making friends at home

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lord Camelford was, I believe, his first cousin, Sir Sidniy's mother and Ludy Camelford being sisters. But Lord Camelford was then absent from Bath

And yet there was a necessity that Sir Sidney should gratify the public interest, so warmly expressed, by presenting himself somewhere or other to the public eye. But how trying a service to the most practised and otherwise most callons veterm on such an occasion—that he should step forward, saying in effect—"So you are wanting to see me, well, then, here I am; come and look at me!" Put it into what language you please, such a summons was written on all faces, and countersigned by his worship the mayor, who began to ullisper insinuations of riots if Sir Sidney did not comply Yet, if he did, movitably his own act of obedience to the public pleasure took the shape of an ostentations self-parading under the construction of those numerous persons who knew nothing of the public importunity, or of Sii Sidney's unaffected and even morbid reluctance to obtinde himself upon the public eye The thing was unavoidable, and the sole pullintion that it admitted was, to break the concentration of the public gaze, by associating Sir Sidney with some alien group, no matter of what cattle Such a group would relieve both parties—gazer and gazee—from too distressing a con-sciousness of the little business on which they had met We, the schoolboys, being three, intercepted and absorbed part of the enemy's fire, and, by furnishing Sir Sidney with real bona fide matter of conversation, we released him from the most distressing part of his sufferings-viz, the passive and silent acquiescence in his own apotheosis-holding a lighted candle, as it were, to the glorification of his own slirine With our help, he weathered the storm of homage silently ascending And we, in fact, whilst seeming to ourselves too undenably a trad of bores, turned out the most serviceable allies that Sir Sidney ever had by land or sea, until several moons later, when he formed the invaluable acquaintance of the Syrian "butchei"—viz, Djezzai, the pucha of Acre I record this little trait of Si Sidney's constitutional temperament, and the little service through which I and my two comrades contributed materially to his relief, as an illustration of that infirmity which besieges the nervons system of our nation It is a sensitiveness which sometimes amounts to lunacy, and sometimes even tempts to suicide It is a mistake, however, to suppose this morbid

affection unknown to Frenchmen, or unknown to men of the world I have myself known it to exist in both, and particularly in a man that might be said to live in the street, such was the American publicity which circumstances threw around his life, and so far were his habits of life removed from reserve, or from any predisposition to gloom And at this moment I recall a remarkable illustration of what I am saying, communicated by Wordsworth's accomplished friend, Sir George Beaumont To him I had been sketching the distressing sensitiveness of Sir Sidney pretty much as I have sketched it to the reader, and how he, the man that on the breach at Acre valued not the eye of Jew, Christian, or Turk, shrank back—me upso teste—from the gentle, though eager—from the admiring, yet affectionate—glances of three very young ladies, in Gay Street, Bath, the oldest (I should say) not more than seventeen. Upon which Sir George mentioned, as a parallel experience of his own, that Mr Canning, being ceremoniously introduced to himself (Sir George), about the time when he had reached the meridian of his fame as an orator, and should therefore have become blase to the extremity of being absolutely seared and casehardened against all impressions whatever appealing to his vanity or egotism, did absolutely (credite posteri !) blush like any roseate girl of fifteen And that this was no accident growing out of a momentary agitation, no sudden spasmodic pang, anomalous and transitory, appeared from other con-current anecdotes of Canning, reported by gentlemen from Liverpool, who described to us most graphically and picturesquely the wayward fitfulness (not coquettish or wilful, but nervously overmastering, and most unaffectedly distressing) which besieged this great artist in oratory, as the time approached—was coming—was going, at which the private signal should have been shown for proposing his health Mr P (who had been, I think, the mayor on the particular occasion indicated) described the restlessness of his manner, how he rose, and retired for half-a-minute into a little parlour behind the chairman's seat, then came back, then whispered, Not yet, I beseech you, I cannot face them yet, then sipped a little water, then moved uneasily on his chair, saying, One moment, if you please, stop, stop, don't hurry,

one moment, and I shall be up to the mark, in short, fighting with the necessity of taking the final plunge, like

one who lingers on the scaffold

Sir Sidney was at that time slender and thin, having an appearance of emaciation, as though he had suffered hardships and ill-treatment, which, however, I do not remember to have heard Meantime, his appearance, connected with his recent history, made him a very interesting person to women; and to this hour it remains a mystery with me why and how it came about that in every distribution of honours Sir Sidney Smith was overlooked In the Mediterranean he made many enemies, especially amongst those of his own profession, who used to speak of him as far too fine a gentleman, and above his calling Certain it is, that he liked better to be doing business on shore, as at Acre, although he commanded a fine 80-gun ship, the Tiger But, however that may have been, his services, whether classed as military or naval, were memorably splendid And, at that time, his connection, of whatsoever nature, with the late Queen Caroline had not occurred So that altogether, to me, his case is inexplicable

From the Bath Grammar School I was removed in consequence of an accident, by which at first it was supposed that my skull had been fractured, and the surgeon who attended me at one time talked of trepaining. This was an awful word but at present I doubt whether in reality anything very serious had happened. In fact, I was always under a nervous panic for my head, and certainly exaggerated my internal feelings without meaning to do so, and this misled the medical attendants. During a long illness which succeeded, my mother, amongst other books past all counting, read to me, in Hoole's translation, the whole of the "Orlando Furioso", meaning by the whole the entire twenty-

<sup>1</sup> The cause of De Quincey's removal from Bath Grammar School is more distinctly described in a juvenile letter of his own at the time, dated 12th March 1779, and addressed to his sister Mary, then in Bristol From the letter (first published in Mr Page's Life of De Quincey) it appears that one of the under-masters of the school, aiming a blow with his cane at the shoulder of another boy for some impertinence, missed his aim, and hit De Quincey on the head The consequences, as De Quincey goes on to say, were somewhat serious—M

fair hosts into which Hoole had condensed the original for your of Arioto, and, from my own expenence at that time, I am disposed to think that the boundances of this ser in is an advantage, from not calling off the attention at all from the narration to the narrator. At this time also I tir trust the "Purchese Last", but, oddly enough, in the edition of Brith, that great rapuscops works for pseudo-restorer of the text. At the close of my illness, the head master called men my mother, in company with his son-in-law, Mr. Will ing, as did a certain Irish Colonel Bowes, who had sons at the school requesting carne-tly, in terms most flattering to my iff that I might be suffered to remain there. illu trates ou mother's moral rusterity that she was shocked at my bearing compliments to my own merits, and was altother disturbed at what doubtless these gentlemen expected to serviced with maternal pride. She declined to let me continue at the Bath School, and I went to another, at Winkfield, in the County of Wilts, of which the chief recommen beto ile in the religious character of the master?

## CHAPTER VII

## I ENTIR THE WORLD 1

YES, at this stage of my life—viz, in my fifteenth year—and from this sequestered school, ankle-deep I first stepped into the world. At Winkfield I had staid about a year, or not much more,<sup>2</sup> when I received a letter from a young friend of my own age, Lord Westport,<sup>3</sup> the son of Lord

I Substantially, like the last two ehapters, an expansion of a portion of the autobiographical paper in Tait's Magazine for February 1834, the first of the scries of De Quincey's autobiographical papers in that periodical What with the available collateral matter he found in Blackwood and in Hogg's Instructor, he had not advanced yet beyond

this first autobiographical article in Tait -M

<sup>2</sup> Although De Quincey passes over this year at Winkfield School rather lightly, both here and in his Confessions, it is not an uninteresting year in his biography The teaching at Winkfield was far inferior to that at the Bath Grammar School, and De Quincey, who was ahead of his fellow-pupils, did much as he liked, but he wrote a great deal both in prose and in verse for a school magazine, called The Observer, conducted by the boys, with the assistance of Miss Spencer, the master's daughter. It was during this year also, in June 1800, that he competed for prizes offered by the proprietors of a periodical called The Juvenile Labrary for the best translations of the 22d Ode of Horace, and obtained the third place in the competition,—the first prize going to Leigh Hunt, his senior by nearly a year, and then fresh from Christ's Hospital School, where he had been "first deputy Greeian" Mr Garnett, who has reprinted De Quincey's performance in a note to his recent edition of the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, thinks De Quinccy's version deserved the first place -M

My acquaintince with Lord Westport was of some years' standing My father, whose commercial interests led him often to Ireland, had many friends there—One of these was a country gentleman connected

with the west, and at his house I first met Lord Westport

Altamont, inviting me to accompany him to Ireland for the ensuing summer and autumn. This invitation was repeated by his tutor, and my mother, after some consideration, allowed one to accept it

In the spring of 1800, accordingly, I went up to Eton, for the purpose of joining my friend. Here I several times visited the gardens of the Queen's villa at Frogmore, and, privileged by my young friend's introduction, I had opportunities of seeing and hearing the Queen and all the Princesses, which at that time was a novelty in my life, naturally a good deal prized. Lord Westport's mother had been, before her marriage, Lady Louisa Howe, daughter to the great admiral, Earl Howe, and intimately known to the Royal Family, who, on her account, took a continual and especial notice of her son 1

On one of these occasions I had the honour of a brief interview with the King Madame de Campan mentions, as an amusing incident in her early life, though terrific at the time, and overwhelming to her sense of shame, that not long after her establishment at Versailles, in the service of some one amougst the daughters of Louis XV, having as yet never seen the king, she was one day suddenly introduced to his particular notice, under the following circumstances—The time was morning, the young lady was not fifteen her spirits were as the spirits of a fawn in May, her tour of duty for the day was either not come, or was gone, and, finding herself alone in a spacious room, what more reasonable thing could she do than amuse herself with making cheeses, that is, whirling round, according to a fashion practised by young ladies both in Fruice and England, and pirouetting until the petiticoat is inflated like a balloon, and then sinking into a curtsey Mademoiselle was very solemnly rising from one of these curtseys, in the centre of her collapsing petiticoits, when a slight noise alarmed her Jealous of intruding eyes, jet

<sup>1</sup> Here are the genealogical particulars —John Denis Browne, 3d Earl of Altamont in the Irish peerage, born 11th June 1756, married Lady Louisa Howe in May 1787, and their eldest son, born 18th May 1788, was Howe-Peter Browne, styled Viscount Westport—This was De Quincey's young friend, twelve years of age in the summer of 1800 while De Quincey was nearly fifteen—AL

not dreading more than a servant at worst, she turned, and, oh heavens i whom should she behold but his most Christian Majesty advancing upon her, with a brilliant suite of gentle men, young and old, equipped for the chase, who had been all silent spectators of her performances! From the king to the last of the train, all bowed to her, and all laughed without restraint, as they passed the abashed amateur of cheesemaking But she, to speak Homerically, wished in that hour that the earth might gape and cover her confusion Westport and I were about the age of mademoiselle, and not much more decolously engaged, when a turn brought us full in view of a royal party coming along one of the walks at Frogmore We were, in fact, theorising and practically commenting on the art of throwing stones Boys have a peculiar contempt for female attempts in that way For, besides that girls fling wide of the mark, with a certainty that might have won the applause of Galerius, there is a peculiar sling and rotary motion of the arm in launching a stone, which no gul ever can attain From ancient practice, I was somewhat of a proficient in this art, and was discussing the philosophy of female failures, illustrating my doctrines with pebbles, as the case happened to demand, whilst Loid Westport was practising on the peculiar whirl of the wrist with a shilling. when suddenly he turned the head of the coin towards me with a significant glance, and in a low voice he muttered some words, of which I caught "Grace of God," "France 2 and

1 "Sir," said that Emperor to a soldier who had missed the target in sneeession I know not how many times (suppose we say fifteen), "allow me to offer my congratulations on the truly admirable skill you have shown in keeping clear of the mark. Not to have hit once in so many trials argues the most splended talents for missing"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> France was at that time among the royal titles, the act for altering the king's style and title not having then passed. As connected with this subject, I may here mention a project (reported to have been canvassed in council at the time when that alteration did take place) for changing the title from King to Emperor. What then occurred strikingly illustrates the general character of the British policy as to all external demonstrations of pomp and national pretension, and its strong opposition to that of France under corresponding circumstances. The principle of csse quam videri, and the carelessness about names when the thing is unaffected, generally speaking, must command praise and respect. Yet, considering how often the reputation of power be-

Ireland," "Defender of the Faith, and so forth" This solemn recitation of the legend on the coin was meant as a fanciful way of apprising me that the King was approaching, for Lord Westport had himself lost somewhat of the awe natural

comes, for international purposes, nothing less than power itself, and that words, in many relations of human life, are emphatically things, and sometimes are so to the exclusion of the most absolute things themselves-men of all qualities being often governed by names-the policy of France seems the wiser 112, se faire valoir, even at the price of ostentation But, at all events, no man is entitled to exercise that extreme candour, forhearance, and spirit of ready concession an re aliena, and, above all, in re politica, which, on his own account, might be altogether hononrible. The council might give away their own honours, but not yours and mine On a public (or at least on a foreign) interest, it is the duty of a good citizen to be lofty, exacting, almost insolant And, on this principle, when the ancient style and title of the kingdom fell under revision, if—as I do not deny—it was advisable to retrench all obsolete pretensions as so many memorials of a greatness that in that particular manifestation was now extinet, and therefore, pro tanto, rather presumptions of weakness than of strength, as being mementoes of our losses yet, on the other hand, all countervailing claims which had since arisen, and had far more than equiponderated the declension in that one direction, should have been then adopted into the titular heraldry of the nation. It was neither wise nor just to insult foreign nations with assumptions which no longer stood upon any basis of reality And on that ground France was, perhaps, rightly omitted But why, when the erown was thus remonlded, and its jewellers unset, if this one pearl were to be surrendered as an ornament no longer ours-why, we may ask, were not the many and gorgeous jewels, achieved by the national wisdom and power in later times, adopted into the recomposed time? Upon what principle did the Romans, the wisest among the children of this world, leave so many inscriptions, as records of their power or their triumphs, upon columna, arches, temples, basilica, or medals? A national act, a solemn and deliberate act, delivered to listory, is a more imperialiable monument than any made by hands and the title, as revised, which ought to have expressed a change in the dominion simply as to the mode and form of its expansion, now remains as a false, base, abject confession of absolute contraction Once we had A, B, and C, now we have dwindled into A and B true, most unfaithful guardian of the national honours, we had lost C, and that you were careful to remember, but we happened to gave guined D. E. F-and so downwards to Z-all of which daily you forgot.

On this argument it was urged at the time, in high quarters, that the new recest of the erown and sceptre should come out of the inruce equally improved, as much for what they were authorised to claim, as for what they were compelled to disclaim. And, as one mode of effecting this, it was proposed that the King should become an

to a young person in a first situation of this nature, through his frequent admissions to the royal presence. For my own part, I was as yet a stranger even to the King's person. I had, indeed, seen most or all the Princesses in the way I have

Emperor Some, indeed, alleged that an Emperor, by its very idea, as received in the Chancery of Europe, presupposes a King paramount over vassal or tributary kings But it is a sufficient answer to say, that an Emperor is a prince uniting in his own person the thrones of several distinct Lingdoms, and in effect we adopt that view of the case in giving the title of imperial to the parliament, or common assembly of the three kingdoms However, the title of the prince was a matter trivial in comparison of the title of his ditio, or extent of jurisdiction This point admits of a striking illustration. In the "Paradise Regained," Milton has given us, in close succession, three matchless pictures of civil grandeur, as exemplified in three different modes by Availing himself of the brief scriptural noticethree different states "The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoins of the world, and the glory of them "he causes to pass, as in a solemn pageant before us, the two military empires then eo-existing, of Parthia and Rome, and finally (under another idea of poetical greatuess) the intellectual glories of Athens From the picture of the Roman grandeur I extract, and beg the reader to weigh, the following lines -

> "Thence to the gates east round thine eye, and see What conflux issuing forth or entering in Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces Hasting, or on return in robes of state, Luctors and rods, the ensigns of their power, Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings, Or embassies from regions far remote, In various habits, on the Appian road, Or on the Emilian. —some from farthest south, Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, Meioe, Nilotie isle, and, more to west, The realm of Boechus to the Blackmoor Sea, From India and the Golden Chersonese, And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, Dusk faces with white silken turbuits wreathed . From Gallia, Gides, and the British West, Germans, and Seythians, and Sarmatians north Beyond Danubius to the Tauric prol"

With this superb picture, or abstraction of the Roman points and power, when ascending to thoir utmost altitude, confront the following representative sketch of a great English levee on some high solemints, suppose the king's birth day —"Amongst the presentations to his majesty, we noticed Lord O S, the Governor-General of India, on his departure for Bengal, Mr. U. Z, with an address from the Upper and

mentioned above, and occasionally, in the streets of Windsor, the sudden disappearance of all hats from all heads had admonished me that some royal personage or other was then traver-ing (or, if not traversing, was crossing) the street; but

Lover Canadas, Sr L. V, on his appointment as commander of the For is in Nova Scotia, General Sir —, on his return from the Bur inche war ['the Golden Cher-onese'], the Commander in Chief of the Monterranean Fleet, Mr B Z, on his appointment to the Chief-Justiceship at Madras, Sir R G, the late Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope, General Y X, on taking leave for the Governorship of Ceylon [ the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane ], Lord F M, the be over of the last despatches from head quarters in Spain . Col P. on going out as Captain General of the Forces in New Holland, Com modore at L, on his return from a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole, the King of Owhshee, attended by chieftains from the other islands of that cluster, Col M'P, on his return from the war in thante, upon which occasion the gallant colonel presented the treaty and tribute from that country, Admiral —, on his appointment to the Baltic fleet, Captain O. N., with despatches from the Red Sea, a is long the destruction of the piratical armament and settlements in that quarter, as also in the Persian Gulf, Sir T O'N, tho late resident in Nepaul, to present his report of the war in that territory, and in ad jacent regions—names as vel unknown in Europe, the Governor of the Leaward Islands, on departing for the West Indies, various deputa tions, with petitions, addresses, &c., from islands in remote quarters of the globe, amongst which we distinguished those from Prince Liward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from the Mauritius, from Java, from the British settlement in Terra del Fuego, from the Christia i Churches in the Society, Priendly, and Sandwich Island .-is all as other groups less known in the South Sers . Admiral II A , or accumir the command of the Channel fleet , Major-Gen X I, on resigning the Licut Governorship of Gibraltar, Hon G I', on going a it as Secretary to the Governor of Malta," &c

This elect, too hartily made up, is founded upon a base of a very few years—i.e., we have, in one or two instances, placed in juxtaposition, as everyste are events separated by a few years. But, if (like Millians pa ture of the Roman grindent) the all struction had been made fractive base of their veers in extent, and had there been added to the factor base of their veers in extent, and had there been added to the father factoring to be precedent), the many and remote embassics to a lifter milly a left strike in all quarters of the earth, with how is a veer father mills and this specially have been crowded and are in all set for a veer father who fall a that most picture sque delineation—

enther his majesty had never been of the party, or, from distance, I had failed to distinguish him. Now, for the first time, I was meeting him nearly face to face, for, though the walk we occupied was not that in which the royal party were moving, it ran so near it, and was connected by so many cross-walks at short intervals, that it was a matter of necessity for us, as we were now observed, to go and present ourselves. What happened was pretty nearly as follows -The King, having first spoken with great kindness to my companion, inquiring circumstantially about his mother and grandmother, as persons particularly well known to himself, then turned his eye upon me My name, it seems, had been communicated to him, he did not, therefore, inquire about that. Was I of Eton? this was his first question I replied that I was not, but hoped I should be. Had I a father living? I had not my father had been dead about eight years "But you have a mother?' I had "And she thinks of sending you to Eton?" I answered that she had. expressed such an intention in my hearing, but I was not sure whether that might not be in order to waive an argument with the person to whom she spoke, who happened to have been an Etonian "Oh, but all people think highly of Eton, every body praises Eton Your mother does right to inquire, there can be no haim in that, but the more she inquires, the more she will be satisfied—that I can answer

Next came a question which had been suggested by my name. Had my family come into England with the Huguenots at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz? This was a tender point with me of all things, I could not endure to be supposed of French descent, yet it was a veration I had constantly to face, as most people supposed that my name

should have been adapted at the revision of the old title, and should

vet be adapted

Apropos of the proposed change in the King's title Coleridge, on being assured that the new title of the King was to be Emperor of the British Islands and their Dependencies, and on the coin Imperator Britanniarum, remarked, that, in this re-manufactured form, the title might be said to be japanned alluding to this fact,—that, amongst insular sovereigns, the only one known to Christian diplomacy by the litle of Emperor is the sovereign of Japan

argued a Freuch origin, whereas a Norman origin argued pretty certainly an origin not French . I replied, with some haste, "Please your majesty, the family has been in England since the Conquest" It is probable that I coloured, or showed some mark of discomposure, with which, however, the King was not displeased, for he smiled, and said, "How do you know that?" Here I was at a loss for a moment how to answer, for I was sensible that it did not become me to occupy the King's attention with any long stories or traditions about a subject so unimportant as my own family, and jet it was necessary that I should say something, unless I would be thought to have denied my Huguenot descent upon no reason or authority After a moment's hesitation, I said in effect, that the family from which I traced my descent had certainly been a great and leading one at the era of the Barons' Wars, as also in one at least of the Crusades; and that I had myself seen many notices of this family, not only in books of heraldry, &c, but in the very earliest of all English books "And what book was that?" "Robert of Gloucester's 'Metrical Chronicle,' which I understood, from internal evidence, to have been written about 1280" The King smiled again, and said, "I know, I know" But what it was that he knew, long afterwards purried me to conjecture I now unagme, however, that he meant to claim a knowledge of the book I referred to, a thing which at that time I thought improbable, supposing the King's acquaintance with literature not to be very extensive, nor likely to have comprehended any knowledge at all of the black-letter period. But in this belief I was greatly mistaken, as I was afterwards fully convinced by the best evidence from various quarter. That library of 120,000 volumes which George IV presented to the nation, and which has smee gone to of the library, and its growth from small radiments, was familiarly known in mention and personal superintendence of George III has a favourite and pet creation, and his ever extended creations of the books in appropriate binding, and to come in told ine) to their health; explaining lainself tolas one that in any case where a book me

was worm-eaten, or touched, however slightly, with the worm, the King was anxious to prevent the injury from extending, or from infecting others by close neighbourhood, for it is supposed by many that such injuries spread rapidly in favourable situations. One of my informants was a German bookbinder of great respectability, settled in London, and for many years employed by the Admiralty as a confidential binder of records or journals containing secrets of office, &c Through this connection he had been recommended to the service of his majesty, whom he used to see continually in the course of his attendance at Buckingham House, where the books were deposited This artist had (originally in the way of his trade) become well acquainted with the money value of English books, and that knowledge cannot be acquired without some concurrent knowledge of their subject and their kind of ment Accordingly, he was tolerably well qualified to estimate any man's attainments as a reading man, and from him I received such circumstantial accounts of many conversations he had held with the King, evidently reported with entire good faith and simplicity, that I cannot doubt the fact of his majesty's very general acquaintance with English literature Not a day passed, whenever the King happened to be at Buckingham House, without his coming into the binding-room, and minitely inspecting the progress of the binder and his allies—the gilders, toolers, &c From the outside of the book the transition was natural to its value in the scale of bibliography, and in that way my informant had ascertained that the King was well acquainted, not only with Robert of Gloucester, but with all the other early chromoles, published by Hearne, and, in fact, possessed that entire series which rose at one period to so enormous a price. From this person I learned afterwards that the King prided himself especially upon his early folios of Shakspere, that is to say, not merely upon the excellence of the individual copies in a bibliographical sense, as "tall copies," and having large margins, &c., but chiefly from their value, in-relation to the most authentic basis for the text of the poet. And thus it appears that at least two of our kings, Charles I and George III, have made it their pride to profess a reverential esteem for Shakspere This bookbinder

added his attestation to the truth (or to the generally reputed truth) of a story which I had heard from other authority—viz; that the librarian, or, if not officially the librarian, at least the chief director in everything relating to the books, was an illegitimate son of Frederick, Prince of Wales (son to George II), and therefore half-brother of the king. His own taste and inclinations, it seemed, concurred with his brother's wishes in keeping him in a subordinate rank and an obscure station, in which, however, he enjoyed affluence without anxiety, or trouble, or courtly envy, and the luxury, which he most valued, of a superb library. He lived and died, I have heard, as plain Mr Barnard. At one time I disbelieved. have heard, as plain Mr Barnard. At one time I disbelieved the story (which possibly may have been long known to the public), on the ground that even George III would not have differed so widely from princes in general as to leave a brother of his own, however unaspiring wholly undistinguished by public honours. But, having since ascertained that a naval officer, well known to my own family, and to a naval brother of my own in particular, by assistance rendered to him repeatedly when a midshipman in changing his ship, was undoubtedly an illegitimate son of George III and yet that he never rose higher than the rank of post captain, though privately acknowledged by his father and other members of the royal family, I found the insufficiency of thit objection. The fact is, and it does honour to the King's memory, he reverenced the moral feelings of his country, which are, in this and in all points of donestic morals, severe and high toned (I say it in defiance of writers, such as Lord Byron, Mi Hazlitt, &c, who hated alike the just and the unjust pretenging of England) in a degree absolutely incomprehensible to Southern Europe. He had his frailies like other children of Adam, but he did not seek to fix the public attention upon them, after the fashion of Louis public attention upon them, after the fashion of Louis Queerre or our Charles II, and so many other continental prince. There were living witnesses (more than one) of his abstractions as of the rs, but he, with better feelings than they, did not choose, by placing these witnesses upon a period of home is, surmounted by herildic trophics, to realize a living rate of a remote posterit upon his own to force here here they are

infirmities. It was his ambition to be the father of his people in a sense not quite so literal. These were things, however, of which at that time I had not heard

During the whole dialogue, I did not even once remark that hesitation and iteration of words generally attributed to George III . indeed, so generally, that it must often have existed, but, in this case, I suppose that the bievity of his sentences operated to deliver him from any embariassment of utterance, such as might have attended longer and more complex sentences, where some auxiety was natural to overtake the thoughts as they arose When we observed that the King had paused in his stream of questions, which succeeded rapidly to each other, we understood it as a signal of dismissal, and, making a profound obeisance, we retired backwards a few steps. His majesty smiled in a very gracious manner, waved his hand towards us, and said something (I do not know what) in a peculiarly kind accent, he then turned round, and the whole party along with him, which set us at liberty without impropriety to turn to the right-about ourselves, and make our egress from the gardens

This incident, to me at my age, was very naturally one of considerable interest. One reflection it suggested afterwards, which was this. Could it be likely that much truth of a general nature, bearing upon man and social interests, could ever reach the ear of a king, under the etiquette of a court, and under that one rule which seemed singly sufficient to foreclose all natural avenues to truth—the rule, I mean, by which it is forbidden to address a question to the King I was well aware, before I saw him, that in the royal presence, like the dead soldier in Lucan, whom the mighty necionancing witch tortures back into a momentary life, I must have no voice except for answers -

"Vox illi linguaque tantum Responsura datur" i

I was to originate nothing myself, and at my age, before so exalted a personage, the mere instincts of reverential demeanour would at any rate have dictated such a rule.

<sup>1</sup> For the sake of those who are no classical scholars, I explain Voice and language are restored to him only to the extent of replying

But what becomes of that man's general condition of muid m relation to all the great objects moving on the field of human experience, where it is a law generally for almost all who approach him, that they shall confine themselves to replies, absolute responses, or, at most, to a prosecution or carrying forward of a proposition delivered by the *protagonist*, or supreme leader of the conversation? For it must be remembered that, generally speaking, the effect of putting no question is to transfer into the other party's hands the entire originating movement of the dialogue, and thus, in a musical metaphor, the great man is the sole modulator and determiner of the key in which the conversation proceeds It is true, that sometimes, by travelling a little beyond the question in your answer, you may enlarge the basis, so as to bring up some new train of thought which you wish to introduce, and may suggest fresh matter as effectually as if you had the liberty of more openly guiding the conversation, whether by way of question or by direct origination of a topic, but this depends on skill to improve an opening, or vigilance to seize it at the instant, and, after all, much upon aecident to say nothing of the crime (a sort of petty treason, perhaps, or what is it?), if you should be detected in your "improvements" and "enlargements of basis." The King might say,—"Friend, I must tell my attorney-general to speak with you, for I detect a kind of treason in your replies They go too far They include something which tempts my majesty to a notice, which is, in fact, for the long and the short of it, that you have been encumventing inc half unconsciously into answering a question which has silently been insinuated by you" Freedom of communication, unfettered movement of thought, there can be none under such a ritual, which tends violently to a Byzantine, or even to a Chinese, result of freezing as it were, all natural and healthy play of the faculties under the petrific mace of absolute ceremonial and fived precedent. For it will hardly be objected, that the privileged condition of a few official councillors and state ministers, whose hurry and oppression of thought from public care will rarely allow them to speak on any other subject than business, can be a remedy large enough for so large an evil True it is, that a peculiarly

frank or jovial temperament in a sovereign may do much for a season to thrw this punctilious reserve and ungenial constraint, but that is an accident, and personal to an individual. And, on the other hand, to balance even this, it may be remarked, that, in all noble and fashionable society, where there happens to be a pride in sustaining what is deemed a good tone in conversation, it is peculiarly aimed at (and even artificially managed), that no lingering or loitering upon one theme, no protracted discussion, shall be allowed And, doubtless, as regards merely the treatment of convival or purely social communication of ideas (which also is a great art), this practice is right. I admit willingly that an uncultured brute, who is detected at an elegant table in the atrocity of absolute discussion or disputation, ought to be summarily removed by a police-officer, and possibly the law will warrant his being held to bail for one or two years, according to the enormity of his case. But men are not always enjoying, or seeking to enjoy, social pleasure, they seek also, and have need to seek continually, both through books and men. intellectual growth, fresh power, fresh strength, to keep themselves ahead or abreast of this moving, surging, billowing would of ours, especially in these modern times, when society revolves through so many new phases, and shifts its aspects with so much more velocity than in past ages A king, especially of this country, needs, beyond most other men, to keep himself in a continual state of communication, as it were by some vital and organic sympathy, with the most essential of these changes. And yet this punctilio of etiquette, like some vicious forms of law, or technical fictions grown too narrow for the age, which will not allow of cases coming before the court in a shape desired alike by the plaintiff and the defendant, is so framed as to defeat equally the wishes of a prince disposed to gather knowledge wherever he can find it, and of those who may be best fitted to give it.

For a few minutes on three other occasions, before we finally quitted Eton, I again saw the King; and always with renewed interest. He was kind to everybody—condescending and affable in a degree which I am bound to remember with personal gratitude and one thing I had heard of him,

which even then, and much more as my mind opened to a wider compass of deeper reflection, won my respect. I have always reverenced a man of whom it could be truly said, that he had once, and once only (for more than once implies another unsoundness in the quality of the passion), been desperately in love, in love, that is to say, in a terrific excess, so as to dally, under suitable errounst inces, with the thoughts of cutting his own throat, or even (as the case might be) the throat of her whom he loved above all this world It will be understood that I am not justifying such enormities, on the contrary, they are wrong, exceedingly wrong, but it is evident that people in general feel pretty much as I do, from the extreme sympathy with which the public always pursue the fate of any eriminal who has committed a murder of this class, even though tainted (as generally it is) with jealousy, which, in itself, wherever it argues habitual mistrust, is an ignoble passion i

Great passions (do not understand me, reader, as though I meant great appetites), passions moving in a great orbit, and transcending little regards, are always arguments of some latent nobility. There are, indeed, but few men and few women capable of great passions, or (properly speaking) of passions at all. Hartley, in his mechanism of the liminal mind, propagates the sensations by means of vibrations, and by miniature vibrations, which, in a Roman form for such miniatures, he terms vibrationeles. Now, of men and women generally, parodying that terminology, we ought to say—not that they are governed by passions, or at all capable of passions, but of passiuncles. And thence it is that few men go, or can go, beyond a little love-liling, as it is called, and hence also, that, in a world where so little conformity takes place between the ideal speculations of men and the gross,

Accordingly, Coleridge has contended, and I think with truth, that the pission of Othello is not jerlousy. So much I know by report, as the result of a lecture which he read at the Royal Institution. His arguments I did not hear. To me it is evident that Othelien's state of feeling was not that of a degrading, suspicious rival ship, but the state of perfect misery, arising out of this dilemina, the most affecting, perhaps, to contemplate, of any which can exist—viz., the dire necessity of loving without limit one whom the heart pronounces to be innworthy of that love.

realities of life, where marriages are governed in so vast a proportion by convenience, prudence, self-interest—anything, in short, rather than deep sympathy between the parties—and consequently, where so many men must be crossed in their inclinations we jet hear of so few tragic catastrophes on that account The King, however, was certainly among the number of those who are susceptible of a deep passion, if everything be true that is reported of him. All the world has heard that he was passionately devoted to the beautiful sister of the then Duke of Richmond. That was before his mailinge and I believe it is ecitain that he not only wished, but ancerely meditated, to have married her So much is matter of notoriety But other circumstances of the case have been sometimes reported, which imply great distraction of mind, and a truly profound possession of his heart by that early passion which, in a prince whose feelings are liable so much to the dispersing and dissipating power of endless interruption from new objects and fresh claims on the attention, coupled also with the fact that he never but in this one case professed anything amounting to extravagant or frantic attachment, do seem to argue that the King was truly and passionately in love with Lady Sarah He had a demon upon him, and was under a real If so, what a lively expression of the mixed condition of human fortunes, and not less of another truth equally affecting—viz, the dread conflicts with the will—the mighty agitations which silently, and in darkness, are convulsing many a heart, where, to the external eye, all is tranquil—that this king, at the very threshold of his public career, at the very moment when he was binding about his brows the golden circle of sovereignty, when Europe watched him with interest, and the kings of the earth with envy, not one of the vulgar titles to happiness being wanting —youth, health, a throne the most splendid on this planet—general popularity amongst a nation of freemen, and the hope which belongs to powers as yet almost untried—that, even under these most flattering auspices, he should be called upon to make a sacrifice the most bitter of all to which human life is hable! He made it, and he might then have said to his people—"For you, and to my public

duties, I have made a sacrifice which none of you would have made for me." In years long ago, I have heard a woman of rank recurring to the circumstances of Lady Sarah's first appearance at court after the King's marriage If I recollect rightly, it occurred after that lady's own marriage with Sir Charles Bunbury 1 Many eyes were upon both parties at that moment—female eyes, especially—and the speaker did not disguise the excessive interest with which she herself observed them Lady Sarah was not agitated, but the King was He seemed anxious, sensibly trembled, changed colour, and shivered, as Lady S B drew near But, to quote the one single eloquent sentiment which I remember after a lapse of thirty years in Monk Lewis's Romantic Tales—"In this world all things pass away, blessed be Heaven, and the bitter pangs by which sometimes it is pleased to recall its wanderers, even our passions pass away!" And thus it happened that this storm also was laid asleep and forgotten, together with so many others of its kind that have been, and that shall be again, so long as man is man, and woman woman Meantime, in justification of a passion so profound, one would be glad to think highly of the lady that inspired it, and, therefore, I heartly hope that the insults offered to her memory in the scandalous "Memoirs" of the Dic de Lauzun are mere calumnies, and records rather of his presumptuous wishes, than of any actual successes.2

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> That book, I am aware, is generally treated as a forgery, but internal evidence, drawn from the tone and quality of the revelations there made, will not allow me to think it altogether such There is an abandon and carelessness in parts which mark its sincerity authenticity I cannot doubt But that proves nothing for the truth of the particular stories which it contains A book of scandalous and defamatory stories, especially where the writer has had the biseness to betray the confidence reposed in his honour by women, and to boast of favours alleged to have been granted him, it is always fair to consider as apso facto a tissue of falsehoods, and on the following argument,that these are exposures which, even if true, none but the basest of men would have made Being, therefore, on the hypothesis most favourable to his veracity, the bisest of men, the anthor is self-denounced is vile enough to have forged the stories, and cannot com-

## CHAPTER VIII

THE NATION OF LONDON

Ir was a most heavenly day in May of this year (1800) when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the erty-no ! not the city, but the nation-of London since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, have I felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occuirence-viz, in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, together with the force of its attractive power, by the never-ending succession of these droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving tion so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness, at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating, night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a point to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> De Quincey has now reached the second of his autobiographical articles in *Tait's Magazine*, published in Maich 1834, and the present chapter is mainly a reproduction of that article, but with additional and changes, and with a special title invented for it —M

Or, if any exception there is, it must be sought in ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage,

1 "Ancient Rome" - Vast, however, as the London is of this day, I incline to think that it is below the Rome of Trajan It has long been a softled opinion among scholars that the computations of Lipsius on this point were prodigiously overcharged, and formerly I shared in that belief But closer study of the question, and a laborious collation of the different data (for any single record, independently considered, can here establish nothing), have satisfied me that Linsins was nearer the truth than his critics, and that the Roman population of every class-slaves, aliens, peoples of the suburbs, included-lay between four and six inilhons in which case the London of 1833, which counts more than a million and a-half, but less than two millions [Note -Our present London of 1853 counts two millions, plus as many thousands as there are days in the year I, may be taken κατα πλατος, as lying between one-fourth and one-third of Rome discuss this question thoroughly would require a separate memoir, for which, after all, there are not sufficient materials meantime I will make this remark -That the ordinary computations of a million, or a million and a-quarter, derived from the surviving accounts of the different "regions," apply to Romo within the Pomerium, and are. therefore, no more valid for the total Rome of Trajan's time, stretching so many miles beyond it, than the bills of mortality for what is technically "London within the walls" can serve at this day as a base for estimating the population of that total London which we mean and presume in our daily conversation Secondly, even for the Rome within these limits the computations are not commensurate, by not allowing for the prodigious height of the houses in Rome, which much transcended that of modern cities On this last point, I will translate a remarkable sentence from the Greek rhotorician Aristides [Note -Achus Aristides, Greek by his birth, who flourished in the time of the Antonines], to some readers it will be new and interesting -"And, as oftentimes we see that a man who greatly execls others in bulk and strength is not content with any display, however estentatious, of his powers, short of that where he is exhibited surmounting himself with a pyramid of other men, one set standing upon the shoulders of another, so also this city, stretching forth her foundations over areas so vast, is jet not satisfied with those superficial dimensions, that contents her not, but upon one city rearing another of corresponding proportions, and upon that another, pile resting upon pile, houses overlaying houses, in aerial succession, so, and by similar steps, she achieves a character of architecture justifying, as it were, the very promise of her name, and with reference to that name, and its Greeian meaning, we may say, that here nothing meets our eyes in any direction, but mere Rome! Rome!" [Note—This word 'Ρωμη (Romé), on which the rhetorician plays, is the common Greek term for strength ] "And hence," says Aristides, "I derive the following conclusion that if any one, decomposing this series of strata, were disposed to unshell, as it were, this existing Rome from its present

and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes, where any such could be found, or, at least, along by-roads, quiet and shady, collateral to the main roads. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road, we missed the whul and the uproar, the tunult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance (say, 40 miles from London), upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps,

crowded and towering co accreations, and, thus degrading these aerial Romes, were to plant them on the ground, side by side, in orderly succession, according to all appearance, the whole vacant area of Italy would be filled with these dismantled storeys of Rome, and we should be presented with the spectacle of one continuous city, stretching its labyrinthine pomp to the shores of the Adriatic. This is so far from being meant as a piece of rhetoric that, on the very contrary, the whole purpose is to substitute, for a vague and rhetorical expression of the Roman grandour, one of a more definite character—viz., by presenting its dimensions in a new form, and supposing the city to be uncrested, as it were, its upper tiers to be what the sailors call unshipped, and the dethroned storeys to be all drawn up in rank and the npon the ground, according to which assumption he implies that the city would stretch from the mare Superum to the mare Inferion—ie, from the set of Tuscany to the Adminte

The fact is, as Casaubon remarked, upon occasion of a ridiculous blunder in estimating the largesses of a Roman emperor, that the error on most questions of Roman policy or institutions tends not, ns is usual, in the direction of excess, but of defect. All-things were colossal there, and the probable, as estimated upon our modern scale, is not unfrequently the impossible, as regarded Roman habits Lipsius certainly erred extravagantly at times, and was a rash speculator on many subjects witness his book on the Roman amphitheatres, but not on the magnitude of Rome, or the amount of its population will add, upon this subject, that the whole political economy of the ancients, if we except Boeckh's accurate investigations (Die Staatshaushaltung der Athener), which, properly speaking, cannot be called political economy, is a mine into which scarce a single shaft has jet been sunk But I must also add, that everything will depend upon collation of facts, and the bringing of indirect notices into immediate. juxtaposition, so ns to throw light on each other Direct and positive information there is little on these topics, and that little has been gleaned.

in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses,—Bailiow. Arrived at the last station for changing horses,—Barnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western,—you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage, nobody says, on pulling up, "Horses on to London", that would sound ridiculous, one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian maelstrom, and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word trepidatio? Not anything peculiarly connected with panie; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight, to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre, aniation is the nearest English word. This trepidation increases both audibly and visibly at every half-inile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thulling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any), are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity at all events you are seen But, after passing the final post-house on every avenue to But, after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed nobody sees you, nobody hears you, nobody regards you, you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you at the moment of first ascentaming your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or "squireen," lord or lording, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave

in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America

These are feelings which do not belong by preference to thoughtful people—far less to people merely sentimental No man ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown, of London, but he must have been saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situation. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the licart in the centre of faces never-ending, without voice or utterance for him, eves innumerable, that have "no speculation" in their orbs which he can understand, and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purposes intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mask of maniacs, or, oftentimes, like a pageant of phantoms The great length of the streets in many quarters of London, the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at right angles to the one which you are traversing, and the murky atmosphere which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty, all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which for ever brood over the aspect of London in its interior Much of the feeling which belongs to the outside of London, in its approaches for the last few miles, I had lost, in consequence of the stealthy route of by-roads, lying near Uxbridge and Watford, through which we crept into the suburbs But, for that reason, the more abrupt and startling had been the effect of emerging somewhere into the Edgeware Road, and soon afterwards into the very streets of London itself,—though what streets, or even what quarter of London, is now totally obliterated from my mind, having perhaps never been comprehended. All that I remember is one monotonous are and blind sense of my sterious grandeur and Baby lonian confusion, which seemed to pursue and to invest the whole equipage of human life, as we moved for nearly two hours through

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Two hours" —This slow progress must, however, in part be ascribed to Mi Gr.—'s non acquaintance with the roads, both town and rural, along the whole line of our progress from Uxbridge

streets; sometimes brought to anchor for ten maintes or more, by what is technically called a "lock,"—that is, a line of carriages of every description mextricably massed and obstructing each other, far as the eye could stretch, and then, as if under an enchanter's rod, the "lock" seemed to thaw, motion spread with the fluent race of light or sound through the whole icebound mass, until the subtle influence reached as also; who were again absorbed into the great rush of flying carriages, or, at times, we turned off into some less tunultuous street, but of the same mile-long character; and finally, drawing up about noon, we alighted at some place, which is as little within my distinct remembrance as the route by which we reached it.

For what had we come? To see London And what were the limits within which we proposed to crowd that little feat? At five o'clock we were to dine at Poiters—, a seat of Lord Westport's grandfather, and, from the distance, it was necessary that we should leave London at half-past three, so that a little more than three hours were all we had for London. Our character, my friend's tutor, was summoned away from us on business mutil that hour, and we were left, therefore, entirely to ourselves and to our own skill in turning the time to the best account, for contriving (if such a thing were possible) to do something or other which, by any fiction of courtesy, or constructively, so as to satisfy a lawyer, or in a sense sufficient to win a wager, might be taken and received for having "seen London" What could be done? We sat down, I remember, in a

What could be done? We sat down, I remember, in a mood of despondency, to consider The spectacles were too many by thousands, anopes nos copia feeit, our very wealth made us poor, and the choice was distracted But which of them all could be thought general or representative enough to stand for the universe of London? We could not traverse the whole circumference of this implify oil, that was clear, and, therefore, the next best thing was to place ourselves as much as possible in some relation to the spectacles of London, which might answer to the centre. Yet how? That sounded well and metaphysical, but what did it mean if acted upon? What was the centre of London for any purpose whatever — latitudinarian or longitudinarian —

Cape Horn, that (by comparison with its position and its functions) was really a disgrace to the planet, it is not the speciator that is in fault here, but the object itself, the Birmingham cape. For, consider, it is not only the "specular mount, 'keeping watch and ward over a sort of timity of ocean, and, by all tradition the circumavigator's gate of entrance to the Pacific, but also it is the temple of the god Terminus for all the Americas So that, in relation to such dignities, it seemed to me, in the drawing, a make-shift, put up by a expenter until the true Cape Horn should be ready, or, perhaps, a drop-scene from the opera-house. This was one case of disproportion the others were—the final and ceremonial valediction of Garrick, on retiring from his profession, and the Pall Mall manguration of George IV on the day of his accession 1 to the throne. The utter irrelation. in both cases, of the andience to the scene (audience, I say, as say we must, for the sum of the spectators in the second instance, as well as of the auditors in the first) threw upon each a ridicule not to be effaced. It is in any case impossible for an actor to say words of farewell to those for whom he really designs his farewell. He cannot bring his true object before himself To whom is it that he would ofter his last adieus? We are told by one—who, if he loved Girrick, certainly did not love Garrick's profession, nor would even, through him, have paid it any undue compliment—that the retirement of this great artist had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations" To nations, then, to his own generation it was, that he owed his faiewell but, of a generation,

About the middle of the day, the King came out into the portice of Cailton House, and, addressing himself (addressing him gestures, I mean) to the assemblage of people in Pull Mall, he bowed repeatedly to the right and to the left, and then retired. I mean no disrespect to that prince in recalling those eigenmentances in a doubt, he acted upon the suggestion of others, and, perhaps, also under a sincere emotion on with sing the culturations of those outside, but that could not cure the original absurdity of recognising as a representative and ence, clothed with the national functions of recognising himself, a chance gathering of passengers through a single street, between whom and my mob from his own stables and kitchens there could be no essential difference which logic, or law, or constitutional principle could recognise

what organ is there which can sue or be sued, that can thank or be thanked? Neither by fiction not by delegation can you bring their bodies into court. A king's audience, on the other hand, might be had as an anthorised representative body. But, when we consider the composition of a casual and chance anditory, whether in a street or a theatre; secondly, the small size of a modern audience, even in Drity Lane (4500 at the most), not by one-eightieth part the complement of the Circus Maximus, most of all, when we consider the want of symmetry or commensurateness, to any extended duration of time, in the acts of such an audience, which acts he in the vanishing expressions of its vanishing emotions—acts so essentially fingitive, even when organised into an art and a tactical system of imbrices and bombi (as they were at Alexandria, and afterwards at the Neapolitan and Roman theatres), that they could not protect themselves from dying in the very moment of their birth laying together all these considerations, we see the incongruity of any audience, so constituted, to any purpose less evanescent than their own tenure of existence

Just such in disproportion as these cases had severally been, was our present problem in relation to our time or other means for accomplishing it. In debating the matter, we lost half-an-hour, but at length we reduced the question to a choice between Westminster Abbey and St Paul's Cathedral. I know not that we could have chosen better The rival edifices, as we understood from the waiter, were about equidistant from our own station, but, being too remote from each other to allow of our seeing both, "we tossed up," to settle the question between the elder lady and the joinner "Heads" came up, which stood for the Abbey But, as neither of us was quite satisfied with this decision, we agreed to make another appeal to the wisdom of chance, seeond thoughts being best. This time the Cathedral turned up, and so it came to pass that, with us, the having seen London meant having seen St. Paul's

The first view of St Paul's, it may be supposed, overwhelmed us with awe, and I did not at that time imagine that the sense of magnitude could be more deeply impressed One thing interrupted our pleasure. The superb objects of Currosity within the Cathedral were shown for separate fees There were seven, I think; and any one could be seen independently of the rest for a few pence. The whole amount was a trifle; fourteenpence, I think, but we were followed by a sort of persecution—"Would we not see the bell?"—"Surely we would not go away without vasiting the Whispering Gallery ?" solicitations which troubled the silence and sanctity of the place, and must ferse others as it then teased us, who wished to contemplate in quiet this great monument of the national grundeur, which was at that very time I beginning to take a station also in the land as a depository for the dust of her heroes. What struck us most in the whole interior of the pile was the view taken from the spot immediately under the dome, being, in fact, the very same which, five years afterwards, received the remains of Lord Nelson In one of the aisles going off from this centre, we saw the flags of France, Spain, and Holland, the whole trophies of the war, swinging pompously, and expanding their massy draperies, slowly and heavily, in the upper gloom, as they were swept at intervals by currents of air. At this moment we were protoked by the showman at our elbow renewing his vile iteration of "Twopence, gentlemen, no more than twopence for each"; and so on until we left the place The same complaint has often been made as to Westminster Abbey Where the wrong hes, or where it commences, I know not Certainly I nor any man can have a right to expect that the poor men who attended us should give up their tune for nothing, or even to be angry with them for a sort of persecution, on the degree of which possibly might depend the comfort of their own families. Thoughts of famishing children at home leave little room for nice regards of delicacy abroad The individuals, therefore, might or might not be blamcable. But in any case the system is palpably wrong. The nation is entitled to a free enjoyment of its own public monuments not free only in the cense of being gratuitons, but free also from the molestation

Already monuments had been voted by the House of Commons in this cathedral, and I am not sure but they were nearly completed, to two captains who had fallen at the Nile

of showmen, with their imperfect knowledge and their vulgar sentiment

Yet, after all, what is this system of restriction and annoyance, compared with that which operates on the use of the national libraries, or that, again, to the system of exclusion from some of these, where an absolute interdict hes upon any use at all of that which is confessedly national property? Books and MSS, which were collected originally, and formally bequeathed to the public, under the generous and noble idea of giving to future generations advantages which the collector had himself not enjoyed, and liberating them from obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge which experience had bitterly imprinted upon his own mind, arc at this day locked up as absolutely against me, you, or any body, as collections confessedly private. Nay, far more so, for most private collectors of eminence (as the late Mr Heber, for instance) have been distinguished for liberality in lending the rarest of their books to those who knew how to use them with effect. But, in the cases I now contemplate, the whole funds for supporting the proper offices attached to a library, such as librarians, sub-librarians, &c., u hich of themselves (and without the express verbal evidence of the founder's will) presume a public in the daily use of the books, else they are superfluous, have been applied to. the creation of lazy sinecures in behalf of persons expressly charged with the care of shutting out the public Therefore, it is true they are not sinecures for that one care, rigilantly to keep out the public, they do take upon themselves, and

Thus place suggests the mention of another crying abuse con nected with this subject. In the year 1811 or 1810 came under parliamentary notice and revision the law of copyright. In some excellent pamphlets driwn forth by the occasion, from Mr Duppa, for instance, and several others, the whole subject was well probed, and many aspects, little noticed by the public, were exposed of that extreme injustice attached to the law as it then stood. The several monopolies connected with books were noticed a little, and not a little notice was taken of the oppressive privilege with which certain public libraries (at that time, I think, eleven) were invested, of exacting severally, a copy of each new book published. This downright robbers was pallisted by some members of the House in that day, under the notion of its being a sort of exchange, or quad pro quo in return for the relief obtained by the statute of Queen Anno—the first which

why? A man loving books, like myself, might suppose that their motive was the ungenerous one of keeping the books to themselves. Far from it. In several instances, they will as little use the books as suffer them to be used. And thus

recognised literary property "For," argued they, "previously to that statute, supposing your book pirated, at common law you could obtain redress only for each copy proved to have been sold by the pirate, and that might not be a thousandth part of the actual Now, the statute of Queen Aunc granting you a general redress, upon proof that a piracy had been committed, you, the party relieved, were bound to express your sense of this relief by a return made to the public, and the public is here represented by the great endowed libraries of the seven universities, the British Museum," &e &c But, prima facie, this was that selling of justice which is expressly renounced in Magna Charta and why were proprietors of copyright, more than other proprietors, to make an "acknowledgment" for their rights? But, supposing that just, why, especially, to the given public bodies? Now, for my part, I think that this admits of an explana-tion Nine-tenths of the authors in former days lay amongst the class who had received a college education, and most of these in their academic life had benefited largely by old endowments Giving up, therefore, a small tribute from their copyright, there was some colour of justice in supposing that they were making a slight acknowledgment for past benefits received, and exactly for those benefits which enabled them to appear with any advantage as authors convinced, the "scrutude" first arose, and under this construction, which, even for those days, was often a fiction, but now is generally However, be the origin what it may, the ground upon which the public mind in 1811 (that small part of it, at least, which the question attracted) reconciled itself to the abuse was this -For a trivial wrong, they alleged (but it was then shown that the wrong was not always trivial), one great good is achieved-viz, that all over the kingdom are dispersed eleven great depositories, in which all persons interested may, at all times, be sure of finding one copy of every book published That did seem a great advantage, and a balance in point of utility (if none in point of justice) to the wrong upon which But now mark the degree in which this balancing advantage is made available. I The cleven bodies are not equally careful to exact their copies, that can only be done by retaining an agent in London, and this agent is careless about books of slight money value 2. Were it otherwise, of what final avail would a perfect set of the year's productions prove to a public not admitted freely to the cleven libraries? 3 But, finally, if they ucre admitted, to what purpose (as regards this particular advantage) under the following custom, which, in some of these eleven libraries (possibly in all), roas, I well knew, established annually the principal librarian reecded the annual crop of all such books as displeased himself; upon which two questions arise 1. Upon what principle? 2 With what result? the whole plans and cares of the good (weighing his motives, I will say of the mous) founder have terminated in locking up and sequestering a large collection of books, some being great ratities, in situations where they are not accessible Had he bequeathed them to the catacombs of Paris or of Naples, he could not have better provided for their virtual extinction I ask, does no action at common law he against the promoters of such enormous abuses? Oh, thou fersent reformer -whose fatal tread he that puts his car to the ground may hear at a distance coming onwards upon every road—if too surely thou wilt work for me and others meparable wrong and suffering, work also for us a little good, this way turn the great hurricanes and levanters of thy wrath; winnow me this chaff, and let us enter at last the garners of pure wheat laid up in elder days for our benefit, and which for two centuries have been closed against our use!

I answer as to the first, that in this lustration he went upon no principle at all, but his own caprice, or what he called his own discretion, and accordingly it is a fact known to many as well as myself, that a book, which some people (and certainly not the least meditative of this age) have pronounced the most original work of modern times, was actually amongst the books thus degraded, it was one of those, as the phrase is, tossed "into the basket", and universally this fate is more likely to befull a work of original merit, which disturbs the previous way of thinking and feeling, than one of timid compliance with ordinary models Secondly, with what result? For the present, the degraded books, having been consigned to the basket, were forthwith consigned to a damp cellar There, at any rate, they were in no condition to be consulted by the public, being piled up in close biles, and in a place not publicly accessible But there can be no doubt that, somer or later, their mouldering condition would be made an argument for selling them And such, when we trace the operation of this law to its final stage, is the ultimate result of an infringement upon private rights almost unexampled in any other part of our civil economy That sole beneficial result, for the sake of which some legislators were willing to sanction a wrong, otherwise admitted to be indefensible, is so little protected and secured to the public, that it is first of all placed at the mercy of an agent in London, whose negligeneo or indifference may defeat the provision altogether (I know a publisher of a splendid botanical work, who told me that, by forbearing to attract notice to it within the statutable time, he saved his eleven copies), and placed at the mercy of a librarian, who (or any one of his suceessors) may, upon a motive of miliee to the author or an impulse of false taste, after all proseribe any part of the books thus dishonour ably acquired.

London we left in haste, to keep an engagement of some standing at the Earl Howe's, my friend's grandfather. This great admiral, who had filled so large a station in the public eye, being the earliest among the naval heroes of England in the first war of the Revolution, and the only one of noble birth, I should have been delighted to see, St Paul's, and its naval monuments to Captain Riou and Captain—, together with its floating pageantries of conquered flags, having awakened within me, in a form of peculiar solemnity, those patriotic remembrances of past glories which all boys teel so much more vividly than men can do, in whom the sensibility to such impressions is blinted. Loid Howe, however, I was not destined to see, he had died about a year before. Another death there had been, and very recently, in the family, and under circumstances peculiarly startling, and the spirits of the whole house were painfully depressed by that event at the time of our visit. One of the daughters, a younger sister of my friend's mother, had been engaged for some time to a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Morton, much esteemed by the Royal Family The day was at length fixed for the marriage, and about a fortinght before that day arrived, some particular dress or ornament was brought to Porters, in which it was designed that the bride should appear at the altar The fashion as to this point has often varied, but at that time I believe the custom was for bridal parties to be in full dress. The lady, when the dress arrived, was, to all appearance, in good health, but, by one of those unaccountable misgivings which are on record in so many well-attested cases (as that, for example, of Andrew Marvell's father), she said, after gazing for a minute or two at the beautiful dress, firmly and pointedly, "So, then, that is my wedding-dress, and it is expected that I shall wear it on the 17th, but I shall not, I shall never wear it. On Thursday the 17th I shall be dressed in a shroud!" All present were shocked at such a declaration, which the solemnity of the lady's manner made it impossible to receive as a jest. The countess, her mother, even reproved her with some severity for the words, as an expression of distrust in the goodness of God. The bride-elect made no answer, but by sighing heavily Within a fortnight all

happened, to the letter, as she had predicted She was taken suddenly ill, she died about three days before the marriageday, and was finally dressed in her shroud, according to the natural course of the funeral arrangements, on the morning that was to have been the wedding festival

Lord Morton, the nobleman thus suddenly and remarkably bereaved of his bride, was the only gentleman who appeared at the dinner table He took a particular interest in literature, and it was, in fact, through his kindness that, for the first time in my life, I found myself somewhat in the situation of a "hon" The occasion of Lord Morton's flattering notice was a particular copy of verses which had gained for me'a public distinction, not, however, I must own, a very builliant one, the prize awarded to me being not the first, not even the second—what on the Continent is called the accessit—it was simply the third and that fact, stated nakedly, might have left it doubtful whether I were to be considered in the light of one honoured or of one stigmatised However, the judges in this case, with more honesty, or more self-distrust, than belongs to most adjudications of the kind, had printed the first three of the successful essays Consequently, it was left open to each of the less successful candidates to benefit by any difference of taste amongst their several friends, and my friends in particular, with the single and singular exception of my mother, who always thought her own children inferior to other people's, had generally assigned the palm to myself Lord Morton protested loudly that the case admitted of no doubt, that gross injustice had been done me, and, as the ladies of the family were much influenced by his opinion, I thus came, not only to wear the laurel in their estimation, but also with the advantageous addition of having suffered some injustice I was not only a victor, but a victor in misfortune 1

At this moment, looking back from a distance of fifty years upon those trifles, it may well be supposed that I do not attach so much importance to the subject of my fugitive honours as to have any very decided opinion one way of the other upon my own proportion of merit—I do not even recollect the major part of the verses—that which I do

<sup>1</sup> For the facts here referred to, see footnote, ante, p 161 -M

fact that by far the larger proportion of what is received in every age for poetry, and for a season usurps that consecrated name, is not the spontaneous overflow of real unaffected passion, deep, and at the same time original, and also forced into public manifestation of itself from the necessity which cleaves to all passion alike of seeking external sympathy this it is not . but a counterfeit assumption of such passion, according to the more or less accurate skill of the writer in distinguishing the key of passion suited to the particular age, and a concurrent assumption of the language of passion according to his more or less skill in separating the spurious from the native and legitimate diction of genuine emotion Rarely, indeed, are the reputed poets of any age men who groan, like prophets, under the burden of a message which they have to deliver, and must deliver, of a mission which they must discharge Generally—nay, with much fewer exceptions, perhaps, than would be readily believed—they are merely simulators of the part they sustain, speaking not out of the abundance of their own hearts, but by skill and artifice assuming or personating emotions at second-hand, and the whole is a business of talent (sometimes even of great talent), but not of original power, of genius,1 or authentic inspiration

The words genius and talent are frequently distinguished from each other by those who evidently misconstrue the true distinction entirely, and sometimes so grossly, as to use them by way of expressions for a recre difference in degree. Thus, "a man of great talent, absolutely a genius," occurs in a very well written tale at this moment before me, as if being a man of genius implied only a greater than

ordinary degree of talent

Talent and genus are in no one point allied to each other, except penerically—that both express modes of intellectual power. But the kinds of power are not merely different, they are in polar opposition to each other. Talent is intellectual power of every kind, which acts and manifests recelf by and through the will and the active forces. Genus, as the virbal origin implies, is that inuch rarer species of intellectual power via h is derived from the spirit of pleasure and pain, as organ is impresent properties. The virbal origin and this is independent of the will. It is a function of the pieces nature. Talent is conversant with the rispection of means to ends. But genus is conversant only with the Talent has no rort of connection, not the most remote of all the moral nature or temperament—genus is steeped and at a deligible to the this moral nature or temperament—genus is steeped.

From Porters, after a few days' visit, we returned to Eton Her Majesty about this time gave some splendid fêtes at Frogmore, to one or two of which she had directed that we should be invited. The invitation was, of course, on my friend's account, but her majesty had condescended to direct that I, as his visitor, should be specially included. Lord Westport, young as he was, had become tolerably indifferent about such things, but to me such a scene was a novelty, and, on that account, it was settled we should go as early as was permissible. We did go and I was not sorry to have had the gratification of witnessing (if it were but for once or twice) the splendoius of a royal party. But, after the first edge of expectation was taken off, after the vague uncertainties of rustic ignorance had given place to absolute realities, and the eye had become a little familiar with the flashing of the

This was written twonty years ago Now (1853), when revising it, I am tempted to add three brief annotations —

It scandalises me that, in the occasional commonts upon this distinction which have reached my eye, no attention should have been paid to the profound suggestions as to the radix of what is meant by genius latent in the word genial. For instance, in an extract made by "The Leader," a distinguished literary journal, from a recent work entitled "Poeties," by Mr Dallas, there is not the slightest notice taken of this subtle indication and leading towards the truth. Yet surely that is lively philosophic. For could Mr Dallas suppose that the idea involved in the word genial had no connection, or none but an accidental one, with the idea involved in the word genius? It is clear that from the Roman conception (whencesoever emanating) of the initial Genius, as the secret and central representative of what is most characteristic and individual in the nature of overy linman being, are derived alike the notion of the genial and our modern notion of genius as contradistinguished from talent

2 As another broad character of distinction between genius and talent, I would observe—that genius differentiates a man from all other mon, where is talent is the same in one man as in another that is, where it exists at all, it is the mere echo and reflex of the same talent, as seen in thousands of other men, differing only by more and less, but not at all in quality. In genius, on the contrary, no two men

were over duplicates of each other

3 All talent, in whatsoever class, revoals itself as an effort—as a counteraction to an opposing difficulty or hindrince, whereas genius universally moves in headlong sympathy and concurrence with spontaneous power. Talent works universally by intense resistance to an antagonist force, whereas genius works under a rapture of necessity and spontaneity.

jewellery, I began to suffer under the constraints meident to a young person in such a situation—the situation, namely, of sedentary passiveness, where one is acted upon, but does not act The music, in fact, was all that continued to delight me, and, but for that, I believe I should have had some disheulty in avoiding so monstrous an indecorum as jawning I révise this faulty expression, however, on the spot not the music only it was, but the music combined with the dancing, that so deeply impressed nie The ball-100m-a temporary erection, with something of the character of a pavilion about it wore an elegant and festal an, the part allotted to the dancers being fenced off by a gilded lattice-work, and ornamented beautifully from the upper part with drooping festoons of flowers But all the luxury that spoke to the eye merely faded at once by the side of impassioned dancing, sustained by impassioned music Of all the scenes which' this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say it deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance, under these conditions, however, that the music shall be nich, resonant, and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of freefluent, and continuous motion. But this last condition will be sought vainly in the quadrilles, &c, which have for so many years banished the truly beautiful country-dances native to England Those whose taste and sensibility were so defective as to substitute for the beautiful in dancing the, merely difficult, were sure, in the end, to transfer the depravations of this art from the opera-house to the floors of private ball-rooms The tendencies even then were in that direction but as yet they had not attained their final stage and the English country-dance 1 was still in estimation at the courts

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This word, I am well aware, grew out of the French word contre danse, indicating the regular contraposition of male and female partners in the first arrangement of the dancers. The word country dance was therefore originally a corruption, but, having once arisen and taken root in the language, it is far better to retain it in its colloquial form better, I mean, on the general principle concerned in such cases. For it is, in fact, by such corruptions, by offsets upon an old stock, arising through ignorance or mispronniciation originally, that every language is frequently carriched, and new modifications of thought, unfolding

of princes Now, of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be continuous—that is, not interrupted or fitful, but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light in its diffusion through fice space. And wherever the music happens to be not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many people feel as I feel in such circumstances-viz, derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever Sadness is not the exact word, nor is there any word in any language (because none in the finest languages) which exactly expresses the state, since it is not a depressing, but a most elevating state to which I allude And, certainly, it is easy to understand, that many states of pleasure, and in particular the highest, are the most of all removed from inerriment The day on which a Roman triumphed was the most gladsome day of his existence, it was the erown and consumiuation of his prosperity, yet assuredly it was also to him the most solemn of his days Festal music, of a nich and passionate character, is the most remote of any from vulgar hilarity Its very gladness and pomp is impregnated with

themselves in the progress of society, generate for themselves concurrently appropriate expressions Many words in the Latin can be pointed out as having passed through this process. It must not be allowed to weigh against the validity of a word once fairly naturalised by use, that originally it crept in upon an abuse or a corruption Prescription is as strong a ground of legitimation in a case of this nature as it is in law And the old alom is applicable—Fieri non debuit, factum valet Were it otherwise, languages would be robbed of much of their wealth And, universally, the class of purists, in matters of language, are liable to grievous suspicion, as almost constantly proceeding on half knowledge and on insufficient principles For example, if I have read one, I have read twenty letters, addressed to newspapers, denouncing the name of a great quarter in London, Mary-le-bone, as ludicronsly ungiammatical The writers had learned (or were learning) French, and they had thus become aware that neither the article nor the adjective was right True, not right for the current age, but perfectly right for the age in which the name arose but, for want of elder French, they did not know that in our Chancer's time both were right Le was then the article feminine as well as masculine, and bone was then the true form for the edjective

mind in a state of elective attraction for everything in humany with its own prevailing key

This pleasure, as always on similar occasions, I had at present, but naturally in a degree corresponding to the circumstances of royal splendour through which the scene revolved, and, if I have spent rather more words than should reasonably have been requisite in describing any obvious state of emotion, it is not because, in itself, it is either vague or doubtful, but because it is difficult, without calling upon a reader for a little reflection, to convince him that there is not something paradoxical in the assertion, that joy and festal pleasure, of the highest kind, are hable to a natural combination with solemnity, or even with melancholy the most profound Yet, to speak in the mere simplicity of truth, so my sterious is human nature, and so little to be read by him who runs, that almost every weighty aspect of truth upon that theme will be found at first sight to be startling, or sometimes paradoxical And so little need is there for chasing or courting paradox, that, on the contrary, he who is faithful to his own experiences will find all his efforts little enough to keep down the paradoxical air besieging much of what he Imous to be the truth. No man needs to search for paradox in this world of ours Let him simply confine himself to the finth, and he will find paradox growing everywhere under his hands as rank as weeds. For new truths of importance are rarely agreeable to any preconceived theories -that is, cannot be explained by these theories, which are insufficient therefore, even where they are true universally it must be borne in mind—that not that is paradox which, seeming to be true, is upon evamination false, but that which, seeming to be false, may upon examina-· tion be found true 1

The pleasure of which I have been speaking belongs to

And therefore it was with strict propriety that Boyle, annous to fix public attention upon some truths of hydrostatics, published them arouedly as paradoxes. According to the false popular notion of what it is that constitutes a paradox, Boyle should be taken to men that these hydrostatic theorems were fallenes. But far from it. Boyle solicits attention to these propositions—not as seeming to be true and turning out false, but, reversely, as wearing an air of falsehood and turning out true.

weight upon its gaiety which no condescensions from the highest quarter could remove. This infelicitous arrangement forced the thoughts of all present upon the evalted rank of the parties which could dictate and evact so unusual an assortment. And that rank, again, it presented to us under one of its least happy aspects, as insulating a blooming young woman amidst the choir of her co-evals, and surrounding her with dreadful solitude amidst a vast crowd of the young, the brave, the beautiful, and the accomplished

Meantame, as respected myself individually, I had reason to be grateful every kindness and attention were shown to me. My nuvitation I was sensible that I owed entirely to my noble friend But, having been invited, I felt assured, from what passed, that it was meant and provided that I should not, by any possibility, be suffered to think myself Lord Westport and I communicated our thoughts occasionally by means of a language which we, in those days, found useful enough at times, and which bore the name of Ziph The language and the name were both derived (that is, were immediately so derived, for remotely the Ziph language may ascend to Nineveli) from Winchester Dr Mapleton, a physician in Bath, who attended me in concert with Mr Grant, an eminent suigeon, during the noudescript malady of the head, happened to have had three sons at Winchester, and his reason for removing them is worth mentioning, as it illustrates the well-known system of fagging One or more of them showed to the quick medical eye of Dr Mapleton symptoms of declining health, and, upon cross-questioning, he found that, being (as juniors) fags (that is, bondsmen by old prescription) to appointed semors, they were under the necessity of going out nightly into the town, for the purpose of executing commissions, but this was not easy, as all the regular outlets were closed at an early hour In such a dilemma, any route, that was barely practicable at whatever risk, must be traversed by the loyal fag, and it so happened that none of any kind remained open or accessible, except one, and this one communication happened to have escaped suspicion, simply because it lay through a succession of temples and sewers sacred to the

goddesses Cloacina and Scavengerina That of itself was not so extraordinary a fact the wonder lay in the number—viz, seventeen. Such were the actual amount of sacred edifices, which, through all their dust, and garbage, and incplute morasses, these miscrable vassals had to thread all but every night of the week. Dr Mapleton, when he had made this discovery, ceased to wonder at the medical symptoms, and, as faggery was an abuse too venerable and sacred to be touched by profane hands, he lodged no idle complaints, but, simply removed his sons to a school where the Serbonian bogs of the subterrancous goddess might not intersect the nocturnal line of march so very often. One day, during the worst of my illness, when the kind-hearted doctor was attempting to amuse me with this anecdote, and asking me whether I thought Hannibal would have attempted his march over the Inttle St Bernard, supposing that he and the elephant which he rode had been summoned to explore a route through seventeen similar nuisances, he went on to mention the one sole accomplishment which his sons had imported from Winchester This was the Ziph language, communicated at Winchester to any aspirant for a fixed fee of one half-guinea, but which the doctor then communicated to me—as I do now to the reader—gratis I make a present of this language without fee, or price, or entrance-money, to my honoured neader, and let him understand that it is undoubtedly a bequest of elder times Perhaps it may be co-cyal with the Pyramids For in the famous "Essay on a Philosophical Character" (I forget whether that is the exact title), a large folio written by the ingemous Dr Wilkins, bishop of Chester, and published early in the reign of Charles II, a folio which I, in youthful days, not only read but studied, this language is recorded and accurately described amongst many other-modes of cryptical communication, oral and visual, spoken, written, or symbolic And, as the bishop does not speak of it as at all a recent invention, it

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Thus Dr Wilkins was related by marriage to Cromwell, and is better known to the world, perhaps, by his Essay on the possibility of a passage (or, as the famous author of the "Pursuits of Literature" said, by way of an Episcopal metaphor, the possibility of a translation) to the moon

may probably at that time have been regarded as an antique device for conducting a conversation in secrecy amongst bystanders, and this advantage it has, that it is applicable to all languages alike, nor can it possibly be penetiated by one not initiated in the mystery. The secret is this (and the grandeur of simplicity at any rate it has)—repeat the vowel or diphthong of every syllable, prefixing to the vowel so repeated the letter G Thus, for example —Shall we go away in an hour? Three hours we have already staid This in Ziph becomes -Shagall wege gogo agawagay igin agan hougour? Threegee hougours wege hagave agalreageadygy stagard.1 It must not be supposed that Ziph proceeds slowly A very httle practice gives the greatest fluency, so that even now, though certainly I cannot have practised it for fifty years, my power of speaking the Ziph remains unimpaired forget whether in the Bishop of Chester's account of this cryptical language the consonant intercalated be G or not Evidently any consonant will answer the purpose. would be softer, and so far better

In this learned tongue it was that my friend and I communicated our feelings, and having staid nearly four hours, a time quite sufficient to express a proper sense of the honour, we departed, and, on emerging into the open high-road, we threw up our hats and huzzaed, meaning no soit of disrespect, but from uncontrollable pleasure in recovered liberty

Soon after this we left Eton for Ireland Our first destination being Dubliu, of course we went by Holyhead The loute at that time, from Southern England to Dublin, did not (as in elder and in later days) go round by Chester A few miles after leaving Shrewsbury, somewhere about Oswestry, it entered North Wales, a stage faither brought us to the eelebrated vale of Llangollen, and, on reaching the approach to this about sunset on a beautiful evening of June, I first found myself amongst the mountains, a feature in natural scenery for which, from my earliest days, it was not ex-

One omission occurs to me on reviewing this account of the Ziph—which is, that I should have directed the account to be placed on the intercalated syllable—thus ship becomes shigip, with the emphasis on gip, run becomes rugan, &c.

travagant to say that I had hungered and thirsted. In no one expectation of my life have I been less disappointed, and I may add, that no one enjoyment has less decayed or palled upon my continued experience. A mountainous region, with a slender population, and that of a simple pastoral chuaeter, behold my chief conditions of a pleasant permanent dwelling-place! But, thus far I have altered, that now I should greatly prefer forest seenery -such as the New Forest, or the Forest of Dean in Gloncestershire The mountains of Wales range at about the same elevation as those of Northern England, three thousand and four to six hundred feet being the extreme limit which they reach Generally speaking, their forms are less picturesque individually, and they are less happily grouped than their English brethren. I have since also been made sensible by Wordsworth of one grievous defect in the structure of the Welsh valleys, too generally they take the basin shape—the level area at their foot does not detach itself with sufficient precision from the declivities that surround them Of thus, however, I was not aware at the time of first seeing Wales, although the striking effect from the opposite form of the Cumberland and Westmoreland valleys, which almost universally present a flat area at the base of the surrounding hills, level, to use Wordsworth's expression, "as the floor of a temple," would, at any rate, have arrested my eye, as a circumstance of impressive hearity, even though the want of such a feature might not, in any case, have affected me as a fault As something that had a positive value, this characteristic of the Cumbrian valleys had fixed my attention, but not as any telling point of contrast against the Cambrian valleys No faults, however, at that carly age disturbed my pleasure, except that, after one whole day's travelling (for so long it cost us between Llangollen and Holyhead), the want of water struck me upon review as painfully remarkable From Conway to Bangor (seventeen nules), we were often in sight of the sea, but fresh water we had seen hardly any, no lake, no stream much beyond a brook. This is certainly a conspicuous defect in North Wales, considered as a region of fine seenery. The few lakes I have since become acquainted with, as that near Bala, near Beddkelert, and beyond Machy nieth, are not attractive either in then forms or in their accompaniments—the Bala Lake being meagre and insipid—the others as it were unfinished, and unaccompanied with their furniture of wood

At the Head (to call it by its common colloquial name) we were detained a few days in those insteaming times by foul winds. Our time, however, thanks to the hospitality of a certain Captain Skinner on that station, did not hang heavy on our hands, though we were imprisoned, as it were, on a dull rock; for Holyhead itself is a little island of lock, an insulated dependency of Anglesea; which, again, is a little insulated dependency of North Wales. The packets on this station were at that time lucrative commands, and they were given (perhaps are 1 given) to post-captains in the naty. Captain Skinner was celebrated for his convival talents, he did the homours of the place in a hospitable style, daily asked is to dine with him, and seemed as incalianstible in his wit as in his hospitality

This answered one purpose, at least, of special convenience to our party at that moment at kept us from all necessity of meeting each other during the day, except under circumstances where we escaped the necessity of any familiar commumication Why that should have become desirable arose upon the following mysterious change of relations between ourselves and the Rev. Mr Gr—, Lord Westports tutor On the last day of our journey, Mr G, who had accompanied us thus far, but now at Holyhead was to leave us, suddenly took offence (or, at least, then first should his offence) at something we had said, done, or omitted and never spoke one syllable to either of us again Being both of us amiably disposed and incapable of having seriously meditated either word or deed likely to wound any person's feelings, we were much hart at the time, and often retraced the little incidents upon the road, to discover, if possible, what it was that had laid us open to misconstruction. But it remained to both of us a lasting mystery This tutor was an Irishman, of Trimty College, Dubhn; and, I believe, of considerable pretensions as a scholar, but, being reserved and hanghty, or else presuming in us a knowledge of our offence, which we really had not, he gave us no opening for any explanation

<sup>1</sup> Written twenty years ago

To the last moment, however, he manifested a panetalious regard to the duties of his charge. He accompanied us in our boat, on a dark and gusty night, to the packet, which lay a little out at sea. He saw us on board, and then, standing in for one moment, he said, "Is all right on deck?"—"All right, sir," sang out the ship's steward—"Have you, Lord Westport, got your boat-cloak with you?"—"Yes, sir"—"Then pull away, boatmen" We listened for a time to the measured beat of his retreating oars, mai velling more and more at the atrocious nature of our crime which could thus avail to intercept even his last adicus. I, for my part, never saw him again, nor, as I have reason to think, did Lord Westport. Neither did we ever unravel the mystery

As if to irritate our curiosity still more, Loid Westport showed me a torn fragment of paper in his tutor's hand-writing, which, together with others, had been thrown (as he believed) purposely in his way. If he was right in that belief, it appeared that he had missed the particular fragment which was designed to ruse the veil upon our guilt, for the one he produced contained exactly these words —"With respect to your ladyship's anxiety to know how far the acquaintance with Mr dc Q is likely to be of service to your son, I think I may now venture to say that——" There the sibylline fragment ended, nor could we to ture it into any further revelation However, both of us saw the propriety of not ourselves practising any mystery, nor giving any advantage to Mr G by imperfect communications; and accordingly, on the day after we reached Dublin, we addressed a circumstantial account of our journey and our little mystery to Lady Altamont in England, for to her it was clear that the tutor had confided his mysterious wrongs Her ladyship answered with kindness, but did not throw any light on the problem which exercised at once our memories, our skill in conjectural interpretation, and our sincere regrets Westport and I regretted much that there had not been a wider margin attached to the fragment of Mr G's letter to Lady Altamont, in which case, as I could readily have mimicked his style of writing, it would have been easy for me to fill up-thus —"With respect to your ladyship's anxiety, &c, I think I may now venture to say that, if the solar system were

scarched, there could not be found a companion more serviceable to your son than Mr de Q He speaks the Ziph most beautifully He writes it, I am told, classically And if there were a Ziph nation as well as a Ziph language, I am entisfied that he would very soon be at the head of it, as he already is, beyond all competition, at the head of the Ziph literature" Lady Altamont, on receiving this, would infallibly have supposed him mad, she would have written so to all her Irish friends, and would have commended the poor gentleman to the care of his nearest kinsmen, and thus we should have had some little indemnification for the annoyance he had caused us I mention this trifle, simply because, trifle as it is, it involved a mystery, and furnishes an occasion for glancing at that topie Mysteries as deep, with results a little more important and foundations a little sounder, have many times erossed me in life, one, for instance, I recollect at this moment, known pretty extensively to the neighbour-hood in which it occurred. It was in the county of S-A lady married, and married well, as was thought About twelve months afterwards, she returned alone m a post-chaise to her father's house, paid, and herself dismissed, the postilion at the gate, entered the house, ascended to the room in which she had passed her youth, and known in the family by her name, took possession of it again, intimated by signs, and by one short letter at her first arrival, what she would require, lived for nearly twenty years in this state of La Trappe seelusion and silence, nor ever, to the hour of her death, explained what circumstances had dissolved the supposed happy connection she had formed, or what had become of her husband Her looks and gestures were of a nature to repress all questions in the spirit of mere emiosity, and the spirit of affection naturally respected a secret which was guarded so severely This might be supposed a Spanish tale, yet it happened in England, and in a pretty populous neighbourhood The romanees which occur in real life are too often connected with excumstances of criminality in some one among the parties concerned, on that account, more than any other, they are often suppressed, else, judging by the number which have fallen within my own knowledge, they must be of more frequent occurrence than is usually supposed.

Among such romances, those cases, perhaps, form an unusual proportion in which young, innocent, and high-minded persons have made a sudden discovery of some great profligacy or deep unworthiness in the person to whom they had surrendered their entire affections. That shock, more than any other, is capable of blighting, in one hour, the whole after existence, and sometimes of at once overthrowing the balance of life or of reason. Instances I have known of both, and such afflictions are the less open to any alleviation, that sometimes they are of a nature so delicate as to preclude all confidential communication of them to another; and sometimes it would be even dangerous, in a legal sense, to communicate them

A sort of adventure occurred, and not of a kind pleasant to recall, even on this short royage. The passage to Dublin from the Head is about sixty unles, I believe, yet, from bafiling unds, it cost us upwards of thirty hours. On the second day, going upon deck, we found that our only fellowpassenger of note was a woman of rank, celebrated for her beauty, and not undeservedly, for a lovely creature she The body of her travelling coach had been, as usual, unslung from the "earriage" (by which is technically meant the wheels and the peich), and placed upon deek. This she used as a place of retreat from the sun during the day, and as a resting-place at night. For want of more interesting companious, she invited us, during the day, into her coach; and we taxed our abilities to make ourselves as entertaining as we could, for we were greatly fasemated by the lady's beauty The second night proved very sultry, and Lord Westport and myself, suffering from the oppression of the cabin, left our beiths, and lay, wrapped up in cloaks, upou deek. Having talked for some hours, we were both on the point of falling asleep, when a stealthy tread near our heads awoke us It was starlight, and we traced between ourselves and the sky the outline of a man's figure Lying upon a mass of tarpaulins, we were ourselves undistinguishable, and the figure moved in the direction of the coach Our first thought was to raise an alarm, scarcely doubting that the purpose of the man was to rob the unprotected lady of her watch or purse. But, to our astonishment, we saw the

corch-door silently swing open under a touch from within All was as silent as a dream, the figure entered, the door closed, and we were left to interpret the case as we might Strange it was that this lady could permit herself to calculate upon absolute concealment in such circumstances We recollected afterwards to have heard some indistinct rumour buzzed about the packet on the day preceding, that a gentleman, and some even spoke of him by name as a Colonel ----, for some unknown purpose, was concealed in the steerage of the packet And other appearances indicated that the affair was not entirely a secret even amongst the lady's To both of us the story proclaimed a moral already sufficiently current-viz, that women of the highest and the very lowest rank are alike thrown too much into situations of danger and temptation I might mention some additional circumstances of criminal aggravation in this lady's case, but, as they would tend to point out the real person to those acquainted with her history, I shall forbear has since made a noise in the world, and has maintained, I believe, a tolerably fair reputation Soon after sunrise the next morning, a heavenly morning of June, we dropped our anchor in the famous bay of Dublin There was a dead calm · the sea was like a lake, and, as we were some miles from the Pigeon-House, a boat was manned to put us on shore The lovely lady, unaware that we were parties to her guilty secret, went with us, accompanied by her numerous attendants, and looking as beautiful, and hardly less innocent than an angel. Long afterwards, Lord Westport and I met her, hanging upon the arm of her husband, a manly and good-natured man, of polished manners, to whom she introduced us. for she voluntarily challenged us as her fellowvoyagers, and, I suppose, had no suspicion which pointed in our direction. She even joined her husband in cordially pressing us to visit them at their magnificent chateau us, meantime, whatever might be her levity, the secret of which accident had put us in possession pressed with a weight of awe, we shuddered at our own discovery, and we both agreed to drop no hint of it in any direction

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lord Westport's age at that time was the same as my own—that is, we both wanted a few months of being fifteen [a mis-recollection · VOL I , P

Landing about three imles from Dublin (according to my present remembrance, at Dunleary), we were not long in reaching Sackville Street

see footnote, ante, p 162 -M ] But I had the advantage, perhaps, m thoughtfulness and observation of life Boing thoroughly free, however, from opinionativeness, Lord Westport readily came over to any views of mine for which I could show sufficient grounds. And on this occasion I found no difficulty in convincing him—that honour and fidelity did not form sufficient guarantees for the custody of secrets of mind so as to revive one's obligations in time, tenneity of recollection, and vigilance over one's own momentary slips of tonguo, so as to keep watch over indirect disclosures, are also requisite. And at that time I had an instance within my own remembranco where a secret had been betrayed by a person of undoubted hononr, but most undvertently betrayed, and in pure oblivion of his engagement to silence unless where the secret is of a nature to affect some porson's life, I do not believe that most people would remember beyond a period of two years the most selemn obligations to seered. After a lapse of time, varying of course with the person, the substance of the secret will remain upon the mind but how he came by the secret, or under what circumstances, he will very probably have forgotten. It is unsafe to rely upon the most religious or sacramental obligation to secrecy, unless, together with the secret, you could transfer also a magie ring that should, by a growing pressure or puncture, sting a man into timely alarm and warning

## CHAPTER IX

## LICENSO IS

In Sackville Street stood the town-house of Lord Altamont, and here, in the breakfast-room, we found the earl seated Long and intimately as I had known Lord Westport, it so happened that I had never seen his father, who had, indeed, of late almost pledged hunself to a continued residence in Ircland by his own patriotic earnestness as an agricultural improver, whilst for his son, under the difficulties and delays at that time of all travelling, any residence whitever in England seemed preferable, but especially a residence with his mother amought the relatives of his distinguished English grandfather, and in such close neighbourhood to Eton Lord Altamont once told me, that the journey ontward and inward between Eton and Westport, taking into a count all the unavoidable deviations from the direct route in compliance with the claims of kinship, &c. (a case which in Ireland forced a traveller often into a perpetual rig-zag), counted up to something more than a thousand miles. That 15, in effect, when valued in loss of time, and allowance being made for the want of continuity in those parts of the travelling system that did not accurately devetal into each other, not less than one entire fortnight must be annually sunk upon a labour that yielded no commensurate Hence the long three-years interval which had frmt.

<sup>1</sup> I'rst two paragraphs new, but the rest substantially a reproduction of a portion of De Quincey's autobiographical paper in Tait's Magazine for April 1834 —M

separated father and son and hence my own nervous apprehension, as we were racing through the suburbs of Dubhu, that I should unavoidably lay a freezing restraint upon that re-union to which, after such a separation, both father and son must have looked forward with anticipation so anxious. Such cases of munitentional infinsion are ut times inevitable, but, even to the least sensitive, they are always distressing, most of all they are so to the intruder, who in fact feels himself in the odd position of a criminal without a crime He is in the situation of one who might have happened to be chased by a Bengal tiger (or, say that the tiger were a sheriff's-officer) into the very centre of the Elensinian mysterics. Do not tease me, my reader, by alleging that there were no sheriff's-officers at Athens or Eleusse. Not many Talanta land and position of a criminal without a crime. Eleusis Not many, I admit but perhaps quite as many as there were of Bengal tigers In such a case, under whatever compulsion, the man has violated a holy seclusion. He has seen that which he ought not to have seen, and he is viewed with horror by the privileged speciators. Should be plead that this was his misfortune, and not his fault, the answer would be-"True it was your misfortune, we know it; and it is our misfortune to be under the necessity of hating you for it" But there was no cause for similar fears at present so uniformly considerate in his kindness was Lord Altamont It is true, that Lord Westport, as an only child, and a child to be proud of—for he was at that time 1 ather handsome, and conciliated general goodwill by his engaging manners—was viewed by his father with an anxiety of love that sometimes became almost painful to witness. But this natural self-surrender to a first involuntary emotion Loid natural self-surrender to a first involuntary emotion Loid Altamont did not suffer to usurp any such lengthened expression as might too painfully have reminded me of being "one too many". One solitary half-minute being paid down as a tribute to the sanctities of the case, his next care was to withdraw me, the stranger, from any oppressive feeling of strangership. And accordingly, so far from realising the sense of being an intruder, in one minute, under his courteous welcome, I had come to feel that, as the companion of his one darling more earth, me also be comprehended unthin his one darling upon earth, me also he comprehended within his paternal regards

DUBLIN 213

It must have been nine o'clock precisely when we entered the breakfast-room So much I know by an à priori argument, and could wish, therefore, that it had been scientifically important to know it—as important, for instance, as to know the occultation of a star or the transit of Venus to a second For the urn was at that moment placed on the table, and though Ireland, as a whole, is privileged to be irregular, yet such was our Sackville Street regularity, that not so much nine o'clock announced this periodic event, as inversely this event announced nine o'clock. And I used to affirm, however shocking it might sound to poor threadbare metaphysicians, incapable of transcendental truths, that not nine o'clock was the cause of revealing the breakfast urn, but, on the contrary, that the revelation of the breakfast urn was the true and secret cause of nine o'clock-a phenomenon which otherwise no candid reader will pretend that he can satisfactorily account for, often as he has known it to come round. The urn was already throwing up its column of fuming mist, and the breakfast-table was covered with June flowers sent by a lady on the chance of Lord Westport's arrival It was clear, therefore, that we were expected, but so we had been for three or four days previously, and it illustrates the enormous uncertainties of travelling at this closing era of the eighteenth contain, that for three or four days more we should have been expected without the least anxiety, in case anything had occurred to detain us on the road In fact, the possibility of a Holyhead packet being lost had no place in the catalogue of adverse contingencies—not even when calculated by mothers come by way of Liverpool or Parkgate, was not without grounds of reasonable fear I myself had lost acquaintances (schoolboys) on each of those lines of transit Neither Bristol nor Milford Haven was entirely cloudless in reputa-But from Holyhead only one packet had ever been lost, and that was in the days of Queen Anne, when I have good leason to think that a villain was on board who hated the Duke of Marlborough so that this one exceptional case, far from being looked upon as a public calamity, would, of course, be received thankfully, as cleaning the nation from a scamp

Ireland was still smoking with the embers of tebellion, and Lord Cornwallis, who had been sent expressly to extinguish it, and had won the reputation of having fulfilled this mission with energy and success, was then the Lord-Incutenant, and at that moment he was regarded with more interest than any other public man. Accordingly I was not sorry when, two mornings after our arrival, Lord Altamont said to us at brakfast, "Now, if you wish to see what 1 call a great man, go with me this morning, and you shall see Lord Cornwallis, for that man who has given perce both to the East and to the West-taming in figer in the Mysore that hated England as much as Hannibal hated Rome, and in Ireland pulling up by the roots i French invasion, combined with an Irish insurrection-will always for me rank as a great man" We willingly accompanied the earl to the Phoma Park, where the Lord-Lieutenant was then residing, and were privately presented to him I had seen an engraving (celebrated, I believe, in its day) of Lord Cornwallis receiving the young Mysore princes as hostages at Seringapitain, and I knew the outline of his public This gave me an additional interest in seeing him but I was disappointed to find no traces in his manner of the energy and activity I presumed him to possess, he seemed, on the contrary, slow or even hervy, but henevolent and considerate in a degree which won the confidence at once IIm we saw often, for Lord Altamont took us with him wherever and whenever we wished, and me in particular (to whom the Irish leaders of society were as yet entirely unknown by sight) it gratified highly to see persons of historical names—names, I mean, historically connected with the great events of Ehzabeth's or Cromwell's era attending at the Phonix Park But the persons whom I remember most distinctly of all whom I was then in the habit of seeing, were Lord Clare, the Chancellor, the late Lord Londonderry (then Castlereagh), at that time the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Speaker of the House of Commons (Mr Foster, since, I believe, created Lord Ornel) With the Speaker, indeed, Lord Altamont had more intimate grounds of connection than with any other public man, both being devoted to the encouragement and personal superDUBLIN 215

intendence of great agricultural improvements. Both were bent on introducing, through models diffused extensively on their own estates, l'nglish husbandry, English improved breeds of cattle, and, where that was possible, English capital and skill, into the rural economy of Ireland

Amongst the splendid spectacles which I witnessed, as the need splended I may mention an Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick. There were six knights installed on this orderen, one of the six being Lord Altamont had, no doubt, received his riband as a reward for his pulla mentary votes, and especially in the matter of the Union yet, from all his conversation upon that question, and from the general conscientionsness of his private life, I am con since I that he acted all along upon patriotic motives, and in obclience to his real views (whether right or wrong of the Irish interests. One chief reason, indeed, whiel defained as in Dublin, was the necessity of staying for the particular Installation At one time, Lord Altamont had designed to take his son and myself for the two esquire who attend the new-made kinght, according to the ritual o this ceremony, but that plan was laid aside, on learning that the other five knights were to be attended by adults and thus, from being putakers as actors, my friend and I became simple spectators of this splendid scene, which took place in the Cathedral of St Patrick. So easily does mere external pomp slip out of the memory, as to all its circumstantial items, leaving behind nothing beyond the general impression, that at this moment I remember no one incident of the whole ceremonial, except that some foolish person laughed aloud as the knights went up with their offerings to the altar, the object of this unfeeling laughter being apparently Lord Altamont, who happened to be lame—a singular instance of levity to exhibit within the walls of such a building, and at the most colemn part of such a ceremony, which to my mind had a threefold grandenr first, as symbolic and shadowy, secondly, as representing the interlacings of chivalry with religion in the highest aspirations of both, thirdly, as national—placing the heraldries and military points of a people, so memorably faithful to St Peter's chan, at the foot of the altar Lord Westport

and I sat with Lord and Lady Castlereagh They were both young at this time, and both wore an impressive appearance of youthful happiness, neither, happily for their perce of mind, able to pierce that cloud of years, not much more than twenty, which divided them from the day destined in one hour to wreck the happiness of both. We had met both on other occasions, and their conversation, through the course of that day's pomps, was the most interesting circumstance to me, and the one which I remember with most distinctness of all that belonged to the Installation. By the way, one morning, on occasion of some conversation arising about Irish bulls, I made an agreement with Lord Altamont to note down in a memorandum-book everything throughout my stay in Ireland which, to my feeling as an Englishman, should seem to be, or should approach to, a bull And this day, at dinner, I reported from Lady Castlereagh's conversation what struck me as such Lord Altamont laughed, and said, "My dear child, I am corry that it should so happen, for it is bad to stimble at the beginning your bull is certainly a bull 1, but as certainly Lady Castlereagh is your country woman, and not an Irishwoman at all " Lady Castlereagh, it seems, was a daughter of Lord Buckingliamshire, and her maiden name was Lady Emily Hobart

One other public scene there was about this time in Dublin, to the eye less captivating, but far more so in a moral sense, more significant practically, more burdened with hope and with fear. This was the final ratification of the bill which united Ireland to Great Britain. I do not know that any one public act, or eelebration, or solemnity,

The idea of a bull is even yet undefined, which is most extraordinary, considering that Miss Edgeworth has applied all her tact and illustrative power to furnish the matter for such a definition, and Coloridge all his philosophie subtlety (but in this instance, I think, with a most infelicitous result) to furnish its form. But both have been too fastidious in their admission of bulls. Thus, for example, Miss Edgeworth rejects, as no true bull, the common Joe Miller story, that, upon two Irishmen reaching Barnet, and being told that it was still twelve miles to London, one of them remarked, "Ah! just six miles upace" This, says Miss E, is no bull, but a sentimental remark on the maxim that friendship divides our pains. Nothing of the kind. Miss Edgeworth cannot have understood it. The bull is a true representative and exemplary specimen of the genus.

DUBLIN 217

in my time, did, or could, so much engage my profoundest rymrathics. Wordsworth's fine sonnet on the extinction of the Venzian Republic had not then been published, else the last two lines would have expressed my feelings. After admitting that changes had taken place in Venice which in a manner challenged and presumed this last and mortal thange, the poet goes on to say that all this long preparation for the event could not break the shock of it. Venice, it is true, had become a shade, but, after all,

"Men are we, and must grave when even the shade Of that which once was great has pass'd away"

But here the previous circumstances were far different from those of Venice. There we saw a superannuated and paralytic state, sinking at any rate into the grave, and yielding, to the touch of unhtary violence, that only which a brief lapse of years must otherwise have yielded to internal decay. Here, on the contrary, we saw a young eagle, rising into power, and robbed prematurely of her natural honours, only because she did not comprehend their value, or because at this great crisis she had no champion. Ireland, in a political sense, was surely then in her youth, considering the prodigious developments she has since experienced in population, and in resources of all kinds.

This great day of Union had been long looked forward to by me with some mixed feelings also by my young friend, for he had an Irish heart, and was jealous of whatever appeared to touch the banner of Ireland. But it was not for him to say anything which should seem to impeach his father's patriotism in voting for the Union, and promoting it through his borough influence. Yet oftentimes it seemed to me, when I introduced the subject, and sought to learn from Lord Altamont the main grounds which had reconciled him and other men, anxious for the welfare of Ireland, to a measure which at least robbed her of some splendour, and, above all, robbed her of a name and place amongst the independent states of Enrope—that neither father nor son was likely to be displeased should some great popular violence put force upon the recorded will of Parliament, and compel the two Houses to perpetuate themselves. Dolorous

they must of course have looked, in more consistency, but I funced that internally they would have lyughed Lord Altamont, I am certain, believed (as multitudes believed) that Ireland would be bettered by the commercial advantages conceded to her as an integral province of the empire, and would have benefits which, as an independent kingdom, she had not It is notorious that this expectation was partially realised But let us ask, Could not a large part of these benefits have been scenared to Ireland, remaining as she was? Were they, in any sense dependent on the sacrifice of her separate pulmment? For my put, I believe that Mr Pitt's motive for insisting on a legislative union was, in a small proportion, perhaps, the somewhat elevated desire to connect his own name with the historical changes of the empire, to have it stamped, not on events so flightive as those of war and peace, hable to oblivion or eclipse, but on the permanent relations of its integral parts. In a still larger proportion I believe his motive to have been one of pure convenience, the wish to exquesate himself from the intolerable vexation of a double parliament. In a government such as ours, so care laden at any rate, it is certainly most harassing to have the task of soliciting a measure by management and influence twice over -two trials to organise, two storms of anxiety to face, and two refractory gangs to discipline, instead of one It must also be conceded that no Treasmy influence could always avail to prevent injurious collisions between acts of the Irish and the British Pathaments In Dublin, as in London, the government must lay its account with being occasionally ontvoted, this would be likely to happen peculiarly upon Irish questions. And acts of favour or protection would at times pass on behalf of Irish interests, not only clashing with more general ones of the central government, but indirectly also (through the virtual consolidation of the two islands since the era of steam) opening endless means for evading British acts even within their own separate sphere of operation. On these considerations, even an Irishman must grant that public convenience called for the absorption of all local or provincial supremacies into the central supremacy. And there were two brief arguments which gave weight to those considerations first, that the nubian 216 ,

end black to arise much which has I have have moren) from what is terrard, in modern politics, the principle of controlis of the face been for us either evoded or neutralised. The proximes, to the very furthest neck of the a "mode-shoften" selved, reast upon bon ion as powerfully as London acts upon them, so that no counterport is required with us as in France it is, to any mordinate influence at the centre. Scorolly, the very pride and jeriousy which could wail to dictate the retention of an independent parlament would effects fly per sinde any modern 'Poynings' Act,' having for its object to prevent the collision of the local with the central government. Figh would be supreme within its own splicie, and those splicies could not but clash. The separate It is fark ment was originally no budge of honour or independence it began in motives of convenience, or p thaps necessty, at a period when the communication was difficult, flow, and interrupted. Any parliament which mineric, flow, and interrupted. Any parliament which are on that footing it was possible to grand by a Poynings'. Act, making in effect, all laws until which should happen to controlled the supreme or central will. But what law, in a corresponding temper, could avail to limit the prinsidetion of a parliament which confessedly had been retained on a principle of national honour? Upon every consideration, therefore, of convenience, and were it only for the necessities of rather housest the characters of the law to the content of the law. of public business, the absorption of the local into the central parliament had now come to speak a language that perhaps could no longer be evaded, and that Inslaman only could consistently oppose the measure who should take his stand upon principles transcending convenience, looking in fact, ringly to the honour and dignity of a country which it was annually becoming less absurd to suppose capible of an interpretable transcending. independent existence

Meantane, in those days, Ireland had no adequate champion the Hoods and the Grattans were not up to the mark. Refractory as they were, they moved within the paling of order and decorum, they were not the Titans for a war against the heavens. When the public feeling beckoned and loudly supported them, they could follow a lead which they appeared to head, but they could not create such a body of public feeling, nor, when created,

could they throw it into a suitable organisation. What they could do was simply as ministerial agents and thetoricians to prosecute any general movement, when the national arm had cloven a channel, and opened the road before them Consequently, that great opening for a turbulent son of thunder passed unimproved, and the great day drow near without symptoms of tempest, At last it arrived, and I remember nothing which indicated as much ill-temper in the public mind as I have seen on many hundreds of occasions, trivial by comparison, in London Lord Westport and I were determined to lose no part of the scene, and we went down with Lord Altamont to the House It was about the middle of the day, and a great mob filled the whole space about the two Houses. As Lord Altamont's couch drew up to the steps of that splendid edifice, we heard a produgious hissing and hooting, and I was really agitated to think that Lord Altamont, whom I loved and respected, would probably have to make his way through a tempest of public wrath—a situation more terrific to him than to others, from his curbattassed walking. I found, honever, that I might have spaced my anxiety, the subject of commotion was, simply, that Major Sirr, or Major Swan, I forget which (both being so celebrated in those days for then energy as leaders of the police), had detected a person in the act of unstaking some other man's pocket-handkereline for his own—a most natural mistake, I should fancy, where people stood crowded together so thickly. No storm of any kind awaited us, and yet at that moment there was no other arrival to divide the public attention, for, in order that we might see everything from first to last, we were amongst the very earliest parties. Neither did our party escape under any mistake of the crowd silence had sneeceded to the uprorr caused by the tender meeting between the thief and the major, and a man, who stood in a conspienous situation, proclaimed aloud to those below him the name or title of members as they drove up "That," said he, "is the Earl of Altamont, the lame gentleman, I mean" Perhaps, however, his knowledge did not extend so far as to the politics of a nobleman who had taken no violent or fretious part in public aftar. At least the dreaded insults did not follow.

DUBLIN 221

or only in the very feeblest manifestations. We entered; and, by way of seeing everything, we went even to the robing-room. The man who presented his robes to Lord Altamont seemed to me, of all whom I saw on that day, the one who wore the face of deepest depression. But, whether this indicated the loss of a luciative situation, or was really disinterested sorrow, growing out of a patriotic trouble at the knowledge that he was now officiating for the last time, I could not guess. The House of Lords, decorated (if I remember) with hangings representing the battle of the Boyne, was nearly empty when we entered—an accident which firmished to Lord Altamont the opportunity required for explaining to us the whole course and ceremonial of public business on ordinary occasions.

Gradually the House filled beautiful women sat inter-

mingled amongst the peers, and, in one party of these, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, we saw our fair but frail enchantress of the packet She, on her part, saw and recognised us by an affable nod, no stam upon her cheek, indicating that she suspected to what extent she was indebted to our discretion, for it is a proof of the unaffected sorrow and the solemn awe which oppressed us both, that we liad not mentioned, even to Lord Altamont, nor ever did mention, the scene which chance had revealed to us came a stil within the house, and an uproar resounding from without, which announced the arrival of his Excellency Entering the house, he also, like the other peers, wheeled round to the throne, and made to that mysterious seat a profound homage Then commenced the public business, in which, if I recollect, the Chancellor played the most conspicuous part—that Chancelloi (Lord Clare) of whom it was affirmed in those days, by a political opponent, that he might swim in the innocent blood which he had caused to be shed But nautical men, I suspect, would have demurred to that Then were summoned to the bar—summoned for the last time—the gentlemen of the House of Commons, in the van of whom, and drawing all eyes upon himself, stood Lord Castlereagh Then came the recitation of many acts passed during the session, and the sounding ratification, the joyian

<sup>&</sup>quot;Annuit et nutu totum tremefecit Olympum,"

honours was not very large, and as no honour could countervail the one they lost-I could not, and cannot, fathom the policy Thus much I am sure of-that, had such a measure been proposed by a political speculator previously to Queen Anne's reign, he would have been scouted as a dreamer and a visionary, who calculated upon men being generally somewhat worse than Esau—viz, giving up their birthrights and - untiout the mess of pottage However, on this memorable day, thus it was the Union was ratified, the bill received the royal assent without a muttering, or a whispering, or the protesting echo of a sigh Perhaps there might be a little pause—a silence like that which follows an earthquake, but there was no plain-spoken Lord Belliaven, as on the corresponding occasion in Edinburgh, to fill up the silence with, "So, there's an end of an auld sang! 'All was or looked courtly, and free from vulgar emotion. One person only I remarked whose features were suddenly illuminated by a smile, a sarcastic smile, as I read it, which, however, might be all a fancy It was Lord Castlereagh who at the moment when the irrevocable words were pronounced, looked with a penetrating glance amongst a party of ladies. His own wife was one of that party, but I did not discover the particular object on whom his smile had settled After this I had no lessure to be interested in anything which followed "You are all," thought I to myself, "a pack of vagabonds henceforward, and interlopers, with actually no more right to be here than myself I am an intruder; so are you. Apparently they thought so themselves, for, soon after this solemn fiat of Jove had gone forth, their lordships, having no farther title to their robes (for which I could not help wishing that a party of Jewish old-clothesmen would at this moment have appeared and made a loud bidding) made what haste they could to lay them aside for ever. The House dispersed much more rapidly than it had assembled. Major Sirr was found outside, just where we left him, laying down the law (as before) about pocket-handker-chiefs to old and young practitioners, and all parties adjourned to find what consolation they might in the great evening event of dinner 1

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The last sitting of the Irish Parhament, thus commemorated

harble) in Rome. From the tardiness and the difficulty of communication, the want of newspapers, &c., it followed, naturally enough, that the distant provincial towns, though not without their own separate literature and their own literary profesors, were always two or three generations in the rear of the metropolis; and thus it happened that, about the time of Augustus, there were some grammatics in Rome, answering to our black-letter critics, who sought the material of their researches in Bonlogue (Generacum), in Arles (Archita), or in Mar-cilles (Massilia) Now, the old Irish nobility—that part, I mean, which might be called the inral nobility-stood in the same relation to English manners and Here unght be found old rambling houses, in the style of antique English manorial chateaux, ill planned, perhaps, as regarded convenience and economy, with long rambling galleries, and windows minimerable, that evidently had never looked for that severe audit to which they were afterwards summoned by William Pitt, but displaying, in the dwellingrooms, a comfort and "cosmess," combined with magnificence, not always so effectually attained in modern times were old libraries, old butlers, and old customs, that seemed all alike to belong to the era of Cromwell, or even an earlier era than his, whilst the ancient names, to one who had some acquaintance with the great events of Irish history, often strengthened the illusion Not that I could pretend to be familiar with Irish history as Irish , but, as a conspicuous chapter in the difficult policy of Queen Ehzabeth, of Charles I, and of Cromwell, nobody who had read the English history could be a stranger to the O'Neils, the O'Donnells, the Ormands (ie, the Butlers), the Inchiquins, or the De Buighs, and many scores beside I soon found, in fact, that the aristocracy of Ireland might be divided into two great seetions the native Irish—territorial fixtures, so powerfully described by Maturin, and those, on the other hand, who spent so much of their time and revenues at Bath, Cheltenham, Weymouth, London, &c., as to have become almost entirely English—It was the former whom we chiefly visited, and I remarked that, in the midst of hospitality the most unbounded, and the amplest comfort, some of these were conspicuously in the rear of the English commercial

CHAPTER
FIRST IRISH REBELLION OF 17981

In our road to Mayo, we were often upon ground rendered memorable, not only by historical events, but more recently by the disastrous scenes of the Rebellion, by its horrors or its calamities. On reaching Westport House, we found ourselves in situations and a neighbourhood which had become the very centre of the final military operations, those which succeeded to the main rebellion; and which, to the people of England, and still more to the people of the Continent, had offered a character of interest wanting to the marrificial movements of Father Roche and Bagenal Harvey

In the year 1798 there were two great popular insurrections in Ireland — It is usual to talk of the Irish Rebellion, as though there had been one rebellion and no more, but it must satisfy the reader of the inaccuracy pervading the common reports of this period, when he hears that there were two separate re-

The first paragraph is from the same article in Tait's Magazine for April 1834 that had supplied the last chapter, but the rest is from Tait of May 1834. De Quincey had resolved, at this point of his Tait articles, to interject a retrospect of recent Irish history, and had therefore stopped the course of the direct autobiography till he should have furnished such a retrospect. This he did in his Tait autoles for April and May 1834, but, as he reversed the chronological order of his narrative on republishing it in 1853, it was the May number mainly that supplied him with the matter for this chapter. He entitled the chapter simply "First Rebellion", which is unintelligible. Even "First Irish Rebellion" would be misleading. The title "First Irish Rebellion of 1798" defines exactly what he meant—M

bellions reparate in time, reparate in space; a parate by the character of their cicuts, and sepu at their as regarded their The fact of these arow in the veinal rait proximate causes of summer, and wasted its fury upon the County of Wexford in the centre of the kingdom. The second work in the autumn, and was confined entirely to the merent provide a of Communght Each, resting (it is true) upon causes ultimately the same, had yet itsown separate occasions and excitements, for the first more upon a premiting explosion from a secret so icts of mo t salata organisation, and the second upon the encouragement of a And each of these mentre drong had its own separate leaders, and its own local names. The first, though precipitated into action by fortunate discoveries on the part of the government, had been anxiously preconcerted for three The second was an unpremeditated effort eilled forth by a most ill-timed, and also ill-concerted, fore, in invasion The general predisposing causes to rebellion were doubtless the same in both cases. But the exciting causes of the moment were different in each . And, finally, they were divided by a complete interval of two mouths

One very remarkable feature there was, however, in which these two separate rebellions of 1795 coincided and that was, the narrow range, as to time, within which each ran its Neither of them out in the limits of one lunar course It is a fact, however startling, that each, though a perfect and war in all its proportions, frequent in wirlike meident, and the former rich in tragedy, passed through all the stages of growth, maturity, and final extinction, within one single revolution of the moon. For all the rebel movements, subsequent to the morning of Vinega. Hill, are to be viewed not at all in the light of mancenvice made in the spirit of military hope, but in the light of final struggles for self-preservation made in the spirit of absolute despair, as regarded the original purposes of the war, or, indeed, as regarded any purposes whatever beyond that of instant safety. The solitary object contemplated was to reach some district loadly enough, and with elbow-room enough, for quiet, unmolested dispersion

A few pages will recapitulate these two civil wars. I begin with the first —The War of American Separation

touched and quickened the dry bones that lay waiting as it were for life through the West of Christendom The year 1782 brought that war to its winding-up; and the same year it was that called forth Grattan and the Irish voluntecrs These rolunteers came forward as allies of England egainst French and Spanish any asion, but, once embattled what should hinder them from detecting a flaw in their commission, and reading it as valid against England herself? In that sense they did read it. That Ireland had seen her own case dumly reflected in that of America, and that such a reference was sturring through the national mind, appears from a remarkable fact in the history of the year which followed In 1783, a haughty petition was addressed to the throne, on behalf of the Roman Catholics, by an association that errogated to itself the style and title of a Congress man could suppose that a designation so ominously significant had been chosen by accident, and by the English Government it was received as it was meant, for an insult and a menace What came next? The French Revolution All flesh moved under that inspiration. Tast and rank now began to germinate the seed sown for the ten vears preceding in Ireland, too fist and too rinkly for the policy that suited her situation Concealment or delay, compromise or temporising, would not have been brooked, at this moment, by the fiery temperament of Ireland, had it not been through the extraordinary composition of that secret society into which the management of her affurs now begin to devolve. In the year 1792, as we are teld, commenced and in 1795 was finished, the famous association of United Irishmen By these terms commenced and fireshed, we are to understand not the purposes or the arrangements of their conspiracy against the existing government but that network of organisation, delicate as lace for ladies, and strong as the harness of artillery horses, which now enmeshed almost every province of Ireland, knitting the strength of her peasantry into unity and disposable divisions. This, it seems, was completed in 1795. In a complete history of these times, no one chapter would deserve so ample an investigation as this subtle web of association, rising upon a large base, expanding in proportion to the extent of the particular county, and by intermediate

links ascending to some unknown apex; all so graduated, and in such mee interdependency, as to secure the instantaneous propagation upwards and downwards, laterally or obliquely, of any impulse whatever; and yet so effectually shrouded, that nobody knew more than the two or three individual agents in immediate juxtaposition with himself, by whom he communicated with those above his head or below his fect. This organisation, in fact, of the United . Irishmen combined the best features, as to skill, of the two most elaborate and most successful of all recret societies recorded in listory, one of which went before the Irish Society by centuries, and one followed it after an interval of five and twenty verry These two are the Fehm-Gericht, or court of ban and externmation, which, having taken its rise in Westphalia, is usually called the Secret Tribinial of Westphalia, and which reached its full development in the fourteenth century. The other is the Hellenistic Hetteria' (Eraipia)—a society which, passing for one of pure literary dilettants, under the secret countenance of the late Capo d'Istria (then a confidential minister of the Czar), did no tually succeed so far in hoaving the cabinets of Europe, that one-third of European kings put down their names, and gave their aid, as conspirators against the Sultan of Turkey, whilst credulously supposing themselves honorary correspondents of a learned body for reviving the arts and literature of Athens. These two I call the most successful of all secret societies, because both were arrayed against the existing administra-tions throughout the entire lands upon which they sought to operate. The German Society disowned the legal autho-rities as too weak for the ends of justice, and succeeded in bringing the cognisance of erimes within its own secret yet consecrated usurption. The Grecian Society made the existing powers the final object of its hostility, lived unarmed amongst the very oppressors whose throats it had dedicated to the sabre, and, in a very few years, saw its purpose accomplished

The Society of United Irishmen combined the best parts in the organisation of both these secret fraternities, and obtained their advantages. The society prospered in defiance of the government, nor would the government, though

armed with all the powers of the Dublin police and of state thunder, have succeeded in mastering this society, but, on the contrary, the society would assuredly have surprised and mastered the government, had it not been undermined by the perfidy of a confidential brother. One instrument for dispersing knowledge, employed by the United Irishmen, is worth mentioning, as it is applicable to any cause, and may be used with much greater effect in an age when everybody is taught to read They printed newspapers on a single side of the sheet, which were thus fitted for being placarded against the walls. This expedient had probably been suggested by Paris, where such newspapers were often placarded, and generally for the bloodiest purposes. But Louvet, in his "Memoirs," mentions one conducted by himself on better principles it was printed at the public expense, and sometimes more than twenty thousand copies of a single number were attached to the corners of streets. This was called the "Centinel" and those who are acquainted with the "Memoirs of Madame Roland" will remember that she cites Louvet's paper as a model for all of its class. The "Union Star" was the paper which the United Irishmen published upon this plan, pievious papers on the ordinary plan—viz, the "Northern Star" and the "Press"— having been violently put down by the government The "Union Star," however, it must be acknowledged, did not seek much to clevate the people by addressing them through their understandings it was merely a violent appeal to their passions, and directed against all who had incurred the displeasure of the society Newspapers, meantime, of every kind it was easy for the government to suppress. But the secret society annoyed and empled the government in other modes, which it was not easy to party, and all blows dealt in return were dealt in the dark, and aimed at a shadow In return were dealt in the dark, and aimed at a shadow. The society called upon Irishmen to abstain generally from ardent spirits, as a means of destroying the excise, and it is certain that the society was obeyed, in a degree which astonished neutral observers, all over Ireland. The same society by a printed proclamation, called upon the people not to purchase the quit-rents of the erown, which were then on sale, and not to receive bank-notes in payment, because (as

the proclamation told them) a "larst" was coming, when such paper, and the securities for such purchases, would fall to a runous discount. In this case, after much distress to the public service, government obtained a partial triumph by the law which caucelled the debt on a refusal to receive the state paper, and which quartered soldiers upon all tridesmen who demurred to such a tender. But, upon the whole, it was becoming punfully evident, that in Ireland there were two coordinate governments, coming into collision at every step, and that the one which more generally had the upper hand in the struggle was the secret Society of United Irishmen whose members individually, and whose local headquarters, were alike sercened from the attacks of its rival—vir., the State Government at the Castle—by a cloud of impenetralled arkness

That cloud was at last pierced. A treacherous or weak brother, high in the ranks of the society, and deep in their confidence, happened, when travelling up to Dublin in company with a Royalist, to speak half mysteriously, half ostentatiously, upon the deheate position which he held in the councils of his dangerous party. This weak man, Thomas Reynolds, a Roman Citholic gentleman, of Kilken Cootless in Kilken Castle, in Kildare, colonel of a regiment of United Irish, treasurer for Kildare, and in other offices of trust for the secret society, was prevailed on by Mr William Cope, a rich merchant of Dublin, who alarmed his mind by pictures of the horrors attending a revolution under the circumstances of Iteland, to betray all he knew to the government treachery was first meditated in the last week of February 1798, and, in consequence of his depositions, on March 12, at the house of Oliver Bond, in Dublin, the government succeeded in arresting a large body of the leading conspirators. The whole committee of Leiuster, amounting to thirteen members, was captured on this occasion, but a still more valuable prize was made in the persons of those who presided over the Irish Directory—viz, Einmet, Minisen, Arthur O'Connor, and Oliver Bond. As for as pages vent, their O'Connor, and Oliver Bond As far as names went, their places were immediately filled up, and a hand-bill was issued, on the same day, with the purpose of intercepting the effects of despondency amongst the great body of the conspirators But Emmet and O'Connor were not men to be

effectually replaced: government had struck a fatal blow, without being fully aware at first of their own good luck On the 19th of May following, in consequence of a proclamation (May 11), offering a thousand pounds for his capture, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was apprehended at the house of Mr Nicholas Murphy, a merchant in Dublin, but after a very desperate resistance. The leader of the arresting party, Major Swan, a Dublin magistrate, distinguished for his energy, was wounded by Lord Edward, and Ryan, one of the officers, so desperately, that he died within a fortnight Lord Edward himself languished for some time, and died in great agony on the 3d of June, from a pistol-shot which took effect on his shoulder Lord Edward Fitzgerald might be regarded as an injured man From the exuberant generosity of his temper, he had powerfully sympathised with the French Republicans at an early stage of their revolution, and, having, with great indiscretion, but an indiscretion that admitted of some palliation in so young a man and of so ardent a temperament, publicly around his sympathy, he was ignominiously dismissed from the army. That act made an enemy of one who, on several grounds, was not a man to be despised, for, though weak as respected his powers of self-control, Lord Edward was well qualified to make himself beloved, he had considerable talents, his very name, as a son of the only ducal house 1 in Iroland, was a spell and a rallyingword for a day of battle to the Irish peasantry, and, finally, by his marriage with a natural daughter of the then Duke of Orleans, he had founded some important connections and openings to secret influence in France The young lady whom he had married was generally known by the name of Pamela, and it has been usually supposed that she is the person described by Miss Edgeworth, under the name of Virginia, in the latter part of her "Belinda" How that may be, I cannot pretend to say Pamela was certainly led into some indiscretions, in particular, she was said to have gone to a ball

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The only ducal house" —That is, the only one not royal There are four provinces in Ireland—Ulster, Connaught, Munster, which three give old traditional titles to three personages of the bloodroyal Remains only Leinster, which gives the title of Duke to the Fitzgeralds.

without shoes or stockings, which esems to argue the same sort of ignorance, and the came ducility to any chance impressions, , which characterise the Virginia of Mrs Edgeworth She was a reputed daughter (as I have said) of Philipp- Egilite, and her putative mother was Madame de Genlis, who had been settled in that prince's fimily, as governe- to his children, more especially to the sister of the present French King Lord Edward's whole course had been marked by generality and noble feeling Fir better to have pardoned such a man, and (if that were possible) to have conciliated his support. but, says a contemporary Irishman, "those were not times of conciliation"

Some days after this event were arrested the two brothers named Sherrer, men of talcut, who eventually suffered for These discoveries were due to treachery of a peculiar sort, not to the treachery of an apostate brother breaking his faith, but of a counterfeit brother simulating the character of conspirator, and by that fraud obtaining a key to the fatal secrets of the United Irishmen. His perfidy, therefore, consisted, not in any betraval of scenets, but in the fraud by which he obtained them Government, without having yet penetrated to the very heart of the mystery, had now discovered enough to guide them in their most energetic precantions, and the result was, that the conspirators, whose

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Present French King" —Viz., in the year 1833
2 "To have pardoned," &c. —This was written under circum stances of great hurry, and, were it not for that pulliation, would be mexcusably thoughtless For, in a double sense, it is doubtful how far the government could have pardoned Lord Edward First, in a prudential sense, was it possible (except in the spirit of a German sentimentalising drama) to pardon a conspicuous and, within ce-buin limits, a very influential officer, for publicly arowing opinions tending to treason, and at war with the constitutional system of the land which fed him, and which claimed his allegiance? Was it possible, in point of prudence or in point of dignity, to overlook such anti-national sentiments, whilst neither disavoved nor ever likely to be disavowed? Was this possible—regard being had to the inevitable effect of such unearned forgiveness upon the army at large? But, secondly, in a merely logical sense of practical self consistency, would it have been rational or even intelligible to pardon a man who probably would not be pardoned, that is, who must (consenting or not consenting) benefit by the concessions of the pardon, whilst disowning all reciprocal obligahons I

policy had hitherto been to wait for the co-operation of a French army, now suddenly began to distrust that policy their fear was, that the ground would be cut from beneath their feet if they waited any longer. More was evidently lisked by delay than by dispensing altogether with foreign aid. To forego this aid was perilous, to wait for it was run. It was resolved, therefore, to commence the insurrection on the 23d of May, and, in order to distract the government, to commence it by simultaneous assaults upon all the inilitary posts in the neighbourhood of Dublin. This plan was discovered, but scarcely in time to prevent the effects of a surprise. On the 21st, late in the evening, the conspiracy had been announced by the Loid-Lieutenant's Secretary to the Lord Mayor, and, on the following day, by a message from his Excellency to both Houses of Parhament

The insurrection, however, in spite of this official warning, begin at the appointed hour. The skirmishes were many, and in many places, but, generally speaking, they were not favourable in their results to the insurgents. The mail-coaches, agreeably to the preconcerted plan, had all been intercepted, their non-arrival being everywhere understood by the conspirators as a silent signal that the war had commenced. Yet this summons to the more distant provinces, though truly interpreted, had not been truly answered. The communication between the capital and the interior, almost completely interrupted at first, had been at length fully restored, and a few days saw the main strength (as it was supposed) of the insurrection suppressed without much bloodshed. But hush! what is that in the rear?

Just at this moment, when all the world was disposed to think the whole affair quietly composed, the flame burst out with tenfold fury in a part of the country from which government, with some reason, had turned away their anxieties and their preparations. This was the County of Wexford, which the Earl of Mountnorms had described to the government as so entirely well-affected to the loyal cause, that he had personally pledged himself for its good conduct. On the night before Whitsunday, however, May 27, the standard of revolt was there raised by John Murphy,

a Catholic priest, well known henceforwards, under the title

of Father Murphy.

The campaign opened manspiciously for the Revalues. The rehels had po ted themselver on two eminences. Kitthomas, about ten incles to the westward of Gores, and the Hill of Oulart, half-way (re, about a dozen miles) between Gores and Wexford. They were attacked at each point on Wintsundry From the first point they were driven coulty, and with considerable loss, but at Onlart the issue was very different. Father Murphy commanded here in person and, finding that his men give was in great confusion before a picked body of the North Cork Militia, under the commund of Colonel Foote, he contrived to persuade them that their flight was leading them right upon a body of royal earlier posted to intercept their retreat. This fear effectually halted The insurgents, through a projudice matural to mexperience, had an incresonable dread of an ilry. A second time, therefore, firing about to retreat from this imaginary body of horse, they came, of necessity, and without design, full upon their pursues, whom unhappily the intoxication of victory had by this time brought into the most careless dis These, almost to a man, the rebels annihilated, universal construction followed amongst the Royalisis, Father Murphy led them to Perns, and thence to the strack of Enniscorthy

Has the reader witnessed, or has he heard described, the sudden birst—the explosion, one might say—by which a Swedish winter passes into spring, and spring simultaneously into summer? The icy sceptre of winter does not there than and inclt away by just gradations at is broken, it is shattered, in a day, in an hour, and with a violence brought home to every sense. No second type of resurrection, so mighty or so affecting, is infinitested by nature in southern climates. Such is the headlong trainly, such "the torrent-rapture," by which life is let loose amongst the air, the earth, and the waters under the earth. Exactly what this vernal resurrection is in manifestations of power and life, by comparison with chimates that have no winter—such, and marked with features as distinct, was this link insurrection, when suddenly surrendered to the whole contagion of

politics-religious fautificant by comparism with sulgar trust set strongies, and the posturiry of technical variance. What a pistory must fault withy base presented on the 27th of May 1. Pught to crowding in from Perus announced the rapid relation of the reliefs, now it less 7000 chong, drank this sict are and muddened with sindictive fire Not long after moldly, their idenced gund, well armed with mullets (f. Alexed, built observed, from regal magazines, hartly deer ted), commenced a tunnituous as-rult. Less that, 300 with a and yoursney formed the girri-on of the plane, which had no cort of defence, except the natural one of the river Shiney. Thir, however, was fordable, and that the as-plants knew. The significan amongst the rebels, measure, from the little crution they calubited, and their total defect of military of ill, was murderous. Spite of their innuence num rical relvantager, it is probable they would have been defeated. But in Eumscorths (as where not?) traven from within was emboldened to raise its crest at the very crises of enspense, meendaness were at work, and fluides began to issue from many houses at once. Retreat steelf becarie suddenly doubtful, depending, as it did, alto gether upon the state of the wind. At the right hand of every Royalist stood a traitor, in his own house oftentimes imked other traitors, waiting for the signal to begin, in the front was the enemy, in the near was a line of blazing offeels. Three hours the buttle had raged, it was now four P.M. and at this moment the garrison hastily gare way, and fiel to Wexford

Now came a scene which swallowed up all distinct or separate features in its fightle confluence of horrors. All the loyalists of Emiscorchy, all the gentry for miles around, who had congregated in that town, as a centre of scenity, were summoned at that moment, not to an orderly retreat, but to instant flight. At one end of the street were seen the rebel pikes, and bayonets, and fierce faces, already gleaning through the smoke at the other end volumes of fire, surging and billowing from the thatched roofs and blazing rafters, beginning to block up the avenues of escape. Then begin the agony and uttermost conflict of what is worst and what is best in human nature. Then was to be seen the

very delirium of fear, and the very delitium of vindictive malice; private and ignoble hatred, of ancient origin, shrouding itself in the mask of patriotic writh, the tig-r glare of just vengeance, fresh from intolerable wrongs and the neverto-be-forgotten ignoming of erripes and personal degradation, pame, self pilsted by its own excess, flight, eager or stealthy, according to the temper and the means; volleying pursuit, the very francy of agitation, under every mode of excite ment, and here and there, towering aloft, the desperation of maternal love, victorious and supreme above all lower passions. I recapitulate and gather under general abtractions. tions many an individual anecdote, reported by those who were on that day present in Emiscorthy, for at Ferns, not far off, and deeply interested in all those transactions. I had private friends, intimate participators in the trials of that fierce hurricane, and joint sufferers with those who suffered most. Ladies were then seen in crowds hurrying on foot to Wexford, the nearest as lum, though fourteen miles distant, many in slippers, barcheaded, and without any supporting arm, for the flight of their defenders, having been determined by a sudden angular movement of the assailants, coinciding with the failure of their own ammunition, had left no time for warning, and fortunate it was for the un-happy fugitives, that the confusion of burning streets, con-curring with the scanctions of pillage, drew aside so many of the victors as to break the unity of a pursuit else hellishly unrelenting

Wexford, meantime, was in no condition to promise more than a momentary shelter. Orders had been already issued to extinguish all domestic fires throughout the town, and to unroof all the thatched houses, so great was the jealousy of internal treason. From without, also, the alarm was every hour increasing. On Thesday the 29th of May the rebel army advanced from Emisscorthy to a post called. Three Rocks, not much above two miles from Wexford. Their strength was now increased to at least 15,000 men. Never was there a case requiring more energy in the disposers of the royal forces, never one which met with less, even in the most responsible quarters. The nearest military station was the fort at Duncainnon, twenty-three miles distant. Thither

, on the 29th, an express had been despatched by the Mayor of Wexford, reporting their situation, and calling for immediate aid. General Fawcet replied, that he would himself march that same evening with the 13th regiment, part of the Menth Militin, and sufficient artillery. Relying upon the o as urances, the small parties of unlitin and yeomanry then in Wexford gallantly threw themselves upon the most trying versices in advance. Some companies of the Donegal Militia, not mustering above 200 men, marched immediately to a position between the rebel camp and Wexford, whilst others of the North Cork Militia and the local yeomanry, with equal cheerfulness, undertook the defence of that town Meantine, General Pawcet had consulted his personal comfort by halting for the night, though aware of the dreadful emergency, at a station sixteen unles short of Wexford small detatelment, however, with part of his artillery, he sent forward; these were the next morning intercepted by the rebels at Three Rocks, and massiered almost to a man Two officers, who e-caped the slaughter, carried the intelligence to the advance post of the Donegals, but they, so far from being disheartened, marched immediately against the rebel army, enormous as was the disproportion, with the jurpose of recapturing the attillery A singular contrast this to the conduct of General Fawcet, who retreated hastily to Duncannou upon the first intelligence of this disaster Such a regressive movement was so little anticipated by the gallant Donegals, that they continued to advance against the enemy, until the precision with which the captured aitillery was served against themselves, and the non-appearance of the promised aid, warned them to retire At Wexford they found all in confusion and the harry of retreat. The flight, as it may be called, of General Fawcet was now confirmed, and, as the local position of Wexford made it indefensible ngainst artillery, the whole body of Loyalists, except those whom insufficient warning had thrown into the rear, now fled from the wrath of the rebels to Duncannon shocking illustration (if truly reported) of the thoughtless ferocity which characterised too many of the Orange troops, that, along the whole line of this retreat, they continued to burn the cabins of Roman Catholics, and often to massacre

in cold blood the miossending inhabitants, totally sorgeiful of the many hostiges whom the insurgents now held in their power, and cateless of the dreadful provocations which they

were thus throwing out to the bloodiest reprivate

Thus it was, and through mismanagement thus mischievonsly alert, or through to por thus unaccountably bus, that actually, on the 30th of May, not having raised their standard before the 26th, the rebels had already been permitted to possess themselves of the County of Wexford in its whole southern division-Ros and Duncantion only excepted; of which the latter was not hable to capture by exup de ravin, and the other was saved by the procrastmation of the rebels. The northern division of the county was overrun profty much in the same hasty style, and through the same desperate neglect in previous concert of plans. Upon first turning their views to the north, the rebels had taken up a position on the Hill of Connigrua, as a stetion from which they could march with advantage upon the town of Gorev, lying seven miles to the northward On the first of June, a truly brilhant affair had taken place between a mere handful of militia and veomanty from this town of Gorey and a strong detachment from the rebel camp Miny persons at the time regarded this as the best fought action in the whole war . The two parties had met about two miles from Gorey; and it is pretty cortain that, if the yeoman cavalry could have been prerailed on to charge at the critical moment, the defeat would have been a most imurderous one to the rebels. As it was, they escaped, though with considerable loss of honour. even this they were allowed to retrieve within a few days, in a remarkable way, and with circumstances of still greater scandal to the unlitary discretion in high quarters than had attended the movements of General Faucet in the south

On the 4th of June, a little army of 1500 men, under the command of Major-General Loftus, had assembled at Gorey The plan was—to march by two different reads upon the rebel encampment at Corrigina, and this plan was adopted Meantime, on the same night, the rebel army had put themselves in motion for Gorey, and of this countermovement full and timely information had been given by a farmer at the royal head-quarters, but such was the obstinate

infatuation that no officer of rank would condescend to give him a hearing. The consequences may be imagined. Colonel Walpole, an Englishman, full of courage, but presimptuously disdamful of the enemy, led a division upon one of the two roads, having no scouts, nor taking any sort of precaution Suddeuly he found his line of march crossed by the enemy in great strength he refused to halt or to retire, was shot through the head, and a great part of the advanced detachment was slaughtered on the spot, and his artillery captured General Loftus, advancing on the parallel road, heard the firing, and detached the grenadicr company of the Antiim Militia to the aid of Walpole. These, to the amount of seventy men, were cut off almost to a man, and when the general, who could not cross over to the other road through the enclosures, from the encumbrance of his artillery, had at length reached the scene of action by a long circuit, he found limself in the following truly ludicrous position — The rebels had pursued Colonel Walpole's division to Gorey, and possessed themselves of that place; the general had thus lost his head-quarters, without having seen the army, whom he had suffered to ship past hun in the dark. He marched back disconsolately to Gorey, took a look at the rebel posts which now occupied the town in strength, was saluted with a few rounds from his own cannon, and finally retreated out of the county

This movement of General Loftus, and the previous one of General Fawcet, circumstantially illustrate the puerile imbecility with which the royal cause was then conducted Both movements foundered in an hour, through surprises against which each had been amply forewarned. Fortunately for the government, the affairs of the rebels were managed even worse. Two sole enterprises were undertaken by them after this, previously to the closing battle of Vinegar Hill, both being of the very utmost importance to their interests, and both sure of success, if they had been pushed forward in time. The first was the attack upon Ross, undertaken on the 29th of May, the day after the capture of Enniscorthy Had that attack been pressed forward without delay, there never were two opinions as to the certainty of its success, and, having succeeded, it would have laid open to the rebels

the important counties of Waterford and Kilkening Bung delayed until the 5th of June, the assault was represent with prodigious slaughter. The other was the attack mean Arl lon in the north. On the capture of Gorey, on the night of June 1, us the immediate consequence of Colonel Walpole's defeat, had the rebels advanced upon Arklan, they would have found it for some days totally undefinded; the whole garnson having retreated in panic, early on June 5, to The capture of this important place would have laid open the whole road to the capital, would probably have caused a using in that great city; and, in my event, would have indefinitely prolonged the war, and multiplied the distractions of government. Merely from sloth, and the spirit of procession, however, the rebel army halted at Goicy until the 9th, and then advanced with what seemed the overpowering force of 27,000 men. It is a striking lesson upon the subject of procrastination, that precisely on that morning of June 9 the attempt had first become hopeless. Until then the place had been positively emptied of all inhabitants whatsoever Exactly on the 9th the old garrison had been ordered back from Wickley, and rainforced by a erack English regiment (the Durham Tencibles), on whom chiefly at this critical hour had devolved the defence, which was peculiarly trying from the vast numbers of the assaiants, but brilliant, masterly, and perfectly successful

This obstinate and fiercely-contested battle of Arklow was indeed, by general consent, the lunge on which the rebellion turned Nearly 30,000 men, armed every man of them with pikes, and 5000 with muskets, supported also by some artillery, sufficiently well served to do considerable execution at a most important point in the line of defence, could not be defeated without a very trying struggle. And here, again, it is worthy of record, that General Needham, who commanded on this day, would have followed the example of Generals Fawcet and Loftus, and have ordered a retreat, had he not been determinately opposed by Colonel Skerret of the Durham regiment. Such was the imbeculity; and the want of motal courage, on the part of the military leaders for it would be unjust to impute any defect in animal courage to the feeblest of these leaders. General

Needham, for example, exposed his person, without reserve, throughout the whole of this difficult day. Any amount of cannot-shot he could face cheerfully, but not a trying responsibility.

From the defeat of Aiklow, the rebels gradually retired, between the 9th and the 20th of June, to then main military position of Vinegar Hill, which hes immediately above the town of Enniscorthy, and had fallen into their hands, concurrently with that place, on the 28th of May Here their whole forces, with the exception of perhaps 6000,—who attacked General Moore (ten and a-half years later the Moore of Corunna) when marching on the 26th towards Wexford,—had been concentrated, and to this point, therefore, as a focus, had the royal army, 13,000 strong, with a respectable artillery, under the supreme command of General Lake, converged in four separate divisions, about the 19th and 20th of June. The great blow was to be struck on the 21st, and the plan was, that the royal forces, moving to the assault of the rebel position upon four lines at right angles to each other (as 1f, for instance, from the four cardinal points to the same centre), should surround their encampment, and shut up every avenue to escape On this plan, the field of battle would have been one vast slanghter-house, for quarter was not granted on either side. But the quadrille, if it were ever seriously concerted, was entirely defeated by the failure of General Needham, who did not present himself with his division until nine o'clock, a full half-hour after the battle was over, and thus earned the sobriquet of The late 2

<sup>2</sup> The same jest was applied to Mr Pitt's brother When First Lord of the Admiralty, people calling on him as late as even 10 or 11 r at were told that his lordship was riding in the Park On-this account partly, but more pointedly with a malicious reference to the contrast between his languor and the fiery activity of his father, the

first earl, he was joenlarly called The late Lord Chatham.

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;For quarter was not granted on either side"—I repeat, as all along and necessarily I have repeated, that which orally I was told at the time, or which subsequently I have read in published accounts. But the reader is aware by this time of my steadfist conviction that more easily might a camel go through the eye of a needle, than a reporter, fresh from a campaign blazing with partisanship, and that partisanship representing ancient and hereditary fends, could by possibility cleanse himself from the virues of such a prejudice

General Needh un Whether the fedure were really in this officer, or (as was alleged by his apologists) had been already pre-concerted in the inconsistent orders resuld to him by General Like, with the covert intention, as many believe, of mercifully counteracting his own scheme of wholesale butchery—to this day remains obscure. The effect of that delay, in whatever war caused, was for once such as must win everybode's applane The action had commenced at reven o'clock in the morning, by half past eight, the whole reled aimy was in flight, and, naturally making for the only point left unguarded, it escaped with no great slaughter (but learning behind all its artillers, and a good deal of caluable plunder), through what was factionally called ever aftern and Newfham's Gap. After this capital rout of Vinegar Hill, the rebel army day by day inculdered away. A large body, however, of the increest and most desperate continued for some time to make flying marches in all directions, according to the positions of the King's force, and the momentary fasour of accidents. Once or twice they were brought to action by Sir James Duff and Sir Charles Aspill; and, ludierously enough, once more they were suffered to escape by the cternal delays of the "lite Needham" At length. however, after many shirmi-hes, and all varieties of local success, they finally dispersed upon a log in the Counts of Dublin. Many desperadoes, however, took up their quarters for a long time in the dwarf woods of Killanghiun, near Enniscorthy, assuming the trade of maranders, but ludicronsly designating themselves the Bakes in the Wood It is an inexplicable fact, that many deserters from the militia regiments, who had behaved well throughout the campaign, and adhered faithfully to their colours, now resorted to this confederation of the woods, from which it cost some trouble to dislodge them Another party, in the woods and mountains of Wicklow, were found still more formidable, and continued to infest the adjacent country through the ensuing winter. These were not finally ejected from their lairs until after one of their chiefs had been killed in a night skirmish by a young man defending his house, and the other chief, weary of his savage life, had surrendered himself to trans portation

It diffused general satisfaction throughout Ireland, that, on the very day before the final engagement of Vinegar Hill. Lord Cornwalls made his entry into Dublin as the new Lord-Lieutenant. A proclamation, issued early in July, of general annesty to all who had shed no blood except on the field of buttle, notified to the country the new spirit of policy which now distinguished the government, and, doubtless, that one merciful change worked marvels in healing the agitations of the land Still it was thought necessary that severe justice should take its course amongst the most conspicuous leaders or agents in the insurrection Martial law still prevailed, and under that law we know, through a speech of the Duke of Wellington's, how entirely the very elements of justice are dependent upon individual folly or caprice Many of those who had shown the greatest generosity, and with no slight risk to themselves, were now selected to suffer Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman, who had held the supreme command of the rebel army for some time with infinite veration to lumself, and taxed with no one instance of cruelty or excess, was one of those doomed to execution. He had possessed an estate of nearly three thousand per annum; and at the same time with him was executed another gentleman, of more than three times that estate, Cornelius Grogan Singular it was, that men of this condi-tion and property, men of feeling and refinement, should have staked the happiness of their families upon a contest so Some there were, however, and possibly these gentlemen, who could have explained their motives intelligibly enough they had been forced by persecution, and actually batted into the ranks of the rebels. One picturesque difference in the deaths of these two gentlemen was remarkable, as contrasted with their previous habits. Grogan was constitutionally timid, and yet he faced the scaffold and the trying preparations of the executioner with fortitude. On the other hand, Bagenal Harvey, who had fought several duels with coolness, exhibited considerable trepidation in his last moments Perhaps, in both, the difference might be due entirely to some physical accident of health, or momentary nervous derangement.1

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps also not. Possibly enough there may be no call for any

Among the crowd, however, of per one who suffered death at this disastrous era, there were two that ment a special commemoration for their virtuous icentance, in disregard of all personal risk, to a horrid functions of cruelty. One was a butcher, the other at scafaring man—both rehele. But

such exceptional solution—for, after all, there may be nother, to solve—no dignus randice means. As recards the sudden intered ings of characters on the scaffold—the constitutionally brave man all at one becoming findly, and the third man becoming brave—it must be remembered that the particular sort of courage applicable to duolling, when the danger is much more of a fagitive and momentary order than that which invests a battle lasting for houtes, depends almost entirely upon a man semidence in his own hiel—a peculiarity of mind which exists altogether apart from native reset need courage, whether moral or physical—it must be note of courage is but a transformed expression for a sanguing temperatural. A man who is habitually depressed by a constitutional taint of desponder of many carry into a duel a sublime principle of colin, reflexiverificing courage, as being possibly interly a thout hope a courage, therefore, which has to light with internal resistance, to which there may be nothing

corresponding in a cheerful temperament

But there is mother and separate a oney through which the fear of death may happen to act as a di turbing force, and most irregularly, as viewed in relation to moral course and strength of mind. This anomalous force is the imaginative and shadows terror with which different minds recoil from death-not considered as an agony or torment, but considered as a mysters, and, next after God, as the most infinite of mysteries. In a brise manthly terror may happen to be strong, in a pusilinamous man, samply through mertness and original feebleness of lima in ition, may happen to be scarcely sleveluped. This oscillation of horror, alternating between death as an agony and derth as a mystery, not only exists with a corresponding set of course quences accordingly as one or other provais, but is sometimes con-sciously contemplated and put into the scales of comparison and counter valuation I or instance, one of the carly Cresars reviewed the ease thus "Lmort noto me esse mortuum nikil testurio" (From ileath as the act and process of dring, I revolt but as to death, viewed as a permanent state or condition, I don't value at at a straw) What this particular Cesar detested, and viewed with burning malice, was death the agony—death the physical forment. As to death the mystery want of sensibility to the infinite and the shadowy had disarmed that of its terrors for him Yet, on the contrary, how many are there whe face the mero physical anguish of dying with stern indifference death the mystery - death that, not satisfied with changing ou objective, may attack even the roots of our subjective-there has the mute, messable, voiccless horror before which all human courage i abished, oven is all human resistance becomes children when mersur ing itself agunst gravitation

they must have been truly generous, brave, and noble-minded men. During the occupation of Wexford by the rebel army, they were repeatedly the sole opponents, at great personal risk, to the general missiere then ineditated by some few popish biguts. And, finally, when all resistance seemed likely to be unavailing, they both demanded resolutely from the chief patron of this introcious policy that he should fight themselves, aimed in whatever way he night prefer, and, as they expressed it, "prove himself a man," before he should be at liberty to sport in this wholesale way with innocent blood

One prinful fact I will state, in taking leave of this subject, and that, I believe, will be quite sufficient to sustain anything I have said in disparagement of the government, by which, however, I mean, in justice, the local administra-tion of Ireland. For, as to the supreme government in England, that body must be supposed, at the utmost, to have passively acquiesced in the recommendations of the Irish Cabinet, even when it interfered so far. In particular, the scomguigs and flagellations resorted to in Wexford and Kildare, &c, must have been originally suggested by minds familiar with the habits of the Irish aristociacy in the treatment of dependants. Candid Irishmen will admit that the habit of kicking, or threatening to kick, waiters in coffeehouses or other mental dependants —a habit which, in England, would be met instantly by defiance and menaces of action for assault and battery—is not yet altogether obsolete in Ireland 1 Thirty years ago it was still more prevalent, and presupposed that spirit and temper in the treatment of memal dependants out of which, doubtless, arose the practice of judicial (re, tentative) flagellations. Meantime, that fact with which I propose to close my recollections of this great timult, and which seems to be a sufficient guarantee for the very severest reflections on the spirit of the government, is expressed significantly in the terms, used habitually by Roman Catholic gentlemen, in prindential exculpation of themselves, when threatened with inquiry for their conduct during these times of agitation—"I thank my God that no man can charge me justly with

<sup>1 &</sup>quot; Not yet altogether obsolete".--Written in 1833.

having saved the life of any Protestant, or his house from pillage, by my intercession with the rebel chiefs' How! Did men boast of collision with violence and the spirit of massacre? What did that mean? It meant this .- Some Roman Catholics had pleaded, and pleaded truly, as a reason for special indulgence to themselves, that any influence which might belong to them, on the score of religion or of privat friendship, with the ribel authorities, had been used by them on behalf of persecuted Protestants, either in delivering them altogether, or in softening their doom. But, to the surprise of everybody, this plea was so far from being entertained favourably by the courts of inquiry, that, on the contrary, an argument was built upon it, dangerous in the last degree to the pleader. "You admit, then," it was retoried, "having had this very considerable influence upon the rebel councils; your influence extended to the saving of lives; in that case we must suppose you to have been known privately as their friend and supporter. Thus to have delivered an innocent man from murder argued that the deliverer must have been an accomplice of the murderous party. Readily it may be supposed that few would be disposed to urge such a vindication, when it became known in what way it was likely to operate. The government itself had made it perilous to profess humanity, and every man henceforward gloried publicly in his callousness and insensibility, as the one best rafeguard to himself on a path so closely beset with rocks

## CHAPTER' XI

FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND, AND SECOND REBELLION

THE decisive battle of Vinegai Hill took place at Midsummer and with that battle terminated the First Rebellion. Two months later, a French force, not making fully a thousand men, under the command of General Humbert, landed on the west coast of Ireland, and again roused the Irish peasantly to insurrection. This latter insurrection, and the invasion which aroused it, naturally had a peculiar interest for Lord Westport and myself, who, in our present abode of Westport House, were living in its local centre.

I in particular was led, by hearing on every side the conversation reverting to the dangers and tragic incidents of the era, separated from us by not quite two years, to make inquiries of everybody who had personally participated in the commotions. Records there were on every side, and memorials even in our bedrooms, of this French visit, for at one time they had occupied. Westport House in some strength. The largest town in our neighbourhood was Castlebar, distant about eleven Irish miles. To this it was that the French addressed their very earliest efforts. Advancing rapidly, and with their usual style of theatrical confidence, they had obtained at first a degree of success which was almost surprising to their own insolent vanity,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> For the matter of this chapter De Quince, reverts to his paper in Tail's Magazine for April 1834—M.

and which, long afterwards, become a subject of butter mortification to our own arms. Had there been at this point any energy at all corresponding to that of the enemy, or commensurate to the intrinsic superiority of our own frosps in steadiness, the French would have been compelled to by down their uns. The experience of those days, however, showed how deficient is the finest composition of an army, unless where its martial qualities have been developed by practice, and how hable is all courage, when utterly mexperienced, to sudden panies. This greening advance, which would have foundered atterly against a single battalion of the troops which fought in 1812-13 amongst the Pyrenets, was here for the moment successful

The bishop of this ree, Dr Stock, with his whole house-hold, and, indeed, his whole pistoril charge, became on this occasion prisoners to the enemy. The Republican head-quarters were fixed for a time in the Episcopal Palace, and there it was that General Humbert and his staff lived in familiar intercourse with the bishop, who thus became well qualified to record (which he soon afterwards did in an anonymous pumphlet) the leading circumstances of the French incursion, and the consequent insurrection in Connaught, as well as the most striking features in the character and deportment of the Republican officers. Riding acter and deportment of the Republican officers. Riding over the same of these it insections duly for some months, in company with Dr. Peter Browne, the Dean of Ferns (an illegitimate son of the late Lord Altamont, and therefore half-brother to the present), whose sacred character had not prevented him from taking that unlitary part which seemed, in those difficult moments, a duty of elementary patriotism laid upon all able, I enjoyed in my opportunities for checking the statements of the bishop. The small body of French troops which undertook this remote service had been detached in one-half from the army of the Rhine, the other half had served under Napoleon in his first foreign a unpaign—viz, the Italian campaign of 1796, which accomplished the conquest of Northern Italy. Those from Germany showed by their looks and their meagre condition how much they had suffered, and some of them, in describing their hardships, told their Irish acquaintance that, during the siege of Metz, which had occurred in the pressons winter of 1797, they had skept in boles inside four feet below the surface of the snow. One officer declared solemnly that he had not once undressed, further than by taking off his cost, for a period of twelve months. The private soldiers had all the essential qualities fitting them for a deficult and trying service—" intelligence, activity, temperance, patience to a sarprising degree, together with the exactest discipline." This is the statement of their criadid and upright enemy. "Yet," says the bishop, "with all these mutual qualities, if you except the grenadiers, they had nothing to catch the eye. Their stature, for the most part, was low, their complexion pole and yellow, their clothes much the worse for wear, to a saperficial observer, they would have appeared incapable of enduring any hardship. These were the men, however, of whom it was presently observed, that they could be well content to live on bread or potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the creek their bed, and to sleep in their clothes, with no covering but the canopy of he is en "—" How vast, says Cheero, "is the revenue of Parsimony!" and, by a thousand degrees more striking, how celestial is the strength that descends upon the feeble through Temperance!

It may well be imagined in what terror the families of Killala heard of a French invision, and the necessity of insmediately accessing a Republican army. As Sansculottes, these men all over Europe had the reputation of pursuing a ferocious marauding policy, in fact, they were held little better than sanguinary brigands. In candour, it must be admitted that their conduct at Killala behed these reports, though, on the other hand, an obvious interest obliged them to a more pacific demeanour in a land which they saluted as friendly, and designed to raise into extensive misuirection. The French army, so much die ided, at length arrived. The general and his staff entered the palace, and the first act of one officer, on coming into the dinnig room, was to advance to the sideboard, sweep all the plate into a basket, and deliver it to the bishop's butler, with a charge to carry it off to a place of security.

As this happened to be the truth, the hishop did right to report Otherwise, his lordship does not seem to have had much acquaint-

The French officers, with the detachment left under their orders by the commander-in-chief, staid about one month at This period allowed opportunities enough for observing individual differences of character, and the general tone of their manners These opportunities were not thrown away upon the bishop he noticed with a critical eye, and he recorded on the spot, whatever fell within his own experience. Had he, however, happened to be a political or courtier bishop, his record would, perhaps, have been suppressed, and at any rate it would have been coloured by prejudice As it was, I believe it to have been the honest testimony of an honest man, end, considering the minute. circumstantiality of its delineations, I do not behave that, throughout the revolutionary war, any one document was made public which throws so much light on the quality and composition of the French Republican armie. On this consideration I shall extract a few purrages from the bishop's personal sketches,1

The Commander-in chief of the Prench armament is

thus delineated by the bishop -

"Humbert, the leader of this singular body of men, was himself as extraordinary a personage is any in his array. Of a good height and shape, in the full vigour of life, prompt to decide, quick in execution, apparently master of his art, you could not refuse him the praise of a good officer, while his physiognomy forbide you to like him as a man. His eye, which was small and sleepy, east a sidelong glance of misidionishess and even of ernelty, it was the eye of a eat preparing to spring upon her prey. His education and manners were indicative of a person spring from the lower

ance with the I reach seemed mode of arranging their public acts for purposes of effect. Cymed people (like myself, when looking back to this anecdete from the year 1833) were too apt to remark that this plate and that basket were carefully numbered, that the episcopial butler (like Pharaoli's) was liable, alas! to be lauged, in ease the plate were not forthcoming on a summons from head quarters and that the Killala "place of seemity" was kindly strengthened, under the maternal auxiety, of the French Republic, by doubling the French sentries

<sup>1</sup> "A Narrative of what passed at Killala in the County of Mayo and the parts adjacent during the French Invasion in 1798. By

an Tyenitnes" London, 1800 -M

orders of society, though he knew how to assume, when it was convenient, the deportment of a gentleman. For learning, he had scarcely enough to enable him to write his name His passions were furious, and all his behaviour seemed marked with the character of roughness and insolence. A narrower observation of him, however, scenied to discover that much of his roughness was the result of art, being assumed with the view of extorting by terror a ready comphance with his commands. Of this truth the bishop himself was one of the first who had occasion to be made sensible."

The particular occasion here alluded to by the bishop arose out of the first attempts to effect the disembarkation of the military stores and equipments from the French slupping, as also to forward them when landed The case was one of extreme urgency, and proportionate allowance must be made for the French general. Every moment might bring the British cruisers in sight—two important expeditions had already been baffled in that way and the absolute certainty, known to all parties alike, that delay, under these circumstances, was tantamount to ruin, that upon a difference of ten or fifteen minutes, this way or that, might happen to lunge the whole issue of the expedition .such a consciousness gave unavoidably to every demur at this critical moment the colour of treachery Neither boats, nor carts, nor horses, could be obtained, the owners most imprudently and selfishly retiring from that service. Such being the extremity, the French general made the bishop responsible for the execution of his orders but the bishop had really no means to enforce this commission, and failed Upon that, General Humbert threatened to send his lordship, together with his whole family, prisoners of war to France, and assumed the air of a man violently provoked. Here came the crisis for determining the bishop's weight amongst his immediate flock, and his hold upon their affections. One great bishop, not far off, would, on such a trial, have been exultingly consigned to his fate that I well know, for Lord Westport and I, merely as his visitors, were attacked in the dusk so fiercely with stones, that we were obliged to forbear going out, unless in broad daylight. Luckily the Bulop of Killah had shown himself a Chretien poster and now he respect the fruits of his roadine . The public selfishmest gave way, when the danger of the heavily was made known. The houts, the earts, the houts, the rearrest in hours, were now liberally brought in from their larl ing-places, the artificing and stores were luided, and the drivers of the carts, &c, were pud in drifts upon the Irish Directors, which (if it were an aerial coin) served at least to mark an unwillingness in the enemy to edopt violent modes of hostflity, and ultimately became available in the very character assigned to them by the Prench general, not, indeed, as drafts upon the rebel, but as claims upon the equits of the

Euglish Government.

The officer left in command at Killish, when the presence of the communder in chief was required claimhers born the name of Charest. He was a heutenant-colonel, aged fortyfive years, the ron of a Pussian watchmaker. Having been sent over at an early age to the unhappy round of St Dominga, with a view to some connections there by which he hoped to profit, he had been fortunate enough to marry a young women who brought him a plantation for her don't which was reputed to have vielded him a revenue of £2000 sterling per annum. But this, of course, all went to wrick in one day, upon that mad decree of the French Convention which proclumed liberty without dis tinction, without restrictions and without graditions, to the unprepared and ferocious negroes? Even his wife and daughter would have perished simultaneously with his property, but for English protection, which delivered them from the black sabre, and transferred them to Jamaica There. however, though safe, they were, as respected Colonel Charost, unavoidably captives, and "his eyes would fill," says the bishop, "when he told the family that he had not seen these dear relatives for six years past, nor even had tidings of them for the last three years." On his return to France, finding that to have been a watchmaker's son was no

<sup>2</sup> I leave this passage as it was written originally under an impression then universally current But, from a list I have since read on this subject, I beg to be considered as speaking very doubtfully on the true causes of the St Domingo disasters

longer a bar to the honours of the military profession, he had entered the army, and had risen by ment to the rank which he now held. "He had a plain, good understanding He seemed careless or doubtful of revealed religion, but said that he believed in God, was inclined to think that there must be a future state; and was very sure that, while he lived in this world, it was his duty to do all the good to his fellow-creatures that he could Yet what he did not exhibit in his own conduct, he appeared to respect in others, for he took care that no noise or disturbance should be made in the castle [1 e], the bishop's palace] on Sundays, while the family, and many Protestants from the town, were assembled in the library at their devotions

"Boudet, the next in command, was a captain of foot, twenty-eight years old. His father, he said, was still living, though sixty-seven years old when he was born. His height was six feet two inches. In person, complexion, and gravity, he was no inadequate representation of the Knight of La Mancha, whose example he followed in a recital of his own prowess and wonderful exploits, delivered in measured language and an imposing seriousness of aspect." The bishop represents him as vain and irritable, but distinguished by good feeling and principle. Another officer was Ponson, described as five feet six inches high, lively and animated in excess, volatile, noisy, and chattering, a Poutrance. "He was hardy," says the bishop, "and patient to admiration of labour and want of rest." And of this last quality the following wonderful illustration is given —"A continued watching of five days and nights together, when the rebels were growing desperate for prey and mischief, did not appear to sink his spurits in the smallest degree."

Contrasting with the known rapacity of the French Republican army in all its ranks the severe honesty of these particular officers, we must come to the conclusion, either that they had been selected for their tried qualities of abstinence and self-control, or else that the perilons tenure of their footing in Ireland had coerced them into forbearance. Of this same Ponson, the last described, the bishop declares, that "he was strictly honest, and could not bear the absence of this quality in others, so that his patience was pretty well

his contempt for religion in a way which the lishop si w reason for ascribing to vanity—"the miscrabb, affectation of appearing worse than he really was. One officer there was, named True, whose brutulty recalled the impression, so disadvantageous to French republicanists, which else had been partially effected by the manners and conduct of his comrades. To him the bishop (and not the bishop only, but many of my own informants, to whom True had been fauntiarly known) ascribes "a front of brass, an incressint fraudful simile, manners altogether yulgar, and in his dress and person a neglect of the miness even beyond the affected negligence

of republicans"

True, however, happuly, was not leader; and the principles or the policy of his superiors pretailed. To them, not merely in their own conduct, but also in their way of rpplying that influence which they held over their most bigoted allies, the Protestants of Connaught were under deep obligations. Speaking merely is to property, the honest Inshop renders the following justice to the enemy -" And here it would be an act of great injustice to the excellent discipline constantly maintained by these invaders while they remained in our town, not to remark that, with every temptation to plunder which the time and the number of valuable articles within their reach prescuted to them in the bishop's palace, from a sideboard of plate and glasses, a hall filled with hats, whips, and greateouts, as well of the guests as of the family, not a single particular of private property was found to have been carried away, when the owners, after the first fright, came to look for their effects, which was not for a day or two after the landing" Even in matters of delicaer the same forbearance was exhibited -" Beside the entire use of other apartments, during the stay of the Ficueli in Killala, the attic storey, containing a library, and three bedchambers, continued sacred to the bishop and his family And so scrupulous was the delicacy of the French not to disturb the female part of the house, that not one of them was ever seen to go higher than the middle floor, except on the evening of the success at Castlebar, when two officers begged leave to carry to the family the news of the battle, and seemed a

little mortified that the news was received with an air of dissatisfaction." These, however, were not the weightiest instances of that eminent service which the French had if in their power to render on this occasion. The royal army behaved ill in every sense. Inable to continual pames in the field-prince which, but for the overwhelming force accountited, and the discretion of Lord Cornwallis, would have been fetal to the good cause—the royal forces erred, as unthinkingly, in the abuse of any momentary tramph Forgetting that the rebels held many hostages in their hands, they at once recommenced the old system practised in Wevford and Kildare, of hanging and shooting without trial, and without a thought of the hourible reprisals that might be adopted These reprisals, but for the fortunate influence of the French commanders, and but for their great energy in applying that influence according to the exigencies of time and place, would have been made it cost the whole weight of the French power, their influence was stretched almost to breaking, before they could accomplish their purpose of neutralising the senseless cruelty of the royalists, and of saying the trembling Protestants. Dreadful were the anxieties of these moments and I myself heard persons, at a distance of nearly two years, declare that their lives hing at that time by a thread, and that, but for the hasty approach of the Lord-Lieutenant by forced marches, that thread would have snapped "We heard with panic," said they, "of the madness which characterised the proceedings of our sordisant friends and, for any chance of safety, unavoidably ne looked only to our nominal enemies—the staff of the French army"

One story was still current, and very frequently repeated, at the time of my own residence upon the scene of these transactions. It would not be fair to mention it, without saying, at the same time, that the Bishop, whose discretion was so much impeached by the affair, had the candour to blame himself most heavily, and always applicated the rebel for the lesson he had given him. The case was this —Day after day the loyal forces had been accumulating upon military posts in the neighbourhood of Killala, and could be deserted from elevated stations in that town. Stories

VOL I

travelled simultaneously to Killaly, every bout, of the atrocities which marked their advance, many, doubtles, b in z fictions, either of blind hatred, or of that ferences peloy which sought to make the rebels desperate, by tempting their into the last extremities of guilt but, unhapplit, too much countenanced, as to their general outline, by exercise on the royal part, already proved, and undervable. The format and the anxiety increased every home amongst the rebel occupants of Killala. The I reach had no power to protect, beyond the moral one of their influence as allies, and, in the vers crisis of this alarming situation, a relyl came to the Bishop, with the news that the royal cavaler was at that moment advancing from Sligo and could be traced along the country by the line of bliging houses which accompanied then march. The Bishop doubted this, and expressed his doubt. "Come with me," and the rebel. It was a matter of policy to yield, and his lardship went. They ascended together the Needle tower-hill, from the summit of which the bishop now discovered that the fierce ribel had spoken but too truly. A line of smoke and fire ran over the country in the rear of a strong pittol defached from the King's force. The moment was critical; the relative expressed the unsettled state of his feelings, and at that instant the imprudent bishop attend a continent which, to his dying day, he could not forget. "They," said he, meaning the rained houses, "are only wretched calms." The rebel mused, and for a few moments seemed in self-conflict -a dreadful interval to the Bishop, who became sensible of his own extreme imprudence the very moment after the words had escaped him However, the man contented himself with saying, after a pruse, "A poor man's cabin is to him as dear as a prlace." It is probable that this refort was far from expressing the deep moral indignation at his heart, though his readiness of mind failed to furnish him with any other more stinging, and, in such cases, all depends upon the first movement of vindictive feeling being broken Bishop, however, did not forget the lesson he had received, nor did he fail to blame himself most heavily, not so much for his imprudence, as for his thoughtless adoption of a language expressing an anistocratic lumicul that did not

excesses of their brethren in the cit? Solely to the different complexion (so, at least, I was told) of the policy pursued by government. In Wexford, Kildure, Meath, Dublin, &c., it had been judged edvisible to adopt, as r soit of precautionity policy, not for the punishment, but for the discovery of rebellions purposes, measures of the aim at everity; not merely free quaterings of the soldiery, with liberty (of even an express commission) to commit outrages and insults upon all who were suspected, upon all who refused to countenance such measures, upon all who presumed to question their pustice, but even, under colour of mertical law, to inflict coppings, and pitch cappings, half-hangings, and the torture of "picketings", to six nothing of houses burned, and farms laid waste—things which were done daily, and under nultary orders, the purpose arowed being either tengenice for some known act of manifection, or the determination to extort confessions. Too often, however, as may well be extort confessions. Too often, however, as may well be supposed, in such inter disorpanisation of society, private malice, either personal or on account of old family fends, was the true principle at work. And many were thus driven, by mere frairs of just indignation, or, perhaps, by mere desperation, into acts of rebellion which alse they had not meditated. Now, in Commanght at this time the same bar

meditated Now, in Commanght at this time the same har barous poher was no longer pursued, and then it was seen that, unless maddened by all usage, the persuity were capable of great self-control. There was no repetition of the Enniscorthy massacres, and it was impossible to explain honestly why there was none, without, at the same time, reflecting back upon that atrocity some colour of palliation.

These things considered, it must be granted that there was a spirit of impustifiable violence in the royal army on achieving their triumph. It is shocking, however, to observe the effect of pame to irritate the instincts of crucity and sangularly violence, even in the gentlest minds. I remember well, on occasion of the memorable tunults in Bristol (antinum of 1831), that I, for my part, could not read without horror and indignation one statement (made, I believe, officially at that time), which yet won the cordial approbation of some ladies who had participated in the pame I allide to that part of the report which represents several

things with her of coronant and exiting and that his majeste's coldicia were incomparable sugarior to the Irish traitors in destority at steding. In consequence, the lower growners were of their guests, and more play to see them; much off to other quarter.

The military operation in this bad campaign were dis creditable, in the list degree, to the emirgs, to the vigilaries. and to the it oliners of the Oringa arms. Humbert had been a look ragin title roy direct of La Verufe, as well as on the Rhine consequently he y is an ambidextrous enemy -fitted equally for partie in variance, and for the tertica of regular arms. Ke als alise to the necessty, under his circumstances, of vigour and despatch, after overpring Killala on the exching of the 22d August (the day of his dressbarkation), where the small garrie in of 50 men Geomen and fencibles had made a tolerable par-tunce, and after other trilling affine, he had, on the 26th, marched against Casticbur with about 800 of his own men, and perhapt 1200 to 1500 of the robels. Here was the already part of the royal army General Lake (the Lord Lake of India, and Major-General Hutchinson (the Lord Hutchinson of Perpt) had assembled upon this point a respectable force, foint EN upwards of 4000—others not more than 1100. graceful result is now known the reach, marling all night over mountain rolds and through the pass which was thought impregnable if it had been occupied by a halfalion instead of a captain's grand surprised Caylebur on the instead of a captain's grand, surprised Cast leber on the morning of the 27th Surprised, I say, for no work from two that can express the circulatances of the case. o'clock in the morning, a conver 1 as night intellige act the French advance, but, from some unacce vitable obstruction at head quarters, such as had proved fatal may than either once or twice in the Wexford campaign N mens not disbelieved, yet, if disbelieved, why therefore preflected? Neglected, however, it was, and at seven, when he news proved to be true, the royal army was drawn out harry and confusion to meet the enemy. The French, on her part, seeing our strength, looked for no better result to the colors. selves than summary surrender, more especially as artillet, was well served, and soon began to tell upon their

ranks Better liopes first arose, as they afterwards declared. npon observing that many of the troops fired in a disorderly way, without waiting for the word of command, upon this they took new measures in a few minutes a panie arose, General Lake ordered a retreat, and then, in spite of all that could be done by the indignant officers, the flight became irictrievable. The troops reached Tnam, thirty miles distant, on that same day; and one small party of mounted men actually pushed on to Athlone, which is above sixty miles from the field of battle Fourteen pieces of aitillery were lost on this occasion However, it ought to be mentioned that some serious grounds appeared afterwards for suspecting treachery most of those who had been reported "missing" having been afterwards observed in the ranks of the enemy. where it is remarkable enough (or perhaps not so remarkable, as simply implying how little they were trusted by their new allies, and for that reason how naturally they were put forward on the most dangerous services) that these deserters perished to a man Meantime, the new Lord-Lientenant, having his foot constantly in the stirrup, marched from Dublin without a moment's delay By means of the grand eanal, he made a forced march of fifty-six English miles in two days, which brought him to Kilbeggan on the 27th Very early on the following morning, he received the unpleasant news from Castlebar Upon this he advanced to Athlone, meeting every indication of a routed and paniestruck army Lord Lake was retreating upon that town, and thought himself (it is said) so little secure even at this distance from the enemy, that the road from Tnam was covered with strong patrols On the other hand, in Indicrons contrast to these demonstrations of alarm (supposing them to be related without exaggeration), the French had never stirred from Castlebar On the 4th of September, Lord Cornwallis was within fonrieen miles of that place Humbert, however, had previously dislodged towards the County of Longford His motive for this movement was to eo-operate with an insurrection in that quarter, which had just then broken out in strength. He was now, however, hemmed in by a large army of perhaps 25,000 men, advancing from all points, and a few moves were all that remained of the game, played with

whatever skill Colonel Vereker, with about 300 of the Limerick Militia, first came up with him, and thirmshed very creditably (September 6) with part, or (as the colonel always maintuned) with the whole of the Prench what Other affairs of trivial importance followed, and at length, on the 8th of September, General Humbert surrendered with his whole army, now reduced to \$11 men, of whom 96 were officers, having lost since their lambing at Killah exactly-The rebels were not admitted to any terms, they were pursued and cut down without mercy However, it is pleasant to know that, from their ngility in teciping, this cinel nolicy was defeated not much above 500 perished. and thus were seemed to the royal party the worst results of vengeance the ficreest, and of elemency the most undistinguishing, without any one advantage of either. Some districts, as Luggan and Errs, were treated with martial rigour, the cabins being burned, and then unhappy tenants driven out into the mountains for the winter Ricorr, therefore, there was, for the most humane politicians, erromansly, as one must believe, fancied it necessary for the arms to leave behind some impressions of terror amongst the insurgents. It is certain, however, that, under the counsels of Lord Cornwalls, the standards of public severity were very much lowered, as compared with the previous examples m Wexford

The tardiness and slovenly execution of the whole service, meantime, was well illustrated in what follows —

Killala was not delivered from rebel hands until the 23d of September, notwithstanding the general surrender had occurred on the 8th, and then only in consequence of an express from the Bishop to General Trench, hastening his match. The situation of the Protestants was indeed critical Humbert had left three French officers to protect the place, but their influence had gradually sunk to a shadow. And plans of pillage, with all its attendant horiors, were daily debated. Under these circumstances, the French officers behaved honourably and courageously. "Yet," says theoretical the freatment he had received immediately after the action. He had returned to the castle for his sabre, and

advanced with it to the gate, in order to deliver it up to some English officer, when it was seized and forced from his hand by a common soldier of Fraser's He came in got another sword which he surrendered to an officer, and turned to re-enter the half At this moment a second Highlander burst through the gate, in spate of the sentinel placed there by the general, and fired at the commandant with an aim that was near proving fatal, for the ball passed under his arm, piercing a very thick door entirely through, and lodging in the jamb Had we lost the worthy man by such an accident, his death would have spoiled the whole relish of our present enjoyment. He complained, and received an apology for the soldier's behaviour from his officer was immediately granted to the three French officers fleft behind by Humbert at Killala) to keep their swords, then effects, and even their bedchambers in the house"

AT Note applying generally to this chapter on the Second Irish Rebellion—Already in 1833, when writing this chapter, I felt a secret jealousy (intermittingly recurring) that possibly I might have fallen under a false bias at this point of my youthful memorials. I my self had seen reason to believe, indeed sometimes I knew for certain, that, in the personalities of Irish politics, from Grattan downwards, a spirit of fiery misrepresentation prevailed, which made it hopeless to seek for anything resembling truth. If in any quarter you found candour and liberality, that was because no interest existed in anything Irish, and consequently no real information. Find out any man that could furnish you with information such as presupposed an interest in Ireland, and mevitably he turned out a bigoted partisan There caunot be a stronger proof of this than the ridiculous libels and literary carreatures current even in England, through one whole generation, against the late Lord Londonderry - a most able and faithful manager of our English foreign interests in times of unparalleled difficulty Already, in the closing years of the last century, his Irish policy had been mextricably falsified subsequently, when he came to assume a leading part in the English Parliament, the efforts to caliminate him became even more intense and it is only within the last five years that a reaction of public opinion on this subject has been strong enough to reach even those among his enemies who were enlightened men Laberal journals (such, eg, as the "North British Review") now recognise his merits. Naturally it was impossible that the civil war of 1798 in Ireland, and the persons conspicuously connected with it should escape this general destiny of Irish politics I wrote, there fore, originally under a lealousy that partially I might have been duped. At present, in reviewing what I had written twenty years ago, I feel this jealousy much more keenly I shrink from the Bishop's

malicious portraitures of our soldiers, son clines of their others, as composing a licentious remy, without discipline, without human ty, without even steady courage. Her any manuarity to assume the return for pictures so romantic as the coll Duped perlays. I was myself-and it was natural that I should be so under the oversionals, influences oppressing any richt that I could have at my end, and the free independent ji dyment. But I will not easy long was a fin drying the reader and I will it erfore surject to him to grounds of selement suspicion against all the imminiac colourines passed to be statements by the Bishon—

I I beg to remind the reader that this army of Maye, In 1795, \$0 unsteads and so undisciplined, if we believe the Bahop, was, in pa t, the arms of Layet in the year 1801 how would the Bild op have

answered that I

2 The Bishop allows creat weight, in treating any alterations whatever against the Luchish army or the English Government, to the moderation, equits, and self-control, claimed for the Iri hip mainty as notonious elements in their character. Meant me hi forgets this doctrine mest conspicuously at times, and represents the rates of the Protestants against pillage, or even against a spirit of message, as entirely dependent on the influence of the French. Whether for property or life, it was to the Livich that the Irish Protestants leaked for protection, not I it is, but the Bishop, on whom that re, is, entation will be found to rest.

## CHAPTER XII

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND IN OLD DAYS!

It was late in October, or early in November, that I quitted Connaught with Lord Westport, and very slowly, making many lensurely deviations from the direct route, travelled back to Dubhn Thence, after some little stay, we recrossed St. George's Channel, landed at Holyhead, and then, by exactly the same route as we had pursued in early June, we posted through Bangor, Conway, Llanrust, Llangollen, until once again we found ourselves in England, and, as a matter of course, making for Birmingham But why making for Birmingham? Simply because Birmingham, under the old dynasty of stage coaches and post-chaises, was the centre of our travelling system, and held in England something of that rank which the golden milestone of Rome held in the Italian peninsula.

At Birmingham it was (which I, like myriads beside, had traversed a score of times, without ever yet having visited it as a terminus ad quem) that I parted with my friend Lord Westport His route lay through Oxford, and stopping, therefore, no longer than was necessary to harness fresh horses—an operation, however, which was seldom accomplished in less than half-an-hour at that era—he went on

I There are snatches in this chapter from the papers in Tait's Magazine for May 1834 and August 1834, but it is mainly from an article of De Quincey's in an extra number of Tait for December 1834. De Quincey's own title to the chapter was simply "Travelling", but "Travelling in England in Old Days" is more precise—M

directly to Stratford . My own destination was yet doubtful I had been directed, in Dublin, to inquire at the Birmingham Post-office for a letter which would grule my motions. There, accordingly, upon scuding for it, las the experied letter from my mother, from which I learned that my sister was visiting at Laxton, in North imptorshire, the seat of an old friend, to which I also had an invitation. My route to this lay through Stunford Thither I could not go by a stage couch until the following day, and of nece sty I prepared to make the most of my present day in gloomy, noise, and, at that time, duty Birmingham

Be not offended, computered of Barmingham, that I salute your natal town with these dispuriging epithets. It is not my hibit to include rish impulses of contempt towards any man or body of men, wherespever collected, for less towards a race of high-minded and most intelligent citizens, such as Birmingham has exhibited to the adminition of all Europe. But is to the noise and the gloom which I ascribe to you. those features of your town will illustrate what the Germans mean by a one-sided 1 (ein seitiger) judgment. There are, I can well believe, thousands to whom Birmingham is another name for domestic peace, and for a rewounble chare of But in my case, who have presed through Bunningham a hundred times, it always happened to rain, except once, and that once the Shrewsbury mul carried me so lapidly away, that I had not time to examine the sunshine, or see whether it might not be some gilt Bunningham counterfest, for you know, men of Brimingham, that you can counterfeit -such is your cleverness-all things in heaven and carth, from Jove's thunder-bolts down to a tulor's bodkin Therefore, the gloom is to be charged to my bad luck Then, as to the noise, never did I sleep at that enormous Hen and Chulene,2, to which usually my

It marks the rapidity with which new phrases float themselves into currency under our present omnipresence of the press, that this word now (viz , in 1853) familiarly used in overy newspaper, then (viz , in 1833) required a sort of apology to warrant its introduction

<sup>2</sup> A well known hotel, and also a couch mu, which we Luglish in those days thought colossal It was, in fact, according to the spirit of Dr Johnson's witty reply to Miss Kuight, big enough for an island But our Transatlautic brothers, dwelling upon so might; a

destray brought me, but I had reason to complain that the discreet hen did not gather her vagrant flock to roost at less variable hours. Till two or three, I was kept waking by those who were returned, and about three commenced the morning functions of the porter, or of "boots," or of "under-

continent, have gradually enlarged their scale of inns, as of other objects, into a size of commensurate grandeur. In two separate New York journals, which, by the kindness of American friends, are at this moment (April 26) lying before nie, I read astounding illustrations of this —For instance (1) In "Putnam's Monthly" for April 1853, the opening article, a very amusing one, entitled "New York Deguerreoty ped," estimates the hotel population of that vast city as "not much short of ten thousand", and one individual hotel, appirently far from being the most conspicuous—viz, the Metro politan, reputed to have "more than twelve miles of water and gas pipe, and two hundred and fifty servants"-offers "accommodations for one thousand guests" (2) Yet even this Titanie structure dwindles by comparison with the Mount Vernon Hotel at Cape May. N J (meant, I suppose, for New Jersey), which advertises itself in the "New York Herald" of April 12, 1853, under the authority of Mr J Taber, its aspiring landlord, as offering accommodations, from the 20th of next June, to the romantic number of three thousand five hundred guests The Birmingham Hen and Chickens undoubtedly had slight pretensions by the side of these Behemoths and Maminoths And yet, as a street in a very little town may happen to be quite as noisy as a street in London, I can testify that any single gallery in this Birmingham hotel, if measured in importance by the elements of discomfort which it could develop, was entitled to an American rating But alas! Furt Roum, I have not seen the runs of this aneient hotel but an instinct tells me that the railroad has run right through it, that the hen has ceased to lay golden eggs, and that her chickens are-dispersed (3) As another illustration, I may mention that, in the middle of March 1853, I received, as a present from New York, the following newspiper Each pige contained cloven columns, whereis our London "Times" contains only six. It was entitled "The New York Journal of Commerce," and was able to proclaim itself with truth the largest journal in the world For 25½ years it had existed in a smaller size, but even in this infant stage had so far outrun all other journals in size (measuring, from the first, 816 square inches), as to have carned the name of "the blanket sheet" but this thriving baby had continued to grow, until at last, on March 1, 1853, it came out in a sheet "comprising an area of 20574 square inches, or 163 square feet " This was the monster sent over the Atlantic to myself and I really felt it as some relief to my terror, when I found the editor protesting that the monster should not be allowed to grow any I presume that it was meant to keep the hotels in countenance. for a journal on the old scale could not expect to make itself visible in an edifice that offcred accom nodations to an army

boots," who began their rounds for collecting the several freights for the Highliyer or the Inly ho, or the Bing my to all points of the compa, and too often (is must kin jet in such immense establishments) blundered into my room with a that appalling, "Now, or the hors some coming out." For that rarely, indeed, have I happen at to step in Bitmingham But the dirt!—that sticks a little with you, frier I of Birmingham. How do I explain away that? Know, them reader, that at the time I speak of—viz, in sticets and imis—all England was dirty.

Being left therefore alone for the whole of a rainy day in Burningham, and Birmingham being as yet the centre of our trivelling system, I cannot do better than speed my Birmingham day in reviewing the most lively of its remain scence.

The revolution in the whole apparatus, means, mechiners, a and dependences of that sistem - i resolution begun, emied through, and perfected within the period of my own personal expendice - merits a word or two of illustration in the most cursory memoirs that profes any attention at all to the shifting ecencry and moving forces of the age, whether manifested in great effects or in little. And there particular effects, though little when regarded in their reparate details are not little in their final amount. On the contrary, I have always maintained, that under a representative government, where the great cities of the empire must naturally have the power each in its proportion, of reacting upon the capit d and the conneils of the nation in so conspicuous a may, there is a result waiting on the final improvements of the arts of travelling, and of transmitting intelligence with velocity, such as cannot be properly appreciated in the absence of all Instorical experience Conceive a state of communication between the centre and the extremities of a great people, kept up with a uniformity of reciprocation so exquisite, as to imitate the flowing and obbing of the sea, or the systole and diastole of the human heart, day and night, waking and sleeping, not succeeding to each other with more absolute certainty than the acts of the metropolis and the controlling notice of the provinces, whether in the way of

support or of resistance Action and re-action from every point of the compass being thus perfect and instantaneous, we should then first begin to understand, in a practical sense, what is meant by the unity of a political body, and we should approach to a more adequate appreciation of the powers which are latent in organisation. For it must be considered that lutherto, under the most complex organisation, and that which has best attained its purposes, the national will has never been able to express itself upon one in a thousand of the public acts, simply because the national voice was lost in the distance, and could not collect itself through the time and the space rapidly enough to connect itself immediately with the evanescent measure of the But, as the system of intercourse is gradually expanding, these bars of space and time are in the same degree contracting, until finally we may expect them altogether to vanish and then every part of the empire will react upon the whole with the power, life, and effect of immediate conference amongst parties brought face to face Then first will be seen a political system truly organic-ic, in which each acts upon all, and all react upon each and a new earth will arise from the indirect agency of this merely physical revolution Already, in this paragraph, written twenty years ago, a prefiguring instinct spoke within me of some great secret yet to come in the art of distant communication At present I am content to regard the electric telegraph as the oracular response to that prefiguration But I still look for some higher and transcendent response

The reader whose birth attaches him to this present generation, having known only macadamised roads, cannot easily bring before his imagination the antique and almost aboriginal state of things which marked our travelling system down to the end of the eighteenth century, and nearly through the first decennium of the present. A very few lines will suffice for some broad notices of our condition, in this respect, through the last two centuries. In the Parliamentary War (1642-46), it is an interesting fact, but at the same time calculated to mislead the incautious reader, that some officers of distinction, on both sides, brought close carriages to head-quarters, and sometimes they went even

spon the held of lattle in the entropy that had been not the properties a note lattle in the properties and the properties and the properties and the properties are not all the properties and the properties are not all the properties are emperious commence, or her a green consideration of The sume thing had I in done throughou the Thorts Verti. Win, both by the Bivaria Imposed and offerwards by the Swedish officers of rink. And it mails the great diffusive of these luxuries about this e a, that, on occusion of the re-instalment of two princes of Mc Henberg, who had been violently dispersed by Wallersein, upwarfs of righty coaches mesh rol at a short notice, partly from the terri torial nobelity, partly from the camp. Pre is ly, however, at military head quarters, and on the route of an arry, carriages of this description were an exactly his ord a most useful means of transport. Combrons and unweldy they were, as we know by pictures, and they could not have been otherwise, for they were built to meet the rould Currages of our present light and reed, (almost, our might say, orly) construction yould, on the rowle of German, or of Include in that ag , have from level within the first two hours. To our necestors, such carriages would have seemed playthings for children Cumbrons as the carriages of that day were, they could not be more so if we artillery or baggage waggons where these could go, coaches could go So that, in the march of an army, there was a perpetual guarantee to the e who had coaches for the pos-dulity of their truest. And hence, and not because the roads were at all better than they have been generally described in those days, we are to explain the fact, that both in the royal camp, in Lord Muichester's, and afterwards in General Lairfax's and Cromwell's coaches were an ordinary part of the camp equipage. The roads, meantime, were as they have been described—117, ditches, morasses, and sometimes channels for the course of small brooks Nor did they improve, except for short reaches, and under peculiar local advantages, throughout that century. Spite of the roads, however, public carriages began to merce England, in various lines, from the era of 1660 Circumstantial notices of these may be found in Lord Ancklands (Sir Frederick Eden's) large work on the Poor-Laws That to York, for example (two hundred miles), took a fortnight in the journey, or

about fourteen unles a-day. But Chamberlayne, who had a personal knowledge of these public carriages, says enough to show that, if slow, they were cheap, half-a-crown being the usual rate for infeen miles (i.e., 2d a mile) Public conveyance, multiplying rapidly, could not but diffuse a general call for improved 101ds; improved both in dimensions and also in the art of construction. For it is observable that, so early as Queen Elizabeth's days, England, the most equestrian of nations, already presented to its inhabitants a general system of decent builde-roads. Even at this day, it is doubtful whether any man, taking all hindrances into account and having laid no previous relays of horses, could much exceed the exploit of Cary (afterwards Lord Monmouth), a younger son of the first Lord Hunsden, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth Yet we must not forget that the particular road concerned in this exploit was the Great North Road (as it is still called by way of distinction), lying through Doncaster and York, between the northern and southern capitals of the island 1 But roads less frequented were tolerable as bridleroads, whilst all alike, having been originally laid down with no view to the broad and ample coaches, from 1570 to 1700, scratched the panels on each side as they crept along Even in the nineteenth century, I have known a case in the sequestered district of Egremont in Chinberland, where a post-chaise, of the common narrow dimensions, was obliged to retrace its route of fourteen miles on coming to a bridge built in some remote age, when as yet post-chaises were neither known nor auticipated, and, unfortunately, too narrow by three or four mehes In all the provinces of England, when the soil was deep and adhesive, a worse evil beset the stately equipage An Italian of rank, who has left a record of his perilons adventure, visited, or attempted to visit, Petworth, near London (then a seat of the Percys, now of Lord Egremont), about the year 1685 I forget

The exploit to which De Quincey here refers seems to be the prodigious ride of Sir Robert Cary in March 1603 from Richmond to Holyrood to automace to the Scottish king, James VI, that Queen Ilizabeth was dead and that he was King of England Starting from Richmond early on Thursday the 21th, Cary was at Holyrood on the evening of Saturday the 26th, anticipating the regular message from the English Privy Council by nearly two days—M

how many times he was overturned author one particular stretch of five miles, but I remember that it was a subject of gratitude (and, upon meditating a return by the come routs, a subject of pleasing hope) to dwell again the soft. lying which was to be found in that good-natured moras: Yet the was, doubtless, a pet road (smful paneter t dream not that I glance it Peworth), and an improved and Such as this, I have good reason to think, were most of the roads in Inglind, unless upon the rocks strate which stretch northwards from Derbyshur, to Cumberland and Northumleslind. The public carriages were the first harbingers of a change for the better as these aren and prospered sleuder lines of improvement began to vein and streak the map And Parli ment began to show their Al, though not always a corresponding knowledge, by legislating backwards and forwards on the breadth of waggon wheel tires, etc. But not until our cotton asctem began to put forth blirsoms, not until our tride and our steam-engines began to stimulate the coal names, which in their turn stimulated them, did any great energy apply itself to our roads. In my cuildhool, standing with one or two of my brothers and preters at the front windows of my mother's carriage, I remember one unvarying set of marges before us. The po tilion (for so were all carriages then driven) was employed not by fits and starts but always and eternally, in quartering 1—, c, in crossing from side to side—according to the committee of the ground. Before you stretched a wintry length of I me, with ruts deep enough to fructure the leg of a horse, filled to the brim with standing pools of run water, and the collateral chambers of these ruts kept from becoming confluent ly thin ridges, such as the Romans called hira, to maintain the footing upon which hire, so as not to swerve (or, as the Romans would say, delirare), was a trial of some skill both for the horses and their postition It was, indeed, next to impossible for any horse, on such a narrow crust of separation not to grow delirious in the Roman metaphor, and the nervous anxiety which haunted me when a child was much fed by this very image so often before my eve, and the

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere I have suggested, as the origin of this term, the French word cartayer, to manœuvre so as to evide the ruis.

sympths with which I followed the motion of the docale continue logic. Geto chap at the beginning of a stage, and the left thing you are marke up, and the first thing you are marke up, and the first thing you are marked to be the poor off hor e plantage is a top with eart, and the cautious postulion gently a light this apart, whilst managering across this extern of grown with come eart of scance that looked like a gipsy without the coupling and in what he avoided

While reserving to these remainderences of my childhood I may aid, by way of illustration, and at the risk of gossip ing, which, after all, is not the wor't of things a brief notice of rig very test journey. I might be then seven acres old A young gentlemen, the son of a wealthy banker, had to pitura home for the Christmas holidays to a town in Lancoln-line, distant from the public school where he was pe -cip2 his education about a hundred miles. The school yer in the neighbourhood of Greenling, my father's house Tiera were et that time no couches in that direction now 1537) there are many every day. The voting gentleman advertised for a person to share the expense of a post-chaise He recident, I had an invitation of some stinding to the same town, where I happened to have some female relatives of unit its age, be ales come vonthful consus. The two trivillers elect soon heard of each other, and the arrangement are really completed. It was my carliest migration from the paternal roof, and the anxieties of pleasure, too tumultuous, with some rlight sense of undefined ferrs, combined to a sitate my children feelings. I had a vague slight apprehension of my fellow-traveller, whom I had never seen, and whom my nm erv-mind, when driving me, had dewithed in no very annuble colours. But a good deal more I thought of Sherwood Forest (the forest of Robin Hood), which, as I had been told, we should cross after the night rot in. At six o'clock I descended, and not, as usual, to the children's room, but, on this special morning of my hie, to a room called the breakfist-room, where I found a blazing fire, candles lighted, and the whole breakfast equipage, as if for my mother, set out, to my astomshment, for no greater personage than myself. The scene being in England, and on

a December morning, I need scarcely ray that it raised, the ram beat violently against the windows, the wind raved; and un aged servant, who did the horours of the breakfisttable, pressed me urgently to cut. I need not say that I had no appetite—the fulness of my heart, both from dusy anticipation, and from the parting which was at hand, had made me meapable of any other thought or attention but such as pointed to the coming journey. All circumstances in travelling, all scenes and situations of a representative and recur-ring character, are indecribably affecting, connected, as they have been, in so many myriads of minds, more tencially m a land which is sending off for ever its flowers and blo some to a clime so remote as that of India, with heartrending separations, and with farewells never to be repeated. But, amongst them all, none cleaves to my own feelings more indelibly, from having repeatedly been concerned, either as witness or as a principal party in its little drams, than the early breakfast on a winter morning long before the datkness has given way, when the golden blaze of the hearth, and the bright glitter of candles, with female ministrations of gentleness more touching than on common occarious, all conspire to rekindle, as it were for a farewell gleam, the holy memorals of household affections. And many have, doubt-less, had my feelings, for I believe few readers will ever forget the beautiful manner in which Mr. Inchbrid has treated such a scene in winding up the first part of her "Simple Story," and the power with which the has invested ٦Ĺ

Years that seem minimerable have passed since that December morning in my own life to which I am now a curring, and jet, even to this moment, I recollect the audible throbbing of heart, the leap and rushing of blood, which suddenly surprised me during a deep lull of the wind, when the aged attendant said, without hurry or agitation, but with something of a solemn tone, "That is the sound of wheels I hear the chaise. Mr H—— will be here directly." The road ran, for some distance, by a course pretty nearly equidistant from the house, so that the growing of the wheels continued to eatch the ear, as it swelled upon the wind, for some time without much alteration. At length a right-

angled turn brought the road continually and rapidly nearer to the gates of the grounds, which had purposely been thrown open. At this point, however, a long career of raving arose, all other sounds were lost, and for some time I began to think we had been mistaken, when suddenly the loud trampling of horses' feet, as they whirled up the sweep below the windows, followed by a peal long and loud upon the bell, announced, beyond question, the summons for my departure The door being thrown open, steps were heard loud and fast, and in the next moment, ushered by a servant, stalked forward, booted and fully equipped, my travelling companionif such a word can at all express the relation between the arrogant young blood, just fresh from assuming the toga virilis, and a modest child of profound sensibilities, but shy and reserved beyond even English reserve. The aged servant, with apparently constrained civility, presented my mother's compliments to him, with a request that he would take breakfast This he hastily and rather peremptorily declined Me, however, he condescended to notice with an approving nod, slightly inquiring if I were the young gentleman who shared his post-chaise But, without allowing time for an answer, and striking his boot impatiently with a riding-whip, he hoped I was ready "Not until he has gone up to my mustices," replied my old protectress, in a tone of some asperity. Thither I ascended What counsels and directions I might happen to receive at the maternal toilet, naturally I have forgotten The most memorable encum-stance to me was, that I, who had never till that time possessed the least or most contemptible com, received, in a network purse, six glittering guineas, with instructions to put three immediately into Mr H——'s hands, and the others when he should call for them

The rest of my mother's counsels, if deep, were not long, she, who had always something of a Roman firmness, shed more unlk of roses, I believe, upon my checks than tears; and why not? What should there be to her corresponding to an ignorant child's sense of pathos, in a little journey of about a hundred miles? Outside her door, however, there awaited me some silly creatures, women, of course, old and young, from the nursery and the kitchen, who gave, and who

received, those forsent kieses which want only upon love without and and without discurse. Heart is I what its ries might be strong for the memory of succe femile kit, speven without check or art, before one is of an age to value them? And ag un, how sweet is the touch of famale hands as they array one for a journey! If anything need- fastening whether by pinning, tving, or any other contribute, how perfect is one's confidence in female skill, as if, by more virtue of her sex and feminine instinct, a voman could not possibly full to know the best and is adjusting every case that could muse in dre-Mine was hertily completed amongst them, each had a pin to draw from her hosom, in order to put spincthing to rights about my throat or hands, and a chorus of "God bless hims!" was arreng, when, from below, vonng Mephastopheles murmured an unpatient groan, and perhaps the horses snorted. I found myself lifted into the charse counsels about the night and that cold flowing in upon me, to which Mephistopheles listened with deriving or astomeliment. I find he had each our separate corner, and, except to request that I would draw up one of the glasses, I do not think he condescended to address one word to me until dusk, when we found our elves lattling into Chesterfield, having briefy accomplished four stage, or forty or forty two miles, in about mine hours. This, except on the Bath or great North roads, may be taken as a standand amount of performance, in 1794 (the year I am recording), and even ten years later! In these present hunging and tunniltuous days, whether time is really of more value, I cannot say, but all people on the establishment of mn: are required to suppose it of the most awful value. Now adays (1833), no sooner have the horses stopped at the gateway of a posting-house, than a summons is passed down to the stables, and in less than one minute, upon a great read, the horses next in rotation, always ready harnessed when expecting to come on duty, are heard frotting down the

<sup>1</sup> it uppears, however, from the Life of Hume by my distinguished friend Mr Hill Burton, that already, in the unddle of the last century, the historian accomplished without difficulty six miles an hour with only a pur of horses—But this, it should be observed, was on the great North road

yar'. "Putter, to," and transferring the leggage (supposing to the control meet a common pot climal, once a work of the fifth minutes, in now only accomplished in three Androuse by lace you poid the exposition before his successive in a minuted; the other is studing ready with the cliff in his half to receive his intuitible stypence, the door is closed; the regresonisting writer hows his acknowblusaret for the law, and you are off at a pice never less than ten pulse in hone; the total detention at each stage not aver ing above four minute. Then (i.e. at the latter end of the calibrath and beginning of the nucleonth century) I Manchair we the runnium of time spent at each change of 1 . Your arrival produced a great bustle of unlording ard unharry leg, as a matter of course, you alighted and were into the min, if you called out to report progress, after waiting twenty minutes, no signs appeared of any stu-al-out the stables. The most choicene person could not much organist properations, which lost red not so much from any incoherer in the attendants, as from faulty arrangements and total defect of for casting. The pace was such as the roads of that day allowed, never so much as six miles an hour, exect, apon a very great road, and then only by extra payment to the driver. Yet, even under this comparatively miscrible sectors, how superior was England, as a land for the triveller, to all the ret of the world, Sucden only exampled! But as were the roads, and defective as were all the arrangements, still you had these advantages no town so maignificant, no posting hon-c so solitary, but that at all s area, except a contexted election, it could furnish horses without dilay, and without brense to distress the neighbouring frames. On the worst road, and on a winter's day, with no more than a single pair of horses, you generally made out eight miles, even if it were necessary to trivel through the night, you could continue to make way, although more slowly; and finally, if you were of a temper to brook delay, and did not exact from all persons the haste or energy of Hot-pure, the whole system in those days was full of respectability and luxurious case, and well fitted to renew the image of the home you had left, if not in its elegancies, yet in all its substantial comforts. What cosy old parlours in those

days! low-roofed, glos ing with ample the , and fenced from the blasts of doors by secrets, whose foliames were or resided to be infinite! What motherly lendedness won, how readily, to lindness the meet levels, by the mere attractions of simplicity and vonthful innocence, and finding remarks interest in the bare circumstance of being a traveller at a children age! Then what blooming voing handmaistener, how different from the knowing and worldly demorph of modern high route! And sometime grey-headed, facilital wanters, how sincere and how attracts, by company on with their flippant successors, the eternal "Coming, sir, coming,"

of our improved generation

Such an honest, old butler looking a reant waited on us during dinner at Chesterfield carving for me, and neging me to eat. Inen Mephretopheles found his pride relat under the influence of wine , and, when low ened from this restrant, To me he should it in his kindness was not deficient pressing wine upon me, without stint or measure. The elegancies which he had observed in such parts of my mother's establishment as could be supposed to meet his eye on so hasty a visit had unpressed him perhaps favourably towards my-elf and could I have a little aftered my age, or dismissed my excessive reserve. I doubt not that he would have admitted me, in default of a more suitchle comrude, to his entire confidence for the net of the rend Duner finished, and invect at least, for the first time in my children life, somewhat perhaps overcharged with wine, the bill was called for, the waiter paid in the lavish style of antique England, and we heard our chase drawing up under the gateway—the unvariable custom of those daysby which you were spared the trouble of going into the street, stepping from the hall of the inn right into your I had been kept back for a munite or so by the landlady and her attendant nymphs, to be dressed and kissed, and, on serting my-elf in the chase, which was well lighted with lamps. I found my lordly young principa in conversation with the landlord, first, upon the price o orts-which youthful horsemen always affect to inquire after with interest—but, secondly, upon a topic more immediatel; at his heart-in, the reputation of the roud. At that tun

of day, when gold had not yet disappeared from the circulation, no traveller carried any other sort of money about him, and there was consequently a rich encouragement to highwaymen which vanished almost entirely with Mr Pitt's act of 1797 for restricting cash payments. Property which could be identified and traced was a perilous sort of plunder, and from that time the free-trade of the road almost perished as a regular occupation. At this period it did certainly maintain a languishing existence, here and there it might have a casual run of success and, as these local ebbs and flows were continually shifting, perhaps, after all, the trade might he amongst a small number of hands Universally, however, the landlords showed some shrewdness, or even signatity, in qualifying, according to the circumstances of the inquirei, the sort of eredit which they allowed to the exaggerated ill fame of the roads Returning on this very road, some months after, with a timid female relative, who put her questions with undisguised and distressing alarm, the very same people, one and all, assured her that the danger was next to nothing. Not so at present lightly presuming that a haughty cavalier of eighteen, flushed with nine and youthful blood, would listen with disgust to a picture too amiable and pacific of the roads before him. Mr Spread-Ergle replied with the air of one who knew more than he altogether liked to tell, and, looking suspiciously amongst the strange faces lit up by the light of the carriage lamps-" Why, sn, there have been ugly stories affoat, I cannot deny it and sometimes, you know, sir"-winking sagaciously, to which a knowing nod of assent was returned "it may not be quite safe to tell all one knows can understand me The forest, you are well aware, sir, as the forest it never was much to be trusted, by all accounts, in my father's time, and I suppose will not be better in mine. , But you must keep a sharp look-out and, Tom," speaking to the postilion, "mind, when you pass the third gate, to go pretty smartly by the thicket" Tom replied in a tone of importance to this professional appeal General valedictions were exchanged, the landloid bowed, and we moved off for the forest Mephistopheles had his travelling case of pastols. These he began now to examine, for some

times, and he, I have known such a trial as drawing the charge whilst one happened to be teling a glass of wine Wine had unlocked his heart—the prospect of the feres and the advancing night excited him-and even of ruch a child as myself he was now disposed to make a confidant. ' Did you observe," said he, "that all looking fellow, as highest a causel, who stood on the landlord's left hand?"—Was it the man, I asked tunidly, who exemed by his drest to be a firmer?-" I truer, you call him! Ah! my young frestel, that shows your little knowledge of the world. He is a scoundred the bloodiest of scoundrels. And so I trust to convince him before many hours are gone over our heads" Whilst saving this, he conflored himself in printing his pistols, then, after a pause, he went on thus ; No, my young friend, this alone shows his bise purposes-his calling himself a farmer Farmer he is not, but a desperate highwayman, of which I have full proof. I watched lasmalicious glances, whilst the landlord was talking, and I could swear to his trutorous intentionan So speaking, he threw anxions glances on each side as we continued to advance we were both somewhat excited; he by the spirit of adventure, I by sympathy with him-and both by wine The wine, however, soon applied a remedy to its own delusions, six unles from the town we had left, both of us were in a bad condition for resisting highwaymen with effect —being fast asleep—Suddenly a most abrupt half awake us—Mephistopheles felt for his pistols—the door flow open, and the lights of the assembled group amounced to us that we had reached Mansfield. That might we went on to Newark, at which place about forty miles of our journey remained This distance we performed, of course, on the following day, between breakfast and dinner But it serves strikingly to illustrate the state of roads in England, whenever your affairs led you into districts a little retired from the capital routes of the public travelling, that, for one twenty nule stage-viz, from Newark to Sleuford-they refused to take us forward with less than four horses This was neither a fraud, as our eyes soon convinced us (for even four horses could scarcely extricate the chaise from the deep sloughs which occasionally sermed the 10 id through tracts of two or three miles in succession), nor was it an accident of the weather. In all seasons the same demand was enforced, as my female protectress found in conducting me back at a fine season of the year, and had always found in traversing the same route. The England of that date (1794) exhibited many similar cases. At present I know of but one stage in all England where a traveller, without regard to weight, is called upon to take four horses, and that is at Ambleside, in going by the direct road to Carlisle. The first stage to Patterdale lies over the mountain of Kinkstone and the ascent is not only toilsome (continuing for above three miles, with occasional intermissions), but at times is carried over summits too steep for a road by all the rules of engineering, and yet too little frequented to offer any means of repaying the cost of smoothing the difficulties.

It was not until after the year 1815 that the main improvement took place in the English travelling system, so far as regarded speed. It is, in reality, to Mr Macadam that we owe it All the roads in England, within a few years, were remodelled, and upon principles of Roman science. From mere beds of torrents and systems of ruts, they were raised universally to the condition and appearance of gravel walks in private parks or shrubberies. The average rate of velocity was, in consequence, exactly doubled-ten miles an hour being now generally accomplished, instead of five And at the moment when all further improvement upon this system had become hopeless, a new prospect was suddenly opened to us by railroads; which again, considering how much they have already exceeded the maximum of possibility as laid down by all engineers during the progress of the Manchester and Liverpool line, may soon give way to new modes of locomotion still more astomshing to our preconceptions

One point of refinement, as regards the comfort of travellers, remains to be mentioned, in which the improvement began a good deal earlier, perhaps by ten years, than in the construction of the roads. Luvinous as was the system of English travelling at all periods, after the general establishment of post-chaises, it must be granted that, in the circumstance of cleanliness, there was far from being that attention,

or that provision for the traveller's comfort, which might have been interpated from the general habits of the country. I, at all periods of my life a great traveller, was witness to the first steps and the whole struggle of this revolution Marichal Saxe professed always to look under his bad, applying his caution chiefly to the attempts of milers. Now, if at the greatest mus of England you hed, in the days I specif of, adopted this marechal's policy of recommitting, white would you have seen? Beyond a doubt, you would have seen what, upon all principles of geniority, was cutified to your veneration—vir a dense accumulation of dust for older than your olf. A foreign author made some experi ments upon the deposition of dust, and the rate of its accumulation, in a room left wholly undisturbed. If I recollect, a century would produce a stratum about half an-inch in depth. Upon this principle, I computer that much dust which I have seen in inns, during the first four or five years of the present century, must have belonged to the reign of George II It was, however, upon travellers by coucles that the full oppression of the old vicious system operated The elder Scaliger mentions, as a characteristic of the English in his day (about 1530), a horior of cold nater. in which, however, there must have been some mistake? Nowhere could be and his foreign companions of tain the luxury of cold water for washing their hands either before or ifter dinner One day he and his party dined with the Ford Chancellor, and now, thought he, for very shame they will allow us some means of purthention. Not at all the Chancellor viewed this outlandish novelty with the same jerious; as others However, on the carnest petition of Scaliger, he made an order that a basin or other vessel of cold water. should be produced His household bowed to this judg-ment, and a slop-bism was cautiously introduced "What"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Some mistale"—The mistake was possibly this what little water for ablution, and what little rags called towels, a foreigner ever sees at home, will at least be always within reach, from the continental practice of using the bedroom for the siting-room. But in Figland our pleutiful means of ablution are kept in the lad ground Scaliger should have asked for a bedroom, the surprise was possibly—not at his wanting water, but at his wanting it in a dining-room

said Scaliger, "only one, and we so many?" Even that one contained but a tea-cupful of water, but the great scholar soon found that he must be thankful for what he had got It had cost the whole strength of the English Chancery to produce that single cup of water, and, for that day, no man in his senses could look for a second Pretty much the same struggle, and for the same cheap reform, commenced about the year 1805-C Post-chaise travellers could, of course, have what they liked, and generally they asked for a It is of coach travellers I speak And the particular innovation in question commenced, as was natural, with the mail-coach, which, from the much higher scale of its faies, commanded a much more select class of company I was a party to the very earliest attempts at breaking ground in this alarming revolution Well do I remember the astonishment of some waiters, the indignation of others, the sympathetic uproars which spread to the bar, to the kitchen, and even to the stables, at the first opening of our extravagant demands Sometimes even the landlady thought the case worthy of her interference, and came forward to remonstrate with us upon our unheard-of conduct. But gradually we made way Like Scaliger, at first we got but one basin amongst us, and that one was brought into the breakfast-room, but scarcely had two years revolved, before we began to see four, and all appurtenances, arranged duly in correspondence to the number of inside passengers by the mail, and, as outside travelling was continually gaining ground amongst the wealthier classes, more comprehensive arrangements were often made though, even to this day, so much influence survives from the original aristocratic principle upon which public carriages were constructed, that on the mail-coaches there still pievails the most scandalous inattention to the comfort, and even to the security, of the outside passengers, a slippery glazed roof frequently makes the sitting a matter of effort and anxiety, whilst the little iron side-rail of four inches in height serves no one purpose but that of bruising the thigh Concurrently with these reforms in the system of personal cleanliness, others were silently making way through all departments of the household economy Dust from the reign of George II became

scarcer, gradually it came to hear an antiquarian value basins to their gradually at came to hear an antiquarian value basins to their gradually and at length the whole system was so thoroughly centilated and partied, that all good incomes, nay, generally speaking, even second rate mas, at this day, robot the best feature and to cleanly sead notices, of well managed private establishments.

## CHAPTER XIII

MY BROTHER PINK

THE reader who may have accompanied me in these wandering memorials of my own life and casual experiences, will be aware that in many cases the neglect of chronological order is not merely permitted, but is in fact to some degree There are cases, for instance, which, as a whole, mevitable connect themselves with my own life at so many different eras that, upon any chronological principle of position, it would have been difficult to assign them a proper place, backwards or forwards they must have leaped, in whatever place they had been introduced, and in their entire compass, from first to last, never could have been represented as properly belonging to any one present time, whensoever that had been selected belonging to every place alike, they would belong, according to the proverb, to no place at all. or (reversing that proverb), belonging to no place by preferable right, they would, in fact, belong to every place, and therefore to this place

De Quincey's own title for the chapter is simply "My Brother", but, as we have heard so much of one brother of his already, there may be the slight change of title, to indicate that the brother of the present chapter is his younger brother Richard, called by the family "Pink" See date, pp 29, 66, and footnotes The matter of the chapter is a recast from that of a paper in Tait's Magazine for March 1838,—De Quincey having thought fit to bring in the story of that paper at this point, though it was deferred in the Magazine to more than three years beyond the automographical papers he has hitherte been using—M

The medicute I am non going to relate come under this rule, for they form part of a story which fell in with my own life at many different points. It is a story taken from the life of my own brother, and I dwell on it with the mera uillingness because it furnishes an indirect les on ipon a great principle of social life, non and for 1 min year, back struggling for its just supremacy - the proposite that all corporal pumulunents what-acter, and upon whom with in flicted, are lesteful, and an indignity to our common name, which (with or without our consent) is enshrined in the person of the sufferer Degraling have they degrade tr. will not here add one word upon the ceneral flesis, but no on to the facts of this case, which, if all its produits could be now recovered, was perhaps as romanite at any the torrer yet has tried the spirit of fortifude and patience in a child But its moral interest depends upon this-that sample out of one brut il chastisoment arose infintally the entire somes of events which so very nearly made phipwieck of all hope for one individual, and did in fact poison the tranquility of a whole family for seven years

My next brother, younger by about four years than inself the, in fact, that caused to much affliction to the Salvan Amurath), was a boy of exquinte and delicate lendindelicate, that is, in respect to its fourning obganic and bloom, for the (as regards constitution) he turned out remarkably robust. In such excess did his beauty flours h during childhood that those who remember him and mys if at the public school at Bath will also remember the budierous molestation in the streets (for to him it was molestation) which it entitled upon him-ladies stopping continually to On first coming up to Bath from Greenhay, my mother occupied the very apartments on the North Parade just quitted by Edmund Burke, then in a decaying condition, though he did not die (I believe) till 1797 That state of Burke's health, connected with the expectation of finding him still there, brought for some weeks crowds of inquirers many of whom saw the children Adoms, then scarcely seven years old, and inflicted upon him what he viewed as the maity rdom of their carceses. Thus began a persecution which contained

<sup>1</sup> See ante, p 67 -M

as long as his years allowed it. The most brilliant complexion that could be imagined, the features of an Antinous. and perfect symmetry of figure at that period of his life - (afterwards he lost it), made him the subject of never-ending admiration to the whole female population, gentle and simple, who passed hun in the streets. In after days, he had the grace to regret his own perverse and scornful covness at that time, so foolishly insensible was he to the honour, that he used to kick and struggle with all his night to liberate himself from the gentle violence which was continually offered, and he renewed the scene (so elaborately painted by Shakspere) of the conflicts between Venus and Adonis. For two years, this continued a subject of irritation the keenest on the one side, and of laughter on the other, between my brother and his planner school-fellows. Not that we had the slightest jealousy on the subject-far from it it struck ns all (as it generally does strike boys) in the light of an attaint upon the dignity of a male, that he should be subjected to the caresses of women without leave asked this was felt to be a badge of childhood, and a proof that the object of such caressing tenderness, so public and avowed, must be regarded in the light of a baby—not to mention that the very foundation of all this distinction, a beautiful face, is as a male distinction regarded in a very questionable light by multitudes, and often by those most who are the possessors of that distinction Certainly that was the fact in my brother's case Not one of us could feel so pointedly as himself the ridicule of his situation, nor did he cease, when increasing years had liberated him from that female expression of delight in his beauty, to regard the beauty itself as a degradation, nor could he bear to be flattered upon it, though, in reality, it did him service in after distresses, when no other endowment whatsoever would have been availing Often, in fact, do men's natures sternly contradict the promise of their features, for no person would have believed that, under the blooming loveliness of a Naicissus, lay shrouded a most heroic nature, not merely an adventurous courage, but with a capacity of patient submission to hardship, and of wrestling with calamity, such as is rarely found amongst the endowments of youth I have reason, also, to think that the state

of degradation in which he believed himself to have passed his children years, from the sort of public petruz which I have described, and his strong recoil from it as an insalt, went much deeper than was supposed, and had much to do in his subsequent conduct, and in newing him to the strong resolutions he adopted. He seemed to re int, as an original moult of nature the having given him a files moler of character in his feminine beinty, and to take a pleasure in controlicing it. Had it been in his power, he would have spoiled it. Certain it is, that, from the time be realled his cleventh birth-day, he had begun already to withdraw himself. from the society of all other boys—to fell into long fits of abstraction—and to throw himself upon his ovir resources in a way neither regal nor necessary. School-fellows of his own age and standing—those, even, who were the most anisable—he shumed, and, many years after his disappearance, I found, in his handwriting, a collection of fragments, covehed in a sort of wild brical verse, presenting, unquestionably, the most extraordinary evidences of a proud, self-vistamed mind, consciously concentring his own hopes in himself, and adjuring the rest of the world, that can ever have emanated from so young a person, since, upon the largest allowines, and supposing their to have been written on the eve of his quitting Lucland, they must have been written at the age of twelve. I have often speculated on the subject of these my sterious compositions, they were of a nature to have proceeded rather from some mystical quietist, such as Madaine Guyon, if with this rapt devotion one can suppose the union of a rebellions and marmining ambition. Passionate apostrophes there were to nature and the powers of mature; and what seemed strangest of all was—that, in style, not only were they free from all tumour and inflation which might have been looked for in so young a writer, but were even wilfully childish and colloquial in a pathetic degree, in fact, in point of tone, allowing for the difference between a narrative poem and a lyrical, they somewhat resembled that beautiful poem. Of George Herbert, entitled Lovi UNKNOWN,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This poem, from great admiration of its mother English, and to illustrate some ideas upon style, Mr Coloridge republished in his "Biographia Laterana"

in which he describes symbolically to a friend, under the form of treacherous ill-usage he had experienced, the religious processes by which his soul had been weaned from the world. The most obvious solution of the mystery would be, to suppose these fragments to have been copied from some obscure author but, besides that no author could have remained obscure in this age of elaborate research who had been capable of sighs (for such I may call them) drawn up from such well-like depths of feeling, and expressed with such fervour and simplicity of language, there was another testimony to their being the productions of him who owned the penmanship, which was, that some of the papers exhibited the whole process of creation and growth, such as erasures, substitutions, doubts expressed as to this and that form of expression, together with references backwards and forwards. Now, that the handwriting was my brother's, admitted of no doubt whatsoever. I go on with his story

In 1800 my visit to Ireland, and visits to other places subsequently, separated me from him for above a year. In 1801, we were at very different schools. I in the highest class of a great public school —he at a very sequestered parsonage on a wild moor (Horwich Moor) in Lancashire. This situation, probably, fed and cherished his melancholy habits, for he had no society except that of a younger brother, who would give him no disturbance at all. The development of our national resources had not yet gone so far as absolutely to exterminate from the map of England everything like a heath, a breezy down (such as gave so peculiar a character to the counties of Wilts, Somerset, Dorset, &c.), or even a village common. Heaths were yet to be found in England, not so spacious, indeed, as the landes of France, but equally wild and romantie. In such a situation my brother lived, and under the tuition of a clergyman, retired in his habits, and even ascetic, but gentle in his manners. To that I can speak myself; for in the winter of 1801 I dired with him, and I found that his yoke was, indeed, a mild one, since, even to my

<sup>1</sup> Munchester Grammar School which was De Quincey's next school after he left that of Winkfield, though he has not yet told us the fact —M

youngest brother H , a head trong child of a ven, he used no stronger remonstrance, in urging him to come executed point of duty, than "Do be permaled, real". On another occasion I, accompanied by a friend, slept at Mr dies we were acculentally detained there through the greater part of the following day by snow, and, to the mexpressible surprise of int empendent, a mercantile man from Manchester, for a considerable time after breakfast the reverend gentleman persisted in pair unig my brother from room to room, and at bet from the proundfloor up to the attres, holding a book open (which turned out to be a Latin grunmare, each of them (pursuer as a parsonal) moving at a tolerable slow race my brother H eilent; but Mr J, with a voice of adjuration, solomin and even sod, yet kind and conciliatory, sugging out at intervals, " Do be pursunded, sir " "It is your welfare I se & !" "Let sour own interest, sir, plead in this matter between us !" And so the chase continued, recending and descending, up to the very garrets, down to the very cellar, then steelely resolving from front to icu of the house, but finally with po result ni all. The spectacle reminded me of a groom attempting to catch a coy pony by holding out a sieve containing, or pretending to contain, a bribe of oats. Mrs. J., the reverend gentleman's wife, assured as that the same process went on at intervals throughout the week, and in my case it was clearly good as a mode of exercise Now, ench a meeter, though little adapted for the headstrong II, was the very person for the thoughtful and too sensitive R Search the islands through, there could not have been found another situation so suitable to my brother's was ward and haughty nature clergyman was learned, quiet, absorbed in his stadies, humble and modest beyond the proprieties of his situation, and treating my brother in all points as a componion whilst, on the other hand, my brother was not the person to forget the respect due, by a triple title, to a clergymun, a scholar, and his own preceptor—one, besides, who so little thought of exacting it. How happy might all parties have been-what suffering, what danger, what years of miserible enxiety, might have been spared to all who were interested—had the guardians and executors of my father's will thought fit to

<sup>1</sup> te Henry see ante, p 29, footnote -M

"let well alone!" But, "per star meglio," 1 they chose to 1emove my brother from this gentle recluse, to an active bustling man of the world, the very anti-pole in character What might be the pretensions of this gentleman to scholar-ship, I never had any means of judging, and, considering that he must now (if hiving at all), at a distance of thirty-six years, be grey-headed, I shall respect his age so far as to suppress his name. He was of a class now annually declining (and I hope rapidly) to extinction. Thanks be to God, in this point at least, for the dignity of human nature, that, amongst the many, many cases of reform destined eventually to turn out chimerical, this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on pari passi. And, if a "To Deum," or an "O, Jubilate!" were to be eclebrated by all nations and languages for any one advance and absolute conquest over wrong and error won by human nature in our times—yes, not excepting

"The bloody writing by all nations torn"-

the abolition of the commerce in slaves—to my thinking, that festival should be for the mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal, bestial modes of punishment. Nay, I may call them worse than bestial, for a man of any goodness of nature does not willingly or needlessly resort to the spur or the lash with his horse or with his hound. But, with respect to man, if he will not be moved or won over by conciliatory means—by means that presuppose him a reasonable creature—then let him die confounded in his own vileness but let not me let not the min (that is to say) who has him in his power, dishonour himself by inflicting punishments, violating that grandeur of human nature which, not in any vague rhetorical sense, but upon a religious principle of duty (viz., the scriptural doctrine that the human person is "the temple of the Holy Ghost"), ought to be a conse-

I From the well-known Italian epitaph—" Stara bene ma, per star meglio, sto qui"—I was well, but, because I would be better than well, I am—where you see

crated thing in the eyes of all good men; and of this we may be assured—this is more care than day or night—that, in proportion as man is honoured, exalted, trusted, in that proportion will be become more worthy of honour, of exalta-

tion, of trust.

This schoolmaster had very different views of man and his nature. He not only thought that physical coercion was the one sole engine by which man could be managed, but, on the principle of that common maxim which deciares that, when two schoolhous meet, with powers at all near to a halance, no peace can be expected between them until it is fairly settled which is the muster—on that same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequ tell or proportionably rescrence his master, until he had rettled the process proportion of supers rity in annual powers by which his master was in advance of hims if Strength of blows only could recurtion that and, as he was not very nice about creating his opportunities, as he plunged at once "in median res," and more especially when he saw or suspected any rebellious tendencies, he soon packed a quarrel with my unfortunate brother. Not, he it observed, that he much cared for a well-I have been assured looking or respectible quartel. No I have been assured that, even when the most fawning obsequiousness had appealed to his elemency, in the person of some timorous new-comer, appalled by the reports he had heard-even in such cases (deeming it wise to impress, from the beginning, a silitary awe of his Jovini thunders), he made a practice of deing thus—He would speak loud, utter some order, not very clearly, perhaps, as respected the sound, but with perfect perplexity as regarded the sense, to the timid, sensitive boy upon whom he intended to fix a charge of disobedience von please, what was it that you said ?"-" What was it that I said? What! playing upon my words? Chopping logic? Strip, sir, strip this instant." Thenceforward this timid boy became a serviceable instrument in his equipage Not only was he a proof, even without co-operation on the master's part, that extreme cases of submission could not insure mercy, but also he, this boy, in his own person, breathed forth, at intervals, a dim sense of awe and worship—the religion of fear-towards the grim Moloch of the scene.

Hence, as by electrical conductors, was conveyed throughout every region of the establishment a tremulous sensibility that vibrated towards the centre Different, O Rowland Hill, are the laws of thy establishment! for other are the echoes heard ained the ancient halls of Bince 1 There it is possible for the timid child to be happy—for the child destined to an early grave to reap his brief harvest in peace. Wherefore were there no such as lums in those days? Man flourished then, as now, in beauty and in power Wherefore did he not put forth his power upon establishments that might cultivate happiness as well as knowledge? Wherefore did no man cry aloud, in the spirit of Wordsworth,

> " Ah, what avails heroic deed? What liberty? if no defence Be won for feeble Innocence? Father of all! though wilful manhood read His punishment in soul-distress. Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness !"

Meantime, my brother R, in an evil hour, having been removed from that most quiet of human sanctuaries, having forfeited that peace which possibly he was never to retrieve, fell (as I have said) into the power of this Moloch And this Moloch upon him illustrated the laws of his establishment him also, the gentle, the beautiful, but also the proud, the haughty, he beat, kicked, trampled on !

In two hours from that time, my brother was on the road to Laverpool Painfully he made out his way, having not much money, and with a sense of total abandonment which made him feel that all he might have would prove httle

enough for his purposes

My brother went to an inn, after his long, long journey to Liverpool, foot-sore (for he had walked through four days, and, from ignorance of the world, combined with excessive

<sup>1</sup> This was not meant assuredly as any advertisement of an establishment which could not by all reports need any man's praise, but was written under a very natural impulse derived from a recent visit to the place, and under an unaffected sympathy with the spirit of freedom and enjoyment that seemed to reign amongst the young [The allusion is to the celebrated Bruce Castle Academy at Tottenham, presided over by Sir Rowland Hill's father, and where Sir Rowland Hill was himself a teacher till 1833 -M ]

shynces—oh! how the do people become from pride!—had not profited by those well-known incidents upon Lughen not profited by those well-known increments them Lughen ligh-roads—return post-charses, stage-coaches, led horses, or waggons)—foot-sore, and eager for elest. Sheep, supper, breakfast in the morning—all these he had, so far his slender finances reached, and for these he paid the treacherous landlord who then proposed to him that they should take a walk out together, by way of looking at the public buildings and the docks. It recase the man had noticed my brother's beauty, come circumstances about his dress meansistent with his mode of travelling, and also his style of conversation. Accordingly, he willed him along from street to street, until they reached the Town Hall. "Here seems to be a fine building," and this Jesuitierl guide, e. if it had been some new Pompen - some Luxor or Palmyra that he had unexpectedly lit upon amongst the undiscovered parts of Liverpool-"here reems to be a fine building; rhall we go in and ask leave to look at it? My brother, thinking less of the spectacle than the spectator, whom, in a wilderness of man, naturally he wished to make his friend, consected readily. In they went, and, by the mercut accident, Mr Mayor and the town-council were then ritting. To them the musidious landlord communicated privately an account of his suspicious He hunself conducted my brother, under pretence of discovering the best station for picturesque purposes, to the particular box for prisoners at the bir. This was not suspected by the poor hoy, not even when Mr Mayor began to question him He still thought it an accident, though doubtless he blushed excessively on being questioned, and questioned so impertmently, in public. The object of the mayor and of other Laverpool gentlemen then present was to ascertain my brother's real rank and family for he per-sisted in representing himself as a poor wandering boy Various means were vainly tried to elicit this information, until at length—like the wily Ulysses, who mixed with his pedlar's bulget of female ornaments and after a few arms, by way of tempting Achilles to a self-detection in the court of Lycomedes—one gentleman counselled the mayor to send for a Greek Testament This was done, the Testament was presented open at St John's Gospel to my brother, and he

was represent to say wheth r he knew in what language that book was visiten, or whether, perhaps, he could furnish them with a translation from the page before him. R, in his serfaces, del not read the eleming of this appeal, and fell into the ename: construed a few veres; and immediately was ecreigned to the care of a gentleman, who won from him by hin 'n = nhit he had refused to importunities or menaces. His family he confessed at once, but not his school. An express was therefore for earled from Inverpool to our named male relative -- a military man, then by accident on here of elsence from India. He came over, took my brother back flooding upon the whole as a borrel frolic of no perresult impedences, made some stipulations in his behalf for indeparty from princhment, and munedrately returned home last t hims if, the grim tyrant of the school easily evaded the stipulations, and repeated his brutalities more fiercely then before—now exting in the double spirit of termine and n venzo

In a few hours, my brother was again on the road to favergood. But not on this occasion did he resort to any mn, or visit any treacherous hunter of the picturesque. He difficult himself to no temptations now, nor to any risks light orwards he want to the docks, addressed himself to a grave, elderly master of a trading vessel, bound upon a distant voyage, and instantly produced an engagement. The skipper was a good and sousible man, and (as it turned out) a sailor accomplished in all parts of his profession. The ship which he commanded was a South Sea whaler, belonging to Lord Greeville—whether lying at Laverpool or in the Thames at that moment, I am not sure. However, they soon afterwards sailed.

For comewhat less than three years, my brother continued under the care of this good man, who was interested by his appearance, and by some resemblance which he fancied in his features to a son whom he had lost. Fortunate, indeed, for the poor boy was this interval of fatherly superintendence, for, under this captain, he was not only preserved from the pends which afterwards besieged him, until his years had made him more capable of confronting them; but also he had thus an opportunity, which he improved to the utmost, of

making himself acquainted with the two separate branches of his profession—in engation and commanding, qualifications

which are not very often united

After the death of this captain, my leather ran through many wild adventures; until at length, after a server action fought off the coast of Peru, the armed merchantman in which he then served was captured by pirates. Most of the crew were massacred. My brother, on account of the important services he could render, was spared; and with these pirates, cruising under a black flag, and perpetrating unnumbered atrocuties, he was obliged to sail for the next two years, nor could be in all that period find any opportunity for effecting

his escape

During this long expatriation, let any thoughtful reader imagine the perils of every fort which besieged one 30 Joung, so merpericheed, so sensitive, and so linght; perils to his life (but these, it was the very expression of his unhappy situation, were the perils least to be mourned for); perils to his good name, going the length of absolute infamy—since, if the piratical ship had been captured by a British in in-of-war. he might have found it impossible to clear himself of a voluntary participation in the bloody actions of his shipmates, and, on the other hand (a case equally probable in the regions which they frequented), supposing him to have been captured by a Spanish guarda costa, he would scarcely have been able, from his ignorance of the Spanish language, to draw even a momentary attention to the special circumstances of his own situation, he would have been involved in the general presumptions of the case, and would have been executed in a summary way, upon the prima face evidence against him, that he did not appear to be in the condition of a prisoner, and, if his name had ever again reached his country, it would have been in some sad list of ruffians. murderers, traitors to their country, and even these titles, as if not enough in themselves, aggravated by the name of pirate, which at once includes them all, and surpasses them all These were perils sufficiently distressing at any rate, but last of all came others even more appalling—the perils of moral contamination, in that excess which might be looked for from such associates—not, be it recollected, a few wild

notions or lawless principles adopted into his creed of practical ethics, but that bintal transfiguration of the entire character which occurs, for instance, in the case of the young grosy son of Effic Deans, a change making it impossible to rely upon the very hohest instincts of the moral nature, and consigning its victim to hopeless reprobation Murder itself might have lost its horrors to one who must have been but too familiar with the spectacle of massacre by wholesale upon unresisting crews, upon passengers enfeebled by siekness, or upon sequestered villagers, roused from their slumbers by the glare of conflagration, reflected from gleaming cutlasses, and from the faces of demons This fear it was—a fear like this. as I have often thought—which must, amidst her other woes, have been the Aaron woe that swallowed up all the rest to the unhappy Marie Antoinette This must have been the sting of death to her maternal heart, the grief paramount, the "crowning" grief—the prospect, namely, that her royal boy would not be dismissed from the horrors of royalty to peace and humble impocence, but that his fair cheek would be ravaged by vice as well as sorrow, that he would be tempted into brutal orgies, and every mode of moral pollution, until, like poor Constance with her young Arthur, but for a sadder reason, even if it were possible that the royal mother should see her son in "the courts of heaven," she would not know again one so fearfully transfigured This prospect for the royal Constance of revolutionary France was but too painfully fulfilled; as we are taught to guess, even from the faithful records of the Duchesse d'Angouleme The young Dauphin (at has been said, 1837), to the infamy of his keepers, was so trained as to become loathsome for coarse brutality, as well as for habits of uncleanliness, to all who approached him-one purpose of his guilty tutors being to render royalty and august descent contemptible in his person. And, in fact, they were so far likely to succeed in this purpose for the moment, and to the extent of an individual case, that, upon that account alone, but still more for the sake of the poor child, the most welcome news with respect to him—him whose birth 1 had

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> To those who are open to the impression of omens, there is a most striking one on record with respect to the birth of this ill-fated prince, not less so than the falling off of the head from the cane of Charles I

drawn anthems of exultation from twentr five millions of men—was the news of his death. At a what cler can well be expected for children suddenly withdrawn from parental tenderness, and thrown upon their own guardienship, at such an age as mine or ten, and under the wilful misleading of particular guides? But, in my brother's erre, all the edverse chances, overwhelming as they sectived, were turned reads by some good angel, all hid fuled to harm him; and from the fiery furnise his cone out inspired

Thatesaid that he would not have appeared to any capturing ship as standing in the satistion of priconer amongst the pirates, nor was he such in the some of being couldned. He moved about, when on board ship, in freedom, but he was

at his trial, or the same king a striking a needal, learning an oak trie (preligaring the oak of the Isth, vith this people the mereption, i See & nepotible umbra a ... It the very come it also faccording to immemoral usage) the both of a child cas luttle of the four install cast of the great officers of state as embied in the Queen admirible for it of wife ear persate riginal from a lady had made known the clad tidings that it was a Druphin (the first child having been a pencies, to the signal disap positioned of the nation, and the second, who a read y, har galach, the whole frame of earted monditions at the 1-ck of the Quens bed, representing the crown and other recalls of I muce, with the Pourbor lilies, came ratting down in rums. There is another and more direct ili omen connected, apparently, with the birth of the prince, in firt a distinct prophecy of his ruln-r prophecy that he should survive his father, and not not reign-vluck is so obscurely told, that our knows not in what light to view it, and especially since Louis AVIII, who is the original authority for it, obviously confounds the first Druphly (who died before the calquities of his family commenced) with the As to this second, who is of dourse the prince concerned in the references of the text, a new and most extraordinary interest has begun to invest his trajecul story in this very month of April 1853, at least it is non first brought before universal Christonion. monthly Journal of Putnam (published in New York) the number for April contains a most interesting memoir upon the rubicel, signed T. H Hruson Naturally, it indisposed most renders to put faith in any fresh pretensions of this nature that at least one false Dauphin had been pronounced such by so undemable a judge as the Duchesse d Angouleme Meantime, it is made probable enough by Mr Hauson that the true Dauphin did not die in the year 1795 at the Temple, but was personated by a boy unknown that two separate parties had an equal interest in sustaining this friend, and did sustain it, but one would hesitate to believe whether at the price of murdering a celebrated physician; that they had the prince conveyed secretly to an Indian settlement in Lower Canada, as a situation in which French.

watched, never trusted on shore, unless under very peculiar circumstances; and tolerated at all only because one accomplishment made him indispensable to the prosperity of the ship. Amongst the various parts of nautical skill communicated to my brother by his first fatherly captain was the management of chronometers. Several had been captured, some of the highest value, in the many prizes, European of American. My brother happened to be perfect in the skill of managing them, and, fortunately for him, no other person amongst them had that skill, even in its lowest degree. To this one qualification, therefore (and ultimately to this only), he was indebted for both safety and freedom, since, though he might have been spaced in the first moments of carnage.

being the prevailing language, would attract no attention, as it must have done in most other parts of North America, that the boy was educated and trained as a missionary clergyman, and, finally, that he is now acting in that capacity under the name of Eleazer Williamsperfectly aware of the royal prefeusions put forward on his behalf, but equally through age (being about 69), and through absorption in spiritual views, indifferent to these pretensions. It is admitted on all hands that the Prince de Jouville had in interview with Eleazer Williams a dozen years since the prince alleges through mere necident, but this seems improbable, and Mr Hanson is likely to be right in supposing this visit to have been a preconcerted one, growing out of some anxiety to test the reports current, so far as they were grounded upon resemblances in Mr Williams s features to those of the Bourbon and Austrian families The most pathetic fact is that of the idiocy common to the Dauphin and Mr Eleazer Williams It is clear from all the most authentic accounts of the young prince, that idiocy was in reality stealing over him-due doubtless to the stunning nature of the calamities that overwhelmed his family, to the removal from him by tragical death, in so rupid a succession, of the Princesse de Lumballe, of his aunt, of his father, of his mother, and others whom most he had loved, to his cruel separation from his sister, and to the astounding (for him naturilly incomprehensible) change that had come over the demeanour and language of nearly all the people placed about the persons of himself and his family An idiocy resulting from what must have seemed a causeless and demonae conspiracy would be more likely to melt away under the sudden transfer to kindness and the gatety of forest life than any idiocy belonging to original organic imbecility Mr Williams describes his own confusion of mind as continuing up to his fourteenth year, and all things which had happened in earlier years as gleaming through clouds of oblivion, and as painfully perplexing, but otherwise he shows no desire to strengthen the pretensions made for himself by any remanseences piereing these clouds that could point specially to France or to royal experiences

from other considerations, there is little doubt that, in some one of the innumerable bravla which followed through the years of his captivity, he would have fallen a sacrifice to hasty impulses of nuger or wantonnes, had not his safety been made an object of interest rull rigilaure to those in command and to all who as umed any case for the general Much, therefore, it was that he owed to this accomplishment. Still, there is no good thing without its alloy, and this great ble ang brought along with it some thing worse than a dull duty—the necessity, in fact, of facing fears and trials to which the sailor's heart is pre commently All sulors, it is notorious, are super-titions; partly. I suppose, from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life; for mighty solitudes are generally fear haunted and fear-peopled, such, for instance, as the solitudes of forests, where, in the abs uce of human forms and ordinary human sounds, are discerned forms more dusky and vague, not referred by the eye to any known type, and counds imperfectly intelligible And, therefore, me all German coal-burners, woodcutters, &-, superstitions. Now the sea is often peopled, aimidst its ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as commons, as what were heard by Kubla Khan-"ancestral voices prophesying war", oftentimes laughter mives, from a distance (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places), with the uproar of waters; and doubtless shapes of fear, or shapes of beauty not less awful, are at times seen upon the waves by the diseased eve of the sailor, in other cases besides the somewhat rare one of calenture This vast solitude of the sea being taken, therefore, as one condition of the superstitions fear found so commonly among sailors, a second may be the perilous insecurity of their own lives, or (if the lives of sailors, after all, by means of large immunities from danger in other shipes, are not so insecure as is supposed, though, by the way, it is enough for this result that to themselves they seem so) yet at all events the insecurity of the ships in which they sail In such a case, in the case of britle, and in others where the empire of chance seems absolute, there the temptation is greatest to daily with supernatural oracles, and supernatural

means of consulting them. Finally, the interruption habitually of all ordinary avenues to information about the fate of their dearest relatives, the consequent agitation which must often possess those who are re-entering upon home waters, and the sudden burst, upon stepping ashore, of heart-shaking news in long accumulated arrears—these are circumstances which dispose the mind to look out for relief towards signs and oniens as one way of breaking the shock by dim anticipations Rats leaving a vessel destined to sink, although the political application of it as a name of reproach is purely modern, must be ranked among the oldest of omens, and perhaps the most sober-minded of men might have leave to be moved with any auguly of an aucient traditional order, such as had won faith for centuries, applied to a fate so interesting as that of the ship to which he was on the point of committing himself Other causes might be assigned, causative of nautical superstition, and tending to feed it. But enough It is well known that the whole family of sailors is superstitious My brother, poor Pink (this was an old household name which he retained amongst us from an incident of his childhood), was so in an immoderate degree. Being a great reader (in fact, he had read everything in his mother tongue that was of general interest), he was pretty well aware how general was the ridicule attached in our times to the subject of ghosts But thisnor the reverence he yielded otherwise to some of those writers who had joined in that ridicule—any more had unsettled his faith in their existence, than the submission of a sailor in a religious sense to his spiritual counsellor, upon the false and frandulent pleasures of luxniy, can ever disturb his remembrance of the virtues lodged in rum or tobacco own unconquerable, unauswerable experience, the blank realities of pleasure and pain, put to flight all arguments whatsoever that anchor only in his understanding used, in arguing the case with me, to admit that ghosts might be questionable realities in our hemisphere, but "it's a different thing to the suthard of the line" And then he would go on to tell me of his own fearful experience, in particular, of one many times renewed, and investigated to no purpose by parties, of men communicating from a distance

upon a system of concerted signals, in one of the Gallapugos Islands. These islands, when were visited, and I tunk described, by Dompier—and therefore must have been an asylum to the Buccineers and Firbactions! in the latter part of the seventeenth century—were so still to their rance desperate successors, the Pirates, at the laginings of the number teenth, and for the same reason—the facilities three offer (rare in the excess for procuring wood and water. Hitner, then, the black they often re-orted, and here, analyst their romantic solutions, islands untermited by man—oftentimes it by furled up for wells together, ruping and muran rhad test for a season, and the bloody cutters—hip within itseabbard. When this happened, and when it became known beforehind that it would nappen, a tent was pitched on shore for my brother, and the chronometers were transported thither for the period of their stay.

The island selected for this purpor, among t the many equally open to their choice, might, according to circ instances, be that which offered the best anchorage, or that from which the re-embarkation was correct, or that which allowed the readiest access to wood and water. But, for some or all of these advantages, the particular island most generally honoured by the paratical custom and "good-will" was one known to American mangators as "The Woodcutter's Island" There was some old tradition-and I know not but it was a tradition dating from the times of Dampite —that a Spanierd or an Indian attler in this island (relying. perhaps, too entucly upon the protection of perfect a ditude) had been murdered in pure wantonness by some of the lawless rovers who frequented this solitary archipelago Whether it were from some peculiar atrocity of bad inth in . the act, or from the smetity of the man, or the deep solutide of the island, or with a view to the peculiar edification of mariners in these semi-Christian seas-so, however, it was,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Plibustiers" —This word, which is just now revolving upon us in connection with the attempts on Cubr, &c., is constantly spelt by our own and the American journals as I dlibustiers and Pillibusteror But the true word of nearly two centuries back amongst the old original race of sca robbers (French and Linglish) that made irregular war upon the Spanish shipping and maritime towns, was that which I have Lere retained.

and attested by generations of sca-yagabonds (for most of the armed roamers in these ocean Zaaras at one time were of a suspicious order), that every night, duly as the sun went down, and the twilight began to prevail, a sound arose—andible to other islands, and to every ship lying quietly at anchor in that neighbourhood—of a woodcutter's are Sturdy were the blows, and steady the succession in which they followed some even fancied they could hear that sort of groaning respiration which is made by men who use an axe, or by those who in towns ply the "three-man beetle" of Falstaff, as paviors; echoes they certainly heard of every blow, from the profound woods and the sylvan precipies on the margin of the shores, which, however, should rather indicate that the sounds were not supernatural, since, if a visual object. falling under hyper-physical or cata-physical laws, loses its shadow, by parity of argument, an andible object, in the same circumstances, should lose its echo But this was the story. and amongst sailors there is as little variety of versions in telling any true sea-story as there is in a log-book, or in "The Flying Dutchman" literatim fidelity is, with a sailor, a point at once of religious faith and worldly honour The close of the story was—that after, suppose, ten or twelve minutes of hacking and hewing, a horrid crash was heard, announcing that the tree, if tree it were, that never yet was made visible to daylight search, had yielded to the old woodman's persecution It was exactly the crash, so familiar to many ears on board the neighbouring vessels, which expresses the harsh tearing asunder of the fibres caused by the weight of the trunk in falling; beginning slowly, increasing rapidly, and terminating in one rush of rending. This over—one tree felled "towards his winter store"—there was an interval man must have rest, and the old woodman, after working for more than a century, must want repose Time enough to begin again after a quarter-of-an-hour's relaxation Sure enough, in that space of time again began, in the words of Comus, "the wonted roar amid the woods" Again the blows become quicker, as the catastrophe drew nearer, again the final crash resounded; and again the mighty echoes travelled through the solitary forests, and were taken up by all the islands near and far, like Joanna's laugh amongst the Westmoreland hills,

to the astonishment of the silent occur. Til, uben fore chould the ocean be astoni hed-he that had he aid this nightly inmult, by all accounts, for rions than a contury t My brother, housier, poor Pink, was astoni hel, in good earnest, being, in that respect, of the pour enterminant and as often as the gentlemen pirates strenged their coarse for the Gallapagos, he would sink in spirit before the trials he might. be summoned to face. No exceed person was ever put on shore with Pink, lest poor Pink and he might become juvil over the liquor, and the chronometers he broken er neglected, for a considerable quantity of apirits was necesserily landed, as well as of provisions, because cometimes a sudden change of weather, or the sudden appearance of a suspicious sul, might draw the ship off the island for a forturalit. Mr brother could have plaided his fours vathant shame, but he had a character to munitum with the endors. he was respected equally for his seamonthin and his chipmanchin! By the way, when it is considered that one half of a radar's professional science refers him to the stars (though it is frue the other half refers him to the sails and shrouds of a rhiply just as, in geodesical operations, one part is referred to heaten, and one to carth-when this is considered, another argument arises for the super-tition of endors, so far as it is astrological. They who know that know the ore without knowing the Six. 71) that the stars have much to do in guiding their own morements, which are vet so far from the stars, and, to all appearance, so little connected with them, may be excused for supposing that the star- are connected artrologically with human destines. But this by the way. The scalors, looking

sailor seldom separated in the mind of a landsman. The conducting a ship (causing her to choose a right path) through the occum—that is one thing. Then there is the management of the ship within herself the trimming of her suls, &c. (causing her to keep the line chosen)—that is another thing. The first is called semanship, it is eccond sught be called shipmanship, but is, I behave, called navigation. They are perfectly distinct one man rarely has both in perfection. Both may be illustrated from the ruider. The question is, suppose at the Cape of Good Hope, to steer for India trust the ridder to him, as a searan, who knows the passage whether within or without Madagascar. The question is to avoid a sunk rock. Trust the ruider to him, as a navigator, who understands the art of steering to a nicety.

to Pink's double skill, and to his experience on shore (more retonishing than all beside, being experience gathered emongst ghosts, expressed an admiration which, to one who was also a sulor, had too genial a sound to be sacrificed, if it could be maintained at any price. Therefore it was that Pink still clung, in spite of his terrors, to his shore appointment. But hard was his trial; and many a time has he described to me one effect of it, when too long continued, or combined with darkness too intense The woodcutter would begin his operations soon after the sun had set, but umformly, of that time, his noise was less. Three hours after ewisch it had increased, and generally at midnight it was greatest, but not always. Sometimes the case varied thus fig. that it greatly increased towards three or four o'clock in the morning; and, is the sound grew louder, and thereby seemed to draw nearer, poor Pink's ghostly panic grew manpportable, and he absolutely empt from his parahon, and its luxumous comforts, to a point of rock—a promontory—about half-r-mile off, from which he could set the slip. The mere right of a human abode, though an abode of ruflians, comforted his pance With the approach of daylight, the inysterious sounds ceased Cock from there happened to be none, in these plands of the Gallapages, or none in that particular island, though many cocks he heard crowing in the woods of America, and these, perhaps, night be caught by spiritual senses, or the woodcutter may be supposed, upon Hamlet's principle, either scenting the morning an, or catching the sounds of Christian matin-bells from some dim convent in the depth of American forests. However, so it was, the wood cutter's axe began to interint about the earliest approach of dawn; and, as light strengthened, it ceased entirely nine, ten, or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the whole appeared to have been a delusion, but towards smiset it revived in exclit; during twilight it strengthened, and very roon afterwards superstations panie was again seated on her Such were the fluctuations of the case Meantime, Pink, sitting on his promontory in early dawn, and consoling his terrors by looking away from the mighty woods to the trangual ship, on board of which (in spite of her secret black flag) the whole crew, murderers and all, were sleeping peacefully—he, a beautiful Engli b hoy, chiesed away to the Antipodes from one cult home by his renes of wounded homour,
and from his immediate home by superstitions four, resalted
to my mind an image and a situation that had been beautifully sketched by Misa Bannerman in "Bard," one of the
stirking (though, to rapid readers, somewhat unintelligible)
metrical tales published early in this century, cotified "Fales
of Superstition and Chivalry." Builts a "rude reador," denlate and neglected from infancy, but with feelings profound
from nature, and fed by solitude. He dwells alone in a
rocky cave—but, in consequence of come supernatural terrors
connected with a murder, arising in some way (not very
clearly made out) to trouble the rapid of his home, he leaves
it in horror, and rushes in the great dawn to the sea-side
rocks, seated on which, he draws a rort of consolition for
his terrors or of sympathy with his amounded heavy, from that
miniery of life which goes on for ever among at the raying ways.

From the Gallapigos, Pink went often to Juan for, as he chose to call it, after Dampier and others, John) Fernandez. Very lately (December 1837), the newspapers of America informed us, and the story was current for full nine drys, that this for island had been swillowed up by an earth quake, or, at least, that in some way or other it had disappeared. Had that story proved true, one pleasant bower would have perished- saised by Pink as a memorial expression of his vouthful feelings either towards De los, or his visionary creature Robinson Crusoe—but rather, perhaps, towards the substantial Alexander Selkirk, for it was raised on some spot known or reputed by tradition to have been one of those most occupied as a home by Selkirk. I say, "rather towards Alexander Selkirk"; for there is a difficulty to the judgment in associating Robinson Crusoe with this lovely island of the Pacific, and a difficulty even to the Why it is hard to guess, or through what perversi contradiction to the facts, De Foe chose to place the ship wreck of Robinson Crusoe upon the castern sule of the American continent Now, not only was this in direc opposition to the realities of the case on which he built, a first reported (I believe) by Woodes Rogers, from the log book of the Duke and Duchess (a minateer fitted out, to th

best of my remembrance, by the Bristol merchants, two or three years before the Peace of Utrecht), and so far the mind of any man acquainted with these circumstances was staggered, in attempting to associate this eastern wreck of Crusoe with this western island, but a worse obstacle than that, because a moral one, is this. by thus perversely transferring the scene from the Pacific to the Atlantic, De Foe has transferred it from a quiet and sequestered to a populous and troubled sea—the Fleet Street or Cheapside of the navigating world, the great thoroughfare of nations—and thus has prejudiced the moral sense and the fancy against his fiction still more inevitably than his judgment, and in a way that was perfectly needless, for the change brought along with it no shadow of compensation

along with it no shadow of compensation
My brother's wild adventures amongst these desperate sea-rovers were afterwards communicated in long letters to a female relative, and, even as letters, apart from the fearful burden of their contents, I can bear witness that they had very extraordinary merit. This, in fact, was the happy result of writing from his heart, feeling profoundly what he communicated, and anticipating the profoundest sympathy with all that he uttered from her whom he addressed A man of business, who opened some of these letters, in his character of agent for my brother's five guardians, and who had not any special interest in the affair, assured me that, throughout the whole course of his life, he had never read anything so affecting, from the facts they contained, and from the sentiments which they expressed, above all, the yearning for that England which he remembered as the land of his youthful pleasures, but also of his youthful degradations Three of the guardians were present at the reading of these letters, and were all affected to tears, notwithstanding they had been irritated to the uttermost by the course which both myself and my brother had pursued—a course which seemed to argue some defect of judgment, or of reasonable kindness, in themselves These letters, I hope, are still preserved, though they have been long removed from my control Thinking of them, and their extraordinary merit, I have often been led to believe that every post-town (and many times in the course of a month) carries out numbers of beautifully written letters, and more from women them from men, not that men are to be supposed his captures of writing good letters, and, in fact, amongst all the calebrated letter-writers of the part or present times, a large overhalmen happens to have been men; but that more frequently women write from their heart; and the very rame cause operates to make female letters good, which operated at one period to make the diction of Roman lades more pure than that of orators or professional cultivators of the Roman language—and which, at another period, in the Byzentine Court, operated to preserve the purity of the mother idiom within the nursers and the female driving-rooms of the palace, whilst it was corrupted in the forense standards and the acodemic—in the standards of the pulpit and the throne

With respect to Pinka veirning for England, that had been partially gratified in some part of his long exile twice, as we learned long afterwant, he lost landed in England, but such was his hanglity witherence to his purpose, and such his consequent terror of being discovered and reclaimed by his guardians, that he never attempted to communicate with any of his Frothers or waters. There is a nawrong, me they should have cut to piccu before I would have betrayed him. I like him, had been an obstante recovert to what I viewed as unjust pretineions of authority, and, having been the first to raise the standard of revolts had been taxed by my guardians with having seduced Pink by ins example But that was untrue, Pink arted for himself. However, he could know little of all tins, and he traversed England twice, without inding an overture towards any communication with his friends. Two circumstances of these journeys he used to mention both were from the port of London (for he never contemplated London but as a port) to Interpool , or, thus fir I may be wrong, that one of the two night be (in the return order) from Liverpool to London. On the first of these journeys, his route by through Coventry, on the other, through Oxford and Birminghan In neither case had he started with much money, and he was going to have retired from the coach at the place of supping on the first night (the journey then occupying two

entire days and two entire nights), when the passengers insisted on paving for him that was a tribute to his beauty—not yet extinct. He mentioned this part of his adventures somewhat shyly, whilst going over them with a sailor's literal accuracy, though, as a record belonging to what he viewed as children years, he had ceased to care about it Newed as childish years, he had ceased to care about it. On the other journey, his experience was different, but equally testified to the spirit of kindness that is everywhere abroad. He had no money, on this occasion, that could purchase even a momentary lift by a stage-coach as a pedestrian he had travelled down to Oxford, occupying two days in the fifty-four or fifty-six nules which then measured the road from London, and sleeping in a farmer's barn, without leave asked. Wearied and depressed in spirits, he had reached Oxford, hopeless of any aid, and with a deadly shame at the thought of asking it. But, somewhere in the High Street—and, according to his very accurate sailor's description of that noble street, it must have been about the entrance of All Souls' College—he met a been about the entrance of All Souls' College—he met a gentleman, a gownsman, who (at the very moment of turning into the college gate) looked at Pink earnestly, and then gave him a guinea, saying at the time, "I know what it is to be in your situation. You are a schoolboy, and you have inn away from your school. Well, I was once in your situation, and I pity you." The kind gownsman, who were a velvet cap with a silk gown, and must therefore have been what in Oxford is called a gentleman commoner, gave him an address at some college or other (Magdalen, he fancied, in after years), where he instructed him to call before he quitted Oxford Had Pink done this, and had he frankly communicated his whole story, very probably he would have received, not assistance merely, but the best advice for guiding his future motions. His reason for not keeping the appointment was simply that he was nervously shy, and, above all things, jealous of being entrapped by insidious kindness into revelations that might prove dangerously circumstantial Oxford had a mayor, Oxford had a corporation, Oxford had Greek Testaments past all counting, and so, remembering past experiences, Pink held it to be the wisest counsel that he should pursue his route on foot to Liverpool

That gumen, however, he used to my, saved him from despoir

One circumstance affected me in this part of Pink's story. I was a student in Oxford at that time By comparing dates, there was no doubt whatever that I, who likely my guardians in abhorrence, and above all things admired my brother for his conduct, might have rescued him at this point of his conthful trials, four your before the fortunate catastrophe of his case, from the calamities which availed This is felt generally to be the most distressing form of human blindness—the case when account brings ino fraternal hearts, marning for remnion, into almost touching neighbourhood, and then in a mouncut after, by the difference, perhaps, of three nucles in space, or three eccouds in time, will separate them again, unconscious of their brief neighbourhood, perhaps for ever In the present case, houever, it may be doubted whether this unconscious renconnier and unconscious parting in Oxford ought to be viewed as Pink, it is true, endured your of suffering, four at least, that might have been saved by this seasonable rencounter, but, on the other hand, by travelling through his imisfortunes with unabated spirit, and to their natural end, he won experience and distinctions that else he would have musted His further in tory was briefly

Somewhere in the river of Plate, he had effected his tescape from the pirates, and a long time after, in 1807, I believe (I write without books to consult), he joined the storming party of the English at Monte Video. Here he happened fortunately to fall under the eye of Sir Home Popham, and Sir Home forthwith rated my brother as a midshipman on board his own ship, which was at that time, I think, a fiftygin ship—the Diadem. Thus, by ments of the most appropriate kind, and without one particle of interest, my brother passed into the royal navy. His nautical accomplishments were now of the utmost importance to him; and, as often as he shifted his ship, which (to say the truth) was far too often—for his temper was fielde and delighting in change—so often these accomplishments were made the basis of very carnest enlogy. I have read a vast heap of certificates vouch-

ing for Piuk's qualifications as a sailor, in the lighest terms, and from ceveral of the most distinguished officers in the service Eurly in his career as a midshipman, he suffered a mortifying interruption of the active life which had long since become essential to his comfort. He had contrived to get appointed on board a fire-ship, the Prometheus (chiefly with a wish to enlarge his experience by this variety of naval warfare), at the time of the last Copenhagen expedition, and he obtained his wish, for the Prometheus had a very distinguished station assigned her on the great night of bombardment, and from her decks, I believe, was made almost the first effectual trial of the Congreve rockets. Soon after the Danish capital had fallen, and whilst the Prometheus was still cruising in the Baltic, Pink, in company with the purser of his ship, landed on the coast of Jutland, for the purpose of a morning's sporting. It seems strange that this should have been allowed upon a hostile shore; and, perhaps, it was not allowed, but might have been a thoughtless abuse of some other mission shorewards. So it was, unfortunately, and one at least of the two sailors had reason to tue the sporting of that day for eighteen long months of captivity. They were perfectly unacquainted with the localities, but conceived themselves able at any time to make good their retreat to the boat, by means of fleet heels, and arms sufficient to deal with any opposition of the sort they apprehended Ventuing, however, too far into the country, they became suddenly aware of certain sentinels, posted expressly for the benefit of chance English visitors. These men did not pursue, but they did worse, for they fired signal shots, and, by the time our two thoughtless Jack-tars had reached the shore, they saw a detachment of Danish cavalry trotting their horses pretty coolly down in a direction for the boat. Feeling confident of their power to keep ahead of the pursuit, the sailors amused themselves with various sallies of nantical wit, and Pink, in particular, was just telling them to present his dutiful respects to the Crown Prince, and assure him that, but for this lubberly interruption, he trusted to have improved his royal dinner by a brace of birds, when—oh, sight of blank confusion!—all at once they became aware that between themselves and their boat lay a

perfect activork of st.coms, deep watery holes, requiring both time and local knowledge to unravel. The parson hat upon a cour e which combled him to regain the leat, but I am not one whether he also was not captured Poor Pink was at all events; and, through executern or eighteen troutles, ben aled this box is imprindence. At the end of that time there was an exchange of presours, and he was again serving a on board various and splendid figures. Wyborg in Juffund was the seat of his Dunch captivity, and such was the annubleness of the Danish character, that, except for the loss of his time to one who was aspiring to distinction and profeesional honour, none of the presoners who were on parele could have had much reason for complaint. The street mob, excusably arritated with England at that time for, without entering on the question of right, or of expedience, as regarded that u ir, it is notorious that such arguments as we had for our mannounced hostilities could not be pleaded openly by the English Cibinet, for fear of compromising our private friend and informant, the King of Sweden,—tho mob, therefore, were rough in their treatment of the British prisoners, at might, they would pelt them with stones; and here and there some honest burgher, who might have suffered grievously in his property, or in the person of his neutrest friends, by the ruin inflicted upon the Danieli commercial shipping, or by the dreadful have made in Zealand, would show something of the same bitter spirit. But the great body of the richer and more educated inhabitants showed the most hospitable attention to all who justified that sort of notice by their conduct. And their remembrance of these English friendships was not fugitive, for, through long years after my brother's death, I used to receive letters, written in the Danish (a language which I had attumed in the course of my studies, and which I have since endeavoured to thin to account in a public journal for some useful purposes of research), from young men as well as women in Jutland. letters conched in the most friendly terms, and recalling to his remembrance scenes and incidents which sufficiently proved the terms of fraternal affection upon which he had lived amongst these public enemies, and some of them I have preserved to this day, as memorials that do honour, on different considerations, to both parties

I For this little parenthetical record of my brother's early history, the exact chronology of the soveral litims in the case may possibly be now irrecoverable, but any error must be of trivial importance. His two pedestrian journeys, between London and Liverpool occurred, I beneve, in the same year—viz, after the death of the friendly captain, and during the last visit of his ship to Ingland. The capture of Pink by the pirates took piece after the ship's return to the Pacific.

## CHAPTER XIV

## PRESSTURE PANHOOD

My last two chapters, very slenderly connected with Birmingham, are yet made to rice out of it, the one out of Birmingham's own relation to the topic concerned (viz, Travelling), and the other (sir, My Brother) out of its relation to all possible times in my earlier life and, therefore, why not to all possible places. Anywhere introduced, the chapter was partially out of its place, as well then to introduce it in Birmingham as elsewhere. Somewhat arbitrary episodes, therefore, are these two last chapter, yet still en durable as occurring in a work confessedly ravibling, and whose very duty hes in the pleasant piths of vagrancy Pretending only to amuse my reader, or pretending chiefly to that, however much I may have sought, or shall wek, to interest him occasionally through his profounder affections, I enjoy a privilege of neglecting harsher logic, and connecting the separate sections of these shetches, not by rope, and cables, but by threads of aerial gossamer

This present chapter, it may seem, promises something of the same episodical or parenthetic character. But reality it does not. I am now returning into the main current of my narrative, although I may need to linger for a moment upon a past anecdote. I have mentioned already that, on inquiring at the Birmingham Post-office for a letter

<sup>1</sup> De Quincey here reserts to his autobiographic paper in Tail's Magazine for August 1834, and the present chapter is a recast of a portion of that paper, with additions—M.

addressed to myself, I found one directing me to join my sister Mary at Laxton, a seat of Lord Carbery's in North-amptonshire, and giving me to understand, that, during my residence at this place, some fixed resolution would be taken and announced to me in regard to the future disposal of my time, during the two or three years before I should be old enough on the English system for matriculating at Oxford or Cambridge 1 In the poor countries of Europe, where they cannot afford double sets of scholastic establishments,—having, therefore, no splendid schools, such as are, in fact, peculiar to England,—they are compelled to throw the duties of such schools upon their universities, and consequently you see boys of thirteen and fourteen, or even younger, crowding such institutions, which, in fact, they ruin for all higher functions. But England, whose regal establishments of both classes emancipate her from this dependency, sends her young men to college not until they have ceased to be boys—not earlier, therefore, than eighteen

But when, by what test, by what indication, does manhood commence? Physically by one criterion, legally by another, morally by a third, intellectually by a fourth—and all indefinite Equator, absolute equator, there is none Between the two spheres of youth and age, perfect and imperfect manhood, as in all analogous cases, there is no strict line of bisection. The change is a large process, accomplished within a large and corresponding space, having, perhaps, some central or equatorial line, but lying, like that of our earth, between certain tropics, or limits widely separated. This intertropical region may, and generally does, cover a number of years, and, therefore, it is hard to say, even for an assigned case, by any tolerable approximation, at what precise era it would be reasonable to describe the individual as having ceased to be a boy, and as having attained his inauguration as a man. Physically, we know that there is a very large latitude of differences, in the periods of human maturity, not merely between individual and individual, but also between nation and nation, differences so great, that, in some southern regions of Asia, we hear of

<sup>1</sup> See ante, p 268 -M.

matrons at the age of tricke. And thead, or Mr Sadka rightly merts, a nomenic of crargeration has been built mon the fuls, enough remains is head a real more of to protate the currents of the pire and refer to at estimate and, perhaps, of the philosopher, as to its first carse Legally and politically, that is consented dly, the difference are oten greater on a comparison of nation and case. In England we have an endors of mark and endorsty, noteeven a prime mini ter, the haughti de the news the pour, and the enet irre pon the of his time, et in a, e which re many states, both and out and modern, would be so openeded as a ground of ab date chall ago to the can bride for effices the meanet Intellectually spiking posing a very lays proportion of men exertiting resturits. Near go is their final destroy, and manhook in this is post, is for there a pure id a I mally, as a gods the moral development -- by which I mean the whole ex ten and e me as of their lose and hatred, of their admirations and contempt, the total organization of their plea me and their prop -hardly ary of our speces ever att un mention. It would be until the supline to ery that intellects of the higher order were, or could be, der loyed fully, without a corresponding develop ment of the whole nature. But of such intelligible to there do not appear above two or three in a thousand year. It is a fict, forced upon one by the whole experience of life, that almost all men are children, more or less, in their trets and admiration. Here it not for man's life at tendepen -- mere it not for that imperishable grandour which causes by war. of germ and ultimate por ability in his nature, hidden though it is, and often all but effected—how unlimited mould be the contempt amongst all the wise for his species, and mismthropy would, but for the angelic ideal barred and imbrated in man's sordid race, become, amongst the noble, fixed, absolute, and deliberately chen-hed

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;The haughte t" —Which, however, is very deal "fal. Such certainly, was the popular impression. But people who knew Mr Pitt intimately have always ascribed to have a nature the most amiable and social, under an unfortunate re error of manner, which, on the contrary, Mr Fox, ultra-democratic in his principles and frank in his address, was repulsively anistocratic in his temper and sympathies

But, to resume my question, how, under so variable a standard, both natural and conventional, of everything almost that can be received for a test or a presumption of manhood, shall we seize upon any characteristic feature, sufficiently universal to serve a practical use, as a criterion of the transition from the children mind to the dignity (relative dignity, at least) of that mind which belongs to conscious maturity? One such criterion, and one only, as I believe, there is—all others are variable and uncertain. It lies in the reverential feeling, sometimes suddenly developed, towards woman, and the idea of woman. From that moment when women cease to be regarded with carelessness, and when the ideal of womanhood, in its total pomp of loveliness and purity, dawns like some vast aurora upon the mind, boyhood has ended, children thoughts and inclinations have passed away for ever, and the gravity of manhood, with the self-respecting views of manhood, have commenced

"Mentemque priorem Expulit, atque hominem toto sibi cedere jussit Pectore"—Lucan

These feelings, no doubt, depend for their development in part upon physical causes, but they are also determined by the many retarding or accelerating forces enveloped in encumstances of position, and sometimes in pure accident. For myself, I remember most distinctly the very day—the scene, and its accidents—when that mysterious are fell upon me which belongs to woman in her ideal portiant and from that hour a profounder gravity coloured all my thoughts, and a "beauty still more beauteous" was lit up for me in this agricing world. Lord Westport and myself had been on a visit to a noble family about lifty miles from Dublin, and we were returning from Tullimore by a public passage-boat on the splendid canal which connects that place with the inetropolis. To avoid attracting an unpleasant attention to ourselves in public situations, I observed a rule of never addressing Lord Westport by his title but it so happened that the canal carried is along the margin of an estate belonging to the Earl (now Marquis) of Westmerth; and on turning an angle we came suddenly in view of this

nobleman taking his morning homoge in the san. Some what lofully he reconnected the mise flancous party of clean and unclean beneficerovided on the deel of our ark, our olyes amongst the number, whom he chillenged gaily as voung acquintances from Dublin, and my friend he saluted more than once as "My Lord". This accident made known to the assembled mob of our fellou-trivellers Lord Westport's rank, and led to a scene rather too broadly exposing the spirat of, this world. Herded together on the deck for roof of that den denominated the "state cabin") stood a party of young ladies, herded by their governess. In the calan below wis circle, for she was an awful personage—a wit, a blue-tocking (I call her by the name then current', and a leader of ton in Dublin and Belfist. The firt, however, that a young lord, and one of great expectations, was on boost brought her up. A short cross-examination of Lord Westport's French valet had confirmed the flying report, and at the same time (I suppose) put her in posterion of my defect in all those advantages of title, fortune, and expectation which so brilliantly distinguished my friend. Her admiration of him, and her contempt for myrelf, were equally undraguised. And in the ring which she soon cleared out for public exlubition, she made us both fully scurible of the very equitable stations which she assigned to us in her regard. The was neither very buildant nor altogether a protender, but might be described as a showy woman, of slight but popular account plishments Any woman, however, has the advantage of possessing the ear of any company and a noman of torty, with such tact and experience as she will naturally have gathered in a talking practice of such duration, can find little difficulty in mortifying a boy, or sometimes, perhaps, in tempting him to unfortunate sallies of irritation. Me, it was clear, that she viewed in the light of a humble friend, or what is known in fashionable life by the humblating name of a "tool eater". Lord Westport, full of generously in what regarded his own pretensions, and who never had violated the perfect equality which reigned in our deportment to each other, coloured with as much confusion as myself at her coarse insinuations. And, in reality, our

ages warrely allowed of that relation which she supposed to exist between us. Possibly, she did not suppose it; but it is essential to the wit and the display of some people that it should have a foundation in malice. A victim and a sacrifice are indispensible conditions in every exhibition. In such a case, my natural sense of justice would generally have aimed me a hundredfold for retaliation; but at present—chiefly, perhaps, because I had no effectual ally, and could count upon no sympathy in my audience—I was mortified beyond the power of refort, and became a passive but to the lady's stinging contunity, and the arrowy sleet of her gny rhetoric. The narry bounds of our deck made it not easy to get beyond falling range; and thus it happened that for two hours I stood the worst of this bright lady's feud. At length the tables turned. Two ladies appeared slowly ascending from the colon, both in deepest mourning, but else as diffirent in espect as summer and winter. The elder was the Countess of Errol, then mourning an affliction which had Irid her life desolate, and admitted of no human consolation. Heaven grief—grief more self-occupied and deaf to all voice of sympathy—I have not happened to witness. She seemed scarcely aware of our presence, except it were by placing herself as far as was possible from the annoyance of our odious conversation. The encumstances of her loss are now forgotten; at that time they were known to a large encle in Bath and London, and I violate no confidence in reviewing them Lord Errol had been privately intrusted by Mr Pitt with an official secret-viz the ontline and principal details of a foreign expedition, in which, according to Mr. Pitt's original purpose, his lordship was to have held a high command. In a moment of intoxication, the earl confided this secret to some false friend, who published the communication and its author Upon this, the unhappy nobleman, under too keen a sense of wounded honour, and perhaps with an evaggerated notion of the evils attached to his indiscretion, destroyed himself. Months had passed since that calamity, when we met his widow, but time appeared to have done nothing in initigating her sorrow. The younger lady, on the other hand, who was Lady Errol's sister 1 \_\_\_\_

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> George Hay, 14th Earl of Errol, had married, in 1796, Elizabeth-

Hervens! what a spirit of joy and feetal pleasure reliated from her eyes, her step, her voice, her manner! She was Irish, and the very imperioration of musical guery, such as we find oftener, perhaps, amonet Irish women than those of any other country. Mourning, I have said, such wore; from sisterly consideration, the dispess matrings that sole expression there was about her of closurer solemn feeling—

" but all things else about her drawn I rom May time and the el cerful dawn"

Odious bluestocking I of Belfast and Dublin I as some would

Jertina, daughter of Josph Blake, R. 1 of Assiry, (a Grinay, and died in June 1798, the title then pring to his both in William. It was the young widou of the diseased Larl, and her dister. Miss Blake, that De Quinci view material on the considerat is twen I alian.

more and Dublin - 31

I have sometimes had occur on to remark, as a post calle plant menon of our present times, that the order of laber called Rive stockings, he was of reproach, has become totally extinct amongst us except only here and there, with superannuated changers to of whete remembrances. The reason of this change is interesting; and I do not scruple to call it honourable to our intellectual pro note. In the last (but still more in the p nultimate) generation, any the lare of literature, of liberal currouty about whence, or of ennobling interest in books, carried and it an air of somethir, anseen if, r surish, and (as it was treated by the secophantish satirists that for ever humining the prevailing folly) of something Indictions. This mode of treatment was possible so long as the literary class of ladies formed a feeble But now, when two tast peoples, Etalish and American, minority counting between them forty-nine millions, when the leaders of transcendent civilisation (to say nothing of Germany and France), behold their entire educated class, male and female alike, calling out not for Panem et Circenses (Givo us this day our daily bread and our games of the circus), but for Panem et Literas (Give us this day our daily bread and literature), the universality of the call has swept must the very name of Bluedocking, the very possibility of the ridicale has been undermined by stern realities, and the verbal expression of the reproach is fast becoming not simply obsolete, but even unintelligible to our juniors By the way, the origin of this term Bluestocking has never been satisfactorily accounted for unless the reader should meline to think my account entisfactors. I incline to that opinion misch Dr Bisset (in his Lafo of Burke) traces it filly to a sobriquet imposed by Mrs Montagu, and the literary ladies of her circle, apon a certain obscure Dr Stillingfleet, who was the sole misculine assistant at their literary sittings in Portman Square, and chose, upon some eall you, how I hated you up to that, moment! half-an-hour after, how grateful I felt for the hostility which had procured me such an alliance. One minute sufficed to put the quickwilled young Irishwoman in possession of our little drama.

intabilicable craze, to wear blue slockings. The translation, however, of this name from the dector's legs to the ladies' legs is still unsolved That great heafus needs tilling up I, therefore, whether erroneously er roi, in reviewing a German historical work of some pretensions, where this problem emerges, rejected the Portman Square doctor alterether, and traced the term to an old Oxford statuto-one of the many which meddlo with dress, and which charges it as a point of conscience upon loyal scholastic students that they shall wear corulean Such socks, therefore, indicated scholasticism worn by femilia, they would indicate a self-dedication to what for them would be regarded as pedantic studies. But, says an objector, no rational female would wear cerulean socks. Perhaps not, female taste being too good. But, as such socks would symbolise such a profession of pedantry, so, inversely, any profession of pedantry, by whatever signs expressed, would be symbolised reproachfully by the imputation of wearing cirulean socks. It classed a woman in effect as a scholastic pedant. Now, however, when the vast diffusion of literature as a Fort of daily bread has made all ridicule of female hterary culture not less ridiculous than would be the attempt to ridicule that same daily bread, the whole phenomenou, thing and word, substance and sindow, is melting away from amongst us Something of the same Find has happened in the history of alver forks Forks of any kind, as is well known, were first introduced into Italy thence by a funtastic (but in this instance judicious) Linglish traveller immediately (and not mediately through France) were introduced into England This elegant revolution occurred about 210 years ago and never since that day have there been wanting English protesters against the infamy of eating 1 athout forks, and for the last 160 years, at least, against the paganism of using steel forks, or, 2dly, two pronged forks, or 3dly, of putting the kinfe into the mouth. At least 120 years ago. the Duchess of Queensberry (Gay's Duchess), that leonine woman, used to shrick out, on seeing a hyperborean squire convoying peas to his abominable mouth on the point of a knife, "Oh, step him, step him i—that man's going to commit suicide" This anecdote argues silver forks as existing much more than a century back, else the aguire had a good defence. Since then, in fact, about the time of the French Revolution, silver forks have been recognised as not less indispensable appendages to any elegant dinner table than silver spoons and, along with silver forks, camo in the explosion of that anti-Queensberry brutalism which forks first superseded-12, the fiendish practice of introducing the knife within the lips. But, in defiance of all these facts, certain select backs of the daily press, who never had an opportunity of seeing a civilised dinner, and fancying that their own observe modes of feeding prevailed overwhere, got up the name

and the reveral parts we were playing. To look was to understand, to wish was to execute, with this ardent child of nature. Lake Spenser's Brahmant, with mattial searn she couched her lance on the side of the party suffering wrong Her runk, as sister in-law to the Constable of Scotland, gove her some advantage for running a fixourable guidience; and, throwing her ages over me, the extended that benefit to myself Roll was now made perforce for me alto, my replies were no longer stilled in noise and laughter Personalities were bam-hed, literature was extensively di mesed, and that is a subject which, offering little room to argument, offers the widest to eloquent display. I had immer as read ing, vast command of words, which comewhat diminished as iders and doubts multiplied, and, speaking no longer to a deaf andience, but to a generous and includent proceedings, I threw out, as from a cornucopia, my illustrative details and recollections, trivial enough, perhaps, as I mugit now think, but the more intelligible to my present circle. It might seem too much the cree of a storm in a slopel "in, if I were to spend any words upon the revolution which energed. Suffice it that I remained the hou of that company which had previously been most insultingly foretions at my expense, and the intellectual lady finally declared the air of the deck nuplersant

Never, until this hour, had I thought of women as objects of a possible interest, or of a reverential love. I had known them either in their infirmities and their unamiable aspects, or else in those sterner relations which made them objects of ungenial and uncompanionable feelings Now first it struck

of the Surer fork School (which should have indicated the school of decency) as representing some ideal school of funtastic or ultra refine-At length, however, when cheap counterfeits of silver have made the decent four pronged fork cheaper than the two pronged steel barbarism, what has followed? Why, this—that the universality of the diffusion has made it hopeless my longer to briter it. There is, therefore, this strict analogy between "the silver fork" reproved and "the bluestocking" reproach—that in both cases alike a recognition, gradually becoming universal, of the thing itself as a social necessity, has put down for ever all attempts to thron redicule upon it-upon literature, in the one case, as a most appropriate female ornament and upon silver forks, on the other, as an element of social decorum

1 The hereditary office of the Eurls of Errol -M

we that life rught owe built its attractions and all its graces to femal compute whop. General perhaps, with too earnest are a kalication at this generous and spirited young daughter of Ireland, and in that nav making her those acknowledgtion is for her cosine radials I could not properly clothe in work. I are a med to a cence of my indecorum by seeing her robbuts lines. I believe that Mus Ill- microreted my drain tion rightly, for the use not offended; but, on the a wither, for it e not of the day, when not attending to her either, worsered rimort excinencie, and in a confidential 1 7. with Lord Westport and miself. The whole, in fact, of this conversion must have consinced her that I, mere ter as I was (iv, about lifteen), could not have presumed to direct my admiration to her, a fine young woman of twenty, in any other character than that of a generous chambion, and a very adroit un-trees in the dazzling fence of colloquial exircish. My admiration had, in reality, been a life of to her moral qualities, her enthusiasm, her spirit, at d her generoute. Yet that blesh, evanescent as it wasthe more percludity that I, so very a child, should have called up the most transitory sense of bashfulness or confusion newn and female cheek, fir-t-and suddenly as with a flash of lightning penetrating some utter darkness-illuminated to my own startled consciousness, never again to be obscured, the pure and powerful ideal of momanhood and womanly This was, in a proper sense, a reiclation, it fixed a great era of change in my life, and, this new-born idea being agreeable to the uniform tendencies of my own nature—that is, lofty and aspiring—it governed my life with great power, and with most salutary effects Ever after, throughout the period of youth, I was jedous of my own demeanour, received and awestruck in the presence of women, reverencing, often, not so much them, as my own ideal of woman latent in them. For I carried about with me the idea, to which often I seemed to see an approximation, of

"A perfect noman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

And from this day I was an altered creature, never again relapsing into the careless, irreflective mind of childhood

At the same time I do not wish, in paying my homege to the other sex, and in glorifying its possible power over ours, to be confounded with those thoughtless and trivial theto-ricins who flatter woman with a false hip-worship, and, like Lord Byron's buccincers, hold out to them a picture of their own empire built only upon sensual or upon shadon; excellences. We find continually a false enthurasm, a mero bacchanalian inchriation, on behalf of woman, p.t forth by modern verse writers, expressly at the expense of the other sex, as though women could be of porcelain, whilst man was of common eartherware. Even the testimonies of Ledyard and Park are partly false (though amiable) tributes to fersale' excellence, at least they are mirely one sided truths—aspects of one phasis, and under a peculiar angle. For, though the sexes differ characteristically, yet they never ful to reflect each other, nor can they differ us to the general amount of development, never 3et was noman in one stage of elevation and man (of the same community) in another. Then, therefore, daughter of God and man, all-potent woman I reverence thy own ideal, and, in the wildest of the homage which is paid to thee, as also in the most real aspects of the wide dominion, read no trophs of idle smity, but a silent indication of the possible grandeur enshrined in thy nature; which realise to the extent of thy power,

## "And rhow us how divine a thing A woman may become "

For what purpose have I repeated this story? The reader may, perhaps, suppose it introductory to some tale of boyish romantic passion for some female ideal clothed with imaginary perfections. But in that case he will be mistaken. Nothing of the kind was possible to me. I was pre-occupied by other passions. Under the disease—for disease it was—which at that time mastered me, one solitary desire, one frenzy, one demoniac fascination stronger than the fascinations of calenture, brooded over me as the moon over the tides—forcing me day and night into speculations upon great intellectual problems, many times beyond my strength, as indeed often beyond all human strength, but not the less provoking me to pursue them. As a prophet in days of old had no

power to resist the voice which, from hidden worlds, called him to a mission, sometimes, perhaps, revolting to his human sensibilities,—as he must deliver, was under a coercion to deliver, the burning word that spoke within his heart; or as a ship on the Indian Ocean cannot seek rest by anchoring, but must run before the wrath of the monsoon, such in its fary, such in its unrelentingness, was the persecution that overmastered me. School tasks under these circumstances. it may well be supposed, had become a torment to me a long time they had lost even that slight power of stimulation which belongs to the irritation of difficulty Easy and simple they had now become as the elementary lessons of childhood Not that it is possible for Greek studies, if pur-ned with unflinching sincerity, ever to fall so far into the rear as a palæstra for evercising both strength and skill, but, in a school where the exercises are pursued in common by large classes, the burden must be adapted to the powers of the weakest, and not of the strongest. And, apart from that objection, at this period, the hasty unfolding of far different intellectual interests than such as belong to mere literature had, for a time, dimined in my eyes the lustre of classical studies, pursued at whatsoever depth, and on what soever scale For more than a year, everything connected with schools and the business of schools had been growing more and more listeful to me At first, however, my disgust had been merely the disgust of weariness and pride But now, at this crisis (for crisis it was virtually to me), when a premature development of my whole mind was inshing in like a cataract, forcing channels for itself and for the new tastes which it introduced, my disgust was no longer simply intellectual, but had deepened into a moral sense as of some nuner dignity continually violated Once the petty round of school tasks had been felt as a molestation, but now, at last, as a degradation Constant conversation with grown-up men for the last half-year, and upon topics oftentimes of the gravest order—the responsibility that had always in some slight degree settled upon myself since I had become the eldest surviving son of my family, but of late much more so when circumstances had thrown me as an English stranger mon the society of distinguished Irislimen-more, however,

than all beside, the incritable rebound and counter-growth of internal dignity from the everlasting con imerce with lefty speculations, these agencies in constant operation had enbittered my school disgust, until it was travelling for into a minia. Precisely at this culminating point of my telfconflict did that some occur which I have described with Miss Bl-..... In that hour another element, which as mredly was not wanted, fell into the recthing caldren of new-born impulses that, like the magic caldron of Meley, non now transforming me into a new creature Tren first and suddenly I brought powerfully before myrelf the change which was norked in the aspects of society by the presence of woman—noman pure, thoughtful, noble, coming before me as a Pandora crowned with perfections. Right over against this ennobling spectacle, with equal suddenness, I placed the edious spectrele of schoolboy rociety—no matter in what region of the earth, schoolboy society, so frivolous, in the matter of its disputes, often so landal in the manner; so children, and yet so remote from simplicity; so foolishly careless, and yet so revoltingly solheli, dedicated ostensibly to learning, and yet beyond any rection of human toings so to learning, and yet beyond any rection of human comme conspicuously ignorant. Was it indeed that heavenly, which I was soon to exchange for this earthly? It seemed to me, when contemplating the possibility that I could yet have nearly three years to pass in such society as this, that I heard some irresistible voice saying—Lay aside thy fleshly robes of humanity, and enter for a season into some brutal incir-

But what connection had this punful prospect with Laxton! Why should it press upon my anxieties in approaching that mansion, more than it had done at Westport? Naturally enough, in part, because every day brought me nearer to the horror from which I recoiled, my return to England would recall the attention of my gnardians to the question, which as yet had slumbered, and the knowledge that I had reached Northamptonshire would precipitate their decision. Obscurely, besides, through a hint which had reached me, I guessed what this decision was likely to be, and it took the very worst shape it could have taken. All this increased my agitation from hour to hour. But all this

was quickened and barbed by the certainty of so immediately meeting Lady Carbery. To her it was, and to her only, that I could look for any useful advice, or any effectual aid. She over my mother, as in turn my mother over her, exercised considerable influence, whilst my mother's power was very seldom disturbed by the other guardians. The mistress of Laxton it was, therefore, whose opinion upon the case would virtually be decisive; since, if she saw no reasonable encouragement to any contest with my guardians, I felt too surely that my own uncountenanced and unaided energies drooped too much for such an effort Who Lady Carbery was, I will explain in my next chapter, entitled Laxton 1 Meantime, to me individually, she was the one sole friend that ever I could regard as entirely fulfilling the offices of an honourable friendship She had known me from infancy when I was in my first year of life, she-an orphan and a great herress—was in her tenth or eleventh, and, on her occasional visits to "the Farm" (a rustic old house, then occupied by my father), I, a household pet, suffering under an ague, which lasted from my first year to my third, naturally fell into her hands as a sort of superior toy, a toy that could breathe and talk Every year our intimacy had been renewed, until her marriage interrupted it. But, after no very long interval, when my mother had transferred her household to Bath, in that city we frequently met again, Lord Carbory liking Bath for itself, as well as for its easy connection with London, whilst Lady Carbery's health was supposed to benefit by the waters Her understanding was justly reputed a fine one, but, in general, it was calculated to win respect rather than love, for it was masculine and austere, with very little toleration for scniment or romance But to myself she had always been indulgently kind, I was protected in her regard, beyond anybody's power to dislodge me, by her children remembrances, and of late years she had

<sup>1</sup> It may be well, however, to explain even at this point that George Evans, 4th Baron of Carbery, Co Cork, born in 1766, had married in 1792 Susan, only daughter of Colonel Henry Watson, and that this lady was the Lady Carbery of whom De Quincey speaks. Though the peerage was Irish, Lord and Lady Carbery lived chiefly in England—M

begun to entertern the highest opinion of my intellectual Whitever could be done to as 1st my viewe, I most certainly might count upon her doing, that is to kee, within the limits of her conscientions indigment upon the propriety of my own plans. Having, beader, so much mere knowledge of the world than invest, the might see can a to dissent widely from my own view of what was expedient as well as what was right, in which care I was well a right that, in the under of landm a and unaffected sympathy, she would firmly adhere to the views of my guardians. In any circulastruces she would have done er But at present a new clement had begun to mux with the ordinary influences which governed her estimates of things she had, as I knew from my sister's report, become relatons; and her new opinions were of a gloomy cut—Calvinetic, in fact, only tending to what is note technically known in England as "Lon Chi is be or "Evang heal Christianity". These views, being adopted in a great measure from my mother, were naturally the same as my mothers, so that I could form some guess as to the general spirit, if not the exact direction, in which her connects would flow It is emender that, until this time, I had never regarded Lady Carbert under any relation whatever to female intellectual society. My early children I nowledge of her had shut out that mode of viewing her. But now, swidenly, under the new-born sympathies awakened by the reene with Mrs Bl-, I became aware of the distinguished place she was qualified to fill in such society. In that Eden-for such it had now consciously become to me-I had no nece sity to cultivate an interest or solicit an admission; already, through Lady Carbery's too flattering estimate of my own pretensions and through old children incorrer, I held the most dissuddenly to my new-born powers of appreciation, in all its dreadful points of contrast with the killing society of schoolboys She it was, fitted to be the glory of such an Eden, who probably would assist in bunishing me for the present to the wilderness ontside. My distress of mind was inexpress-And, in the midst of glittering saloons, at times also in the midst of society the most fascinating, I-contemplating the idea of that gloomy academic dungeon to which for three

iong years I anticipated too certainly a sentence of exile—felt very much as in the middle ages must have felt some victim of evil destiny, inheritor of a false fleeting prosperity, that suddenly in a moment of time, by signs blazing out past all concealment on his forehead, was detected as a leper, and in that character, as a public nuisance and universal horror, was summoned instantly to withdraw from society,—prince or peasant, was indulged with no time for preparation or evasion,—and, from the midst of any society, the sweetest or the most dazzling, was driven violently to take up his abode amidst the sorrow-haunted chambers of a lazar-house

## CHAPTUR XY

Section I —Craign and Iphicinia

My route, after parting from Lord Westport at Birmingham, lay (as perhaps I mentioned before) through Stamford to Lixton, the Northumpton hire seat of Lord Carbery From Stamford, which I had reached by some intolerable old carely, such as in those days too commonly abused the putterce and long suffering of Young England, I took a post chaise to Laxton The distance was but nine miles, and the postiliou drove well, so that I could not really have been long upon the road, and yet, from gloomy rumination upon the unhappy destination which I believed myelf approaching within three or four months, never had I weathered a journey that seemed to me so long and dreary As I alighted on the steps at Laxton, the first duner-bell rang, and I wer harrying to my toilet, when my sister Mary, who had met me in the portico, begged me first of all to come into Lady Curbery's dressing-room, her lady ship having something special to communicate, which related (as I understood her) to one Simon

The only original that I have found for this long and very interesting chapter of the Autohography is in a mere scrap of that paper in Taits Magazine for August 1834 which furnished the matter of the last chapter. The scrap consists of two meagre paragraphs inserted there registering a visit to I axton as one of the incidents of the first month or two of De Quincey's life in England after his return from Ireland in the end of 1800. The expansion of that original in the present chapter is remarkable—M.

"What Simon? Simon Peter?" O no, you irreverent boy, no Sunon at all with an S, but Cymon with a C—Dryden's Crinon—

"That whistled as he went for want of thought""

This one indication was a key to the whole explanation that followed The sole visitors, it seemed, at that time to Laxton, beside my sister and myself, were Lord and Lady Massey.1 They were understood to be domesticated at Laxion for a very long stay In reality, my own private construction of the case (though unauthorized by anything ever hinted to me by Lady Carbery) was that Lord Massey might probably be under some cloud of pecumary embarrassments, such as suggested prudentially an absence from Ireland time, what was it that made him an object of peculiar interest to Lady Carbery? It was the singular revolution which in one whom all his friends looked upon as sold to constitutional torpor, suddenly and beyond all hope, had kindled a new and nobler life Occupied originally by no shadow of any earthly interest, killed by ennui, all at once Lord Massey had fallen vassionately in love with a fair young country ioman, well connected, but bringing him no fortune (I report only from hearsay), and endowing him simply with the priceless blessing of her own womanly charms, her delightful society, and her sweet Irish style of innocent gaiety No transformation, that ever legends or romances had reported, was more memorable Lapse of time (for Lord Massey had now been married three or four years),2 and deep seclusion from general society, had done nothing apparently to lower the tone of his happiness The expression of this happiness was noiseless and unobtrusive, no marks were there of vulgar unormusuess-nothing that could provoke the sucer of the worldling, but not the less so entirely had the society of his young wife created a new principle of life within him, and evoked some nature hitherto slumbering, and which, no doubt, would else have continued

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hugh Massey, 3d Baron Massey in the Irish peerage, born 1761, had succeeded his father in the birony in 1790, and had married, 2d March 1792, Margaret, joungest drughter of William Barton, Esq of Grove, Co Tipperry—M
<sup>2</sup> Eight years See last note—M.

to slumber till his death, that at moments when he believed himself unobserved he still were the aspect of an imposioned lover

A rision, and adore I the All is the some Arabian fiction never filled it a rould.
With half the worders that were were, let for Fire.
Larth breathed in one great pressure of the agreedHer chards a window did surpairs in plany.
The portals of the dawn."

And in no case was it more literally realized, as daily almost I witnessed, that

"All Paradice Could, by the simple of sing of a door, Let itself in upon him."

For never did the driwing-room door open, and suddenly disclore the beautiful figure of Lady Massey, than a mighty cloud seemed to roll away from the young Irishman's brow. At this time it happened, and indeed it often happened, that Lord Carbery was absent in Ireland It was probable, therefore, that during the long couple of hours through which the custom of those times bound a man to the danner-table effer the disappearance of the ladies, his time would hang heavily To me, therefore, Lady Carbery looked. on his hands. having first put me in possession of the case, for assistance to her hospitality, under the difficulties I have stated. She thoroughly loved Lady Massey, as, indeed, nobody could help doing, and for her sike, had there been no separate interest surrounding the young lord, it would have been most prinful to her that, through Lord Carbery's abscuce, a periodic tedium should oppress her guest at that precise season of the day which traditionally dedicated itself to genial enjoyment. Glad, therefore, she was that an ally had come at last to Laxton, who might arm her purposes of hospitality with some powers of self-fulfilment And yet, for a service of that nature, could she reasonably rely upon me? Odious is the hobble-de-hoy to the mature young man Generally speaking, that cannot be demed But in me, though naturally the

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth's "Vaudracour and Julia."

shyest of human beings, intense commerce with men of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, had availed to dissipate all arrears of mauvaise honte, I could talk upon innumerable subjects, and, as the readiest means of entering unmediately upon business, I was fresh from Ireland—knew multitudes of those whom Lord Massey either knew or felt an interest in-and, at that happy period of life, found it easy, with three or four glasses of wine, to call back the golden spirits which were now so often deserting me Renovated, meantime, by a hot bath, I was ready at the second summons of the dinner-bell, and descended, a new creature, to the drawing-room Here I was presented to the noble lord and his wife Lord Massey was in figure shortish. but broad and stout, and wore an amiable expression of face. That I could execute Lady Carbery's commission, I felt satis-And, accordingly, when the ladies had retired from the dining-room, I found an easy opening, in various circumstances connected with the Laxton stables, for introducing naturally a picturesque and contrasting sketch of the stud and the stables at Westport. The stables, and everything connected with the stables, at Laxton, were magnificent, in fact, far out of symmetry with the house, which at that time was elegant and comfortable, but not splendid As usual in English establishments, all the appointments were complete, and carried to the same point of exquisite finish The stud of hunters was first-rate and extensive, and the whole scene, at closing the stables for the night, was so splendidly arranged and illuminated that Lady Carbery would take all her visitors once or twice a week to admire it. On the other hand, at Westport you might fancy yourself overlooking the establishment of some Albanian pacha Crowds of irregular helpers and grooms, many of them totally unrecognised by Lord Altamont, some half-countenanced by this or that upper servant, some doubtfully tolerated, some not tolerated but nevertheless slipping in by postern-doors when the enemy had withdrawn, made up a strange mob as regarded the human element in this establishment Dean Browne regularly asserted that five out of six amongst these helpers he himself could swear to as active boys from Vinegar Hill. Trivial enough, meantime, in our eyes, was

any little matter of telellion that they might have upon their consciences. High treval we willingly winked at But what we could not wink at was the spream the treason which they committed against our comfort—vir., by terching our horses all imaginable true, said training them up in the way along which they should not go, so that when they very old they were very little likely to depart from it. Such a set of restive, hard-mouthed writeless as Lord Writish and I daily had to be tride, no tongue could describe was a corem of Lord Westport's, sub-equently created Lord Oranmore, distinguished for his horsemanshep, and always splendelly mounted from his father's stables at Castle M'Garret, to whom our stormy contests with runed tempers and vicious habits yielded a regular comedy of fun; and, in order to improve it, he would sometimes bribe Lord Westport's treacherous groom into inteleving us, when floradeting amongst bobs, into the interior labrainths of these morneses Deep, however, as the moral was this man's remores when, on leaving Westport, I give him the heavy golden perquisite which my mother (minutes of the tricks he had prictical upon mc) had by letter instructed me to give. He was a mere savage boy from the central logs of Connaight, and, to the great amusement of Lord Westport, he persisted mealing me "your majesty" for the rost of that day, and by all other means open to him he expressed his panitire But the Dean insisted that, no matter for his penitence in the matter of the bogs, he had certainly carried a pike at Vinegar Hill, and probably had stolen a pair of boots at Furnes, when he kindly made a call at the Deanery, in passing through that place to the held of battle. It is always a pleasure to see the engineer of muschief "hoist with his own petard "1, and it happened that the horses assigned to draw a post-chariot carrying Lord Westport, myself, and the Dean, on our return journey to Dublin, were a pair utterly ruined by a certain under-postition named Moran This particular ruin did Mr Moran boast to have contributed as his separate contribution to the general rumations of the stables. And the particular object was, that his horses,

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Hamlet," but also "Orld" —"I ex nec justice ulla est. Quam neces artifices arte perire sua."

and consequently himself, might be left in genial laziness But, as Nemesis would have it, Mr. Moran was the charioteer specially appointed to this particular service. We were to return by easy journeys of twenty-five miles a day, or even less, since every such interval brought us to the house of some hospitable family connected by friendship or by blood with Lord Altimont Ferrently had Lord Westport pleaded with his father for an allowance of four horses, not at all with any foolish view to fleeting anistocratic splendonr, but simply to the luxury of rapid motion But Lord Altamont was firm in resisting this petition at that time. The remote consequence was-that, by way of redressing the violated equilibrium to our feelings, we subscribed throughout Wales to extort six horses from the astonished minkeepers. most of whom declined the requisition, and would furnish only four, on the plea that the leaders would only embarrass the other horses, but one at Bangor, from whom we coolly requested eight, recoiled from our demand as from a sort of How so? Because in this island he had miniature treason always understood eight horses to be consecrated to 103 al use. Not at all, we assured him, Pickford, the great carrier, always horsed his waggons with eight. And the law knew of no distinction between waggon and post-chaise, coach-horse or cart-horse. However, we could not compass this point of the eight horses, the double quadriga, in one single instance, but the true reason we surmised to be-not the pretended paritanism of loyalty to the House of Guelph, but the running short of the makeeper's funds. If he had to meet a daily average call for twenty-four horses, then it might well happen that our draft upon him for eight horses at one pull would bankrupt him for a whole day But I am anticipating Returning to Ireland and Mr Moran, the vicious driver of vicious horses, the immediate consequence to him of this unexpected limitation to a pair of horses was that all his knavery in one hom recoiled upon himself. The horses whom he had himself trained to vice and restiveness, in the hope that thus his own services and theirs might be less in request, now became the very curse of his life Every morning, duly as an attempt was made to put them in motion, they began to back, and no arts, gentle or harsh, would for a moment

avail to core or to coorce them into the counter direction. Could retrogremen by any metaphysic-base been translated into progress, we excelled in that; it was our forte; we could have backed to the North Pote. That might be the . war to glory, or at level to distinction-six it is ed asten. unfortunately, it was not the way to Dublin. Consequently, on every day of our journes—and the days were ten—not once, but always, we lend the same deadly conflict to repeat, and the, being always unreading, found iteral tion uniformly in the following ultimate resource. Two large-leved horses, usually taken from the plough, were hunered on es leaders By main force they hauled our wicked wheelers into the right direction, and forced them, by pure physical experiority, into working. We furnished a joyous and comic spectacle to every town and village through which we passed. whole community, men and children, came out to neast at our departure, and all abke were discreted, but not the less urritated, by the demonise obstinues of the brutes, who seeme i under the immediate inspiration of the field. Everylody was anxious to chare in the scourging which was edministered to them right and left, and, once propelled into a gallop (or such a gallop as our Brobdignagian leaders could accomplish), they were forced into leeping it up. But, without reheaving' all the details of the case, it may be readily corrected that the amount of trouble distributed amongst our whole party was enormous. Once or twice the friends at vilices houses we slept were able to assist us. But generally they either had no horses, or none of the commanding power demanded. Often, again, it happened, as our route was very circultous that no mus lay in our neighbourhood; or, if there were mus, the horses proved to be of too elight a build. At Rallmaslee, and agun at Athlone, half the torn came out to help us; and, having no suitable hor-es, thirty or forty men, with shouts of laughter, pulled at ropes fastened to our pole and splinter-bar, and compelled the snorting demons into a flying gallop But naturally a couple of miles saw this resource exhausted Then came the necessity of "drawing the covers," as the dean called it—1c, lunting amongst the adjacent farmers for powerful cattle. This labour (O Jupiter, thanks be for that !) fell upon Mr Moran. And sometimes it would

happen that the horses, which it had cost him three or four hours to find, could be spared only for four or five miles. Such a journey can rarely have been accomplished. Our rig-rig course had prolonged it into from 230 to 250 miles. and it is literally true that of this entire distance from Westport House to Sackville Street, Dublin, not one furlong had been performed under the spontaneous impulse of our own Their diabolic resistance continued to the last. one may venture to hope that the sense of final subjugation to man must have proved penally butter to the horses meantime it veres one that such wretches should be fed with good old hay and oats, as well littered down also in their stalls as a prebendary; and by many a stranger, ignorant of their true character, should have been patted and caressed Let us hope that a fate to which more than once they were nearly forcing us—viz., regress over a precipice—may ultimately have been their own Once I saw such another case dramatically carried through to its natural crisis in the Laverpool Mail. It was on the stage leading into Lachfield there was no conspiracy, as in our Irish case; one horse only out of the four was the criminal, and, according to the Queen's Bench (Denman, C J), there is no conspiracy competent to one agent but he was even more signally under a demoniac possession of mutinous resistance to man case was really a memorable one If ever there was a distinct proclamation of rebellion against man, it was made by that brutal horse, and I therefore, being a passenger on the box, took a note of the case, and on a proper occasion I may be induced to publish it, unless some Houynhm should whinny against me a Chancery injunction

From these wild, Tartar-like stables of Connaught, how vast was the transition to that perfection of elegance and of adaptation between means and ends that reigned from centre to circumference through the stables at Laxton! I, as it happened, could report to Lord Massey their carlier condition, lie to me could report their immediate changes. I won him easily to an interest in my own Irish experiences, so fresh, and in parts so grotesque, wilder also by much in Connaught than-in Lord Massey's county of Limerick; whilst he (without affecting any delight in the hunting systems of North-

amptonshire and Lorestershire) yet took pleasure in explaining to me the e characteratic features of the Erghen incident hunting, as centralized at Melton, which ever then gave to it the supreme rank for brilliancy and unity of effect amongst all varieties of the charge!

Horses had formed the natural and introductory topic of conversation between us. What we exceedly know of Ireland, though in different quarters—what we look knew of Laxton,—the burhame splendour and the civilized splendour, had naturally an interest for us both in their contracts (at one time so picture que, at another so grobeque), which illuminated our separate recollections. But my quick instanct soon made me aware that a jerloney was pathering in lend Massey's mind around such a topic, as though too estrutationals levelled to his particular knowledge, or to his amend condition of taste. But easily I slipped off into mother key At Laxion, it happened that the library was excellent. Founded by whom, I never heard: but certainly, when used by a systematic reider, it shouled its. If to have been systematically collected, it stretched pretty equality through two centuries—viz., from about 1600 to 1800—and might perhaps amount to 17,000 volumes Lord Mar-or was far from

<sup>1</sup> If mere names were allowed to decide the judgment, how magnifi cent to a gallant young I aglishman of twenty seems at lost the tiger hunting of India, which jet (when examined searchingly) turns out the meanest and most consully mode of hunting known to human experience. Buffalo hunting is much more distributed as regards the courageous exposure of the hunter, but, from all accounts, its excitement is too momentary and orangescent one rifle-shot, and the cross is past. Besides that, the generous and hourst elaracter of the hulfalo disturbs the continuity of the sport The very opposite resear disturbs the interest of hon hunting, especially at the Cape. The lion is everywhere a cowardly wretch, unless when sublimed into courage by famine, but in Southern Africa he is the most curried of enemies. Those who fancied so much adventurousness in the hon conflicts of Mr Gordon Cumming appear never to have read the missionary travels of Mr Mossat The poor missionary, without my arms whatever, came to think lightly of half a dozen hons seen drinking through the twilight at the very same poud or river as himself. Nobody can have any wish to undervalue the adventurous gallantry of Mr. G Cumming But, in the single case of the Cape hon, there is an unintentional advantage taken from the traditional name of hom, as though the Cape hon were such as that which ranges the torrid zone

illiterate and his interest in books was unaffected, if limited and too often interrupted by defective knowledge library was dispersed through an or seven small rooms, lying between the drawing-room in one wing and the during-room in the opposite wing This dispersion, however, already furnished the ground of a rude classification In some one of these rooms was Lord Massey always to be found, from the forenoon to the evening And was it any fault of his. that his drughter, little Grace, about two years old, pursued him down from her nursery every morning, and insisted upon seeing innumerable pictures, lurking (as she had discovered) m many different recesses of the library? More and more from this quarter it was that we drew the materials of our daily after-dinner conversation One great discouragement arises commonly to the student, where the particular library in which he reads has been so disordinately collected that he cannot vuisue a subject once started Now, at Laxton, the books had been so judiciously brought together, so many hooks and eyes connected them, that the whole library formed what one might call a series of strata, naturally allied, through which you might quarry your way consecutively for many months On rainy days, and often enough one had occasion to any through ramy weeks, what a delightful resource did this library prove to both of us! And one day it occurred to us that, whereas the stables and the library were both jewels of attraction, the latter had been by much the least costly. Pretty often I have found, when any opening has existed for making the computation, that, in a library containing a fair proportion of books illustrated with plates. about ten slullings a volume might be taken as expressing, upon a sufficiently large number of volumes, small and great, the fair average cost of the whole. On this basis, the library at Laxton would have cost less than £9000 other hand, 35 horses (hunters, racers, roadsters, carriagehorses, &c.) might have cost about £8000, or a little more But the library entailed no permanent cost beyond the annual loss of interest. the books did not eat, and required no aid from veterinary 1 surgeons whereas, for the horses, not only

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Veterinary" —By the way, whence comes this odd-looking word? The word reterana I have met with in monkish writers, to

such ministrations is are inter intingly required but a ristly permanent of trible-huent of grooms and helpers. Lord Carbery, who had received an elaborate Etoman education, was even more come the a student than his friend Lord-Masser, who had probably been adverted at home under a private tutor. He real everything counts to with general politics (me ming by general not per and politics) and with social philosophy. At Lexton, indeed, it was that I first saw Godwin's "Political Justice", not the record and emissional edition in octave but the original greety edition, with all its virus as yet undiluted of riw anti-cofiel Jacobinism.

At Laxton it was that I fir I saw the entire aggregate labours, brigaded, as it were, and paraded as if for martist review, of that most industrious benefictor to the early stages of our English Instorical literature, Thomas He was "Three hundred gumers, I believe, had been the price paid the rfully at one time for a complete set of Hearne At Isaton, ale, it was that first I saw the total array of works edited by Dr. Birch It was a complete armitestrives, a recounter, or mustering, as it were, not of pompous Provorian cohorts, or unique guardsmen, but of the ye manny, the milita, or what, under the old form of expra-cion, you might regard as the trained bands of our literature—the fund from which ultimately, or in the last resort, students look for the nuclerists of our vast and myriad faced literature A Trench author of ciminence, fifty years bick, having occasion to speak of our English literature collectively, in reference to the one point of its carrety, being also a man of honour, and disdaining that sort of patriotism which sacrifices the truth to nationality, speaks of our pretenenous in these words .- Irs Anglois que ont une littérature injunment plus variée que la nove. This fact is a feature in our national prefensions that could ever have been regarded doubtfully morely through insufficient knowledge. Dr Johnson, indeed, made it the distinguishing merit of the French, that they "have a book upon every subject" But Dr Johnson was not only capticious as regards

express domesticated quadrupeds, and evidently from that word must have originated the word ielectricity. But the question is still but one step removed for how came reference by that acceptation in rural economy?

temper and variable humours, but as regards the inequality of his knowledge. Incoherent and unsystematic was Dr. Johnson's information in most cases. Hence his extravagant misappraisement of Knolles, the Turkish historian, which is exposed so severely by Spittler, the German, who, again, is himself miserably superficial in his analysis of Euglish History Hence the feeble credulty which Dr Johnson showed with respect to the forgery of De Foe (under the masque of Captain Carleton) upon the Catalonian campaign of Lord Peterborough But it is singular that a literature so unrivalled as ones in its compass and variety should not have produced any, even the shallowest, manual of itself And thus it happens, for example, that writers so laborious and serviceable as Birch are in any popular sense scarcely known. I showed to Lord Massey, among others of his works, that which relates to Lord Woicester's (e., Lord Glamorgan's) negotiations with the Papal nuncio in Ireland about the year 1644, &c. Connected with these negotiations were many names amongst Lord Massey's own ancestors; so that here he suddenly alighted upon a fund of archæologic memorabilia, connecting what interested him as an Irishman in general with what most interested him as the head of a particular family It is remarkable, also, as an indication of the general nobility and elevation which had accompanied the revolution in his life, that, concurrently with the constitutional torpoi previously besetting him, had melted away the intellectual torpor under which he had found books until recently of little practical value Lady Carbery had herself told me that the two revolutions went on simultaneously He began to take an interest in literature when life itself unfolded a new interest, under the companionship of his youthful wife. And here, by the way, as subsequently in scores of other instances, I saw broad evidences of the credulity with which we have adopted into our grave political faith the rash and malicious sketches of our novelists. With Fielding commenced the practice of systematically traducing our order of country gentlemen His picture of Squire Western is not only a malicious, but also an incongruous, libel. The squire's ordinary language is impossible, being alternately bookish and absurdly rustic. In reality, the

conventional dialect ascribal to the rustic order in general —to personts even more than to pertiemen—in our l'aglish plays and novels, is a children and fant estre babble, belonging to no form of real breathing life, nonhere intelliguile; not in any province; whilet, at the same time, all province—Somersetshire, Devoushire, Hemp-hire—ire confounded with our Midland Counties, and positively the diction of Parricombe and Characombe from Extraor Forest is mixed up with the pure Icelandic forms of the English Lakes, of North Yorkshire, and of Northumb rland. In Scotland, it needs but a slight intercourse with the percantry to distinguish various dialects the Aberdonian and l'ili shire, for in lance, how easily distinguished, even by an Linglish abon, from the western dialects of Avrslare, &c And I have heart it raid by Scottish purists in this matter that even S.r Walter Scott is chargeable with considerable licention-need in the manage- ment of his colloquial Scotch. Yet, generally speaking, it bears the strongest impress of truthfulness. But, on the other hand, how false and powerless does this same Sir Walter become, when the necessities of his tale oblige him at any time to come among the English persontry! His magic wand is instrutaneously broken, and he moves along by a bubble of impossible forms, as fantastic as any that our London theatres have traditionally ageribed to English rustics, to English sailors, and to Irishmen universally. Fielding is open to the same stern criticism, or a deliberate falsehoodmonger, and from the same cause-want of energy to face monger, and from the same cause—want of energy to face the difficulty of mastering a real living idiom. This defect in language, however, I cite only as one feature in the complex falsehood which disfigures Fielding's portrait of the English country gentleman. Meantime the question arises, Did he mean his Squire Western for a representative portrait? Possibly not. He might design it expressly as a electric of an individual, and by no means of a class. And the fault may be, after all, not in him, the writer, but in us, the falsely interpreting readers. But be that as it may, and figure to ourselves as we may the rustic squire of a hundred to a hundred and fifty years back (though manifestly at after war, in the portraitures of our novelists, with the realities handed down to us by our Parhamentary annals), on that arena we

are dealing with objects of pure speculative curiosity different is the same question when practically treated for purposes of present legislation or philosophic inference. One hundred years ago, such was the difficulty of social intercourse, simply from the difficulty of locomotion (though even then this difficulty was much lowered to the English, as beyond comparison the most equestrian of nations), that it is possible to imagine a shade of difference as still distinguishing the town-bred man from the rustic, though, considering the multiplied distribution of our assize towns, our cathedral towns, our sea-ports, and our universities, all so many recurring centres of civility, it is not very easy to imagine such a thing in an island no larger than ours. But can any human indulgence be extended to the credulity which assumes the same possibility as existing for us in the very middle of the nineteenth century? At a time when every week sees the town banker drawn from our rural gentry, railway directors in every quarter transferring themselves indifferently from town to country, from country to town, lawyers, clergymen, medical men, magnetrates, local judges, &c, all shifting in and out between town and country, rural families all intermarrying on terms of the widest freedom with town families, all again, in the persons of their children, meeting for study at the same schools, colleges, military academies, &c. by what furious forgetfulness of the realities belonging to the case has it been possible for writers in public journals to persist in arguing national questions upon the assumption of a bisection in our population—a double current, on the one side steeped to the lips in town prejudices, on the other side traditionally sold to rustic views and doctrines? Such double currents, like the Rhone flowing through the Lake of double currents, like the Rhone flowing through the Lake of Geneva, and yet refusing to intermingle, probably did exist, and had an important significance in the Low Countries of the fifteenth century, or between the privileged cities and the unprivileged country of Germany down to the Thirty Years' War, but, for us, they are in the last degree fabulous distinctions—pure fairy tales, and the social economist or the historian who builds on such phantoms as that of a rustic aristocracy still retaining any substantial grounds of distinction from the town aristocracies, proclaims the hollowness of

any and all his doctring that depend upon such a sumplions Lord Carbers was a therough for bunt r. The fox-hunting of the adjacent county of Lengther hiro was not they what it is non. The state of the land was radically different for the foot of the horse, the nature and di tribation of the fences was different, so that a class of horses thoroughly different was then required. But then, or note, it offered the facet exhibition of the forchise that is known in Licope; and then, as now, this is the bet adapted among all known varieties of hunting to the exhibition of alventurous and skilful riding, and generally, perhaps, to the development of manly and athletic qualities Land Corbert, during the season, might be immodifiately addicted to this mode of sporting, hiving unturally a pleasurable feeling connected with his own reputation as a skilled and fearless horseroun But, though the class were in there days longer than they are at present, small was the amount of time really distracted from that which he had disposible for gineral purposes, amongst which purposes ranked foremost has literary pursuits. And, however much he transcended the prevailing conception of his order, as skitched by satiric and often ignorant novelists, he might be in garded, in all that concerned the liberalization of his views, as pretty fairly representing that order. Thus, through every real experience, the crary notion of a rural aristocricy flowing apart from the unban aristocricy, and standing on a different level of culture as to intellect, of polish as to manners, and of interests as to social objects—a notion at all times false in a fret—now at length became with all thoughtful men monstrous as a possibility

Meantime Lord Mas by was reached by reports both through Lady Carbery and myself of comething which interested him more profoundly than all earthly records of horsemanship, or any conceivable questions connected with books. Lady Carbery, with a view to the minusement of Lady Massey and my sister, for both of whom youth and previous seclusion had created a natural interest in all such scenes, accepted two or three times in every week dinner invitations to all the fundies on her visiting list, and lying within her winter circle, which was measured by a radius of about seventeen miles. For, dreadful as were the roads in

those days, when the Bath, the Bristol, or the Dover mail was equally perplexed oftentimes to accomplish Mr Palmer's rate of seven miles an hour, a distance of seventeen was yet easily accomplished in 100 minutes by the powerful Laxton horses. Magnificent was the Laxton turn-out, and in the roomy travelling-coach of Lady Carbery, made large enough to receive upon occasion even a bed, it would have been an idle scruple to fear the crowding a party which mustered only three besides myself for Loid Massey uniformly declined joining us,—in which I believe that he was right. schoolboy like myself had fortunately no dignity to lose But Lord Massey, a needy Insh peer (or, strictly speaking, since the Union no peer at all, though still a hereditary lord), was bound to be trebly vigilant over his surviving This he owed to his country as well as to his family He recoiled from what he figured to lumself (but too often falsely figured) as the haughty and disdainful English nobility—all so rich, all so polished in manner, all so punctiliously correct in the intual of bienséance Lord Carbery might face them gaily and boldly, for he was rich, and, although possessing Irish estates and an Irish mansion, was a thorough Englishman by education and early associa-tion "But I," said Lord Massey, "had a careless Irish education, and am never quite sure that I may not be trespassing on some mysterious law of English good-breeding" In vain I suggested to him, that most of what passed amongst foreigners and amongst Irishmen for English hauteur was pure reserve, which, among all people that were bound over by the inevitable restraints of their rank (imposing, it must be remembered, jealous duties as well as privileges), was sure to become the operative feeling I contended, that in the English situation there was no escaping this English reserve, except by great impudence and defective sensibility, and that, if examined, reserve was the truest expression of respect towards those who were its objects. In vain did Lady Carbery back me in this representation. He stood firm, and never once accompanied us to any dinner party. Northamptonshire, I know not why, is (or then was) more thickly

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The allusion is to John Palmei of Bath, whose reform of the old stage coach and postal system dates from 1784—M.

sown with aratormite fanches then any ra the kingdom. Many elegant and pretty nomen there returnly were in these parties, but undoubtedly our two Lexton has rouse shone advantageously amongst them. A boy like myrell could be no restraint upon the after-line r feelings of the gentlemen; and almost uniformly I hard such redicts passed upon the perional attractions of leath, but especially Ludy Makey, as tended greatly to southe the fings of Land Mas y It is singular that Lady Mr. y universally carried off the prim of unhunted homege. Lady Carl ry was a regular beauty, and publicly known for cuch; both were fine figures, and apprently not older than 25; but in her Irish friend people felt something more thoroughly arther, and feminine—for the marcular understanding of Lady Carbory in some way communicated its communicative experse sion to her deportment. I reported to Lord Ma ny, in terms of unexceptionable decorum, the ellattering expresrions of homoge which cometime, from the lips of voing men partially under the influence of nipp, had taken a form somewhat too enthusiastic for literal in petition to a chivalrous and adoring hisband

## SECTION II - THE ORPHAN HERPINSES

Meantime, the read-r has been kept long enough at Lax ton to warrant in in presuming some currosity or interest to have gathered within his mind about the mistress of the mansion. Who was Lady Carbert, what was her present position, and what had been her original position in society? All readers of Bishop Jeremy Taylor must be aware of that

The lafe of Jeremy Taylor, by Regardd Heber, B shop of Calcutta, is most claborately incorrect. From want of research, and a chronology in some places thoroughly erroneous, various important facts are utterly mis stated, and, what is most to be regretted, in a matter deeply affecting the bishop's candour and Christian charity—viz., a controversial correspondence with a Somersetsbure Dissenting elergyman—the wildest misconception has vitated the entire result That fractional and splintered condition, into a high some person had cut up the controversy with a view to his own more contenient study

religious Lady Carbery who was the munificent (and, for her kindness, one might say the filial) patroness of the alleloquent and subtle divine She died before the Restoration, and, consequently, before her spiritual director could have ascended the Episcopal throne The title of Carbery was at that time an earldom; the 'earl married again, and his second countess was also a devout patroness of Taylor Having no peerage at hand, I do not know by what mode of derivation the modern title of the nineteenth century had descended from the old one of the seventeenth I presume that some collateral branch of the original family had succeeded to the barony when the limitations of the original settlement had extinguished the earldom But to me, who saw revived another religious Lady Carbery, distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments, it was interesting to read of the two successive ladies who had borne that title 160 years before, and whom no reader of Jeremy Taylor is ever allowed to forget, since almost all his books are dedicated to one or other of the pious family that had protected him Once more there was a religious Lidy Carbery, supporting locally the Church of England, patronizing schools, diffusing the most extensive relief to every mode of indigence or distress

of its chief elements, Heber had misconceived as the actual form in which these parts had been originally exchanged between the disputants-a blunder of the worst consequence, and having the effect of translating general expressions (such as recorded a moral indignation against uncient fallacies or evasions connected with the dispute) into direct ebullitions of scorn or displeasure personally against his immediate antagoinst. And the charge of intolerance and defective charity becomes thus very much stronger against the poor bishop, because it takes the shape of a confession extorted by mere force of truth from an else reluctant apologist, that would most gladly have denied everything that he could deny The Life needs more than ever to be accurately written, since it has been thus chaotically mis-narrated by a prelate of so much undeniable trient. I once began a very elaborate life myself, and in these words -"Jeremy Taylor, the most cloquent and the subtlest of Christian philosophers, was the son of a barber, and the son-in-law of a king"—illuding to the tradition (imperfectly verified, I believe) that he married an illegitimate daughter of Charles I But this sketch was begun more than thirty years ago, and I retired from the labour as too overwhelmingly exacting in all that related to the philosophy and theology of that man to "myriad-minded," and of that century so anarchical

a century and a ball ago such a Ludy Carbory was in South Wales, at the "Golden Grove"; now such another Ludy Carbors was in central Lagrand, at Lexten! The two cases, divided by six generations, inter 1 appeal a respectal interest, rince in both cases it was joing ladde under the age of 30, that originated the movement, and in both cases these ludes bore the same title, and I will therefore ratios impally the outline of that contemporary case to familiarly known to myself

Colonel Wit in and General South had been amounts the earliest friends of my mother's family. Both served for many years in India the first in the Company's crmy, the other upon the staff of the King's ferror in that country. Each, about the same time, made a visit to lingland, and each of them, I believe, with the same principal jurpose of providing for the calication of his daughter; for each happined to have one sole child, which child, in each case, was a girl of singular beauty, and both of the e little ledges were entitled to very large fortune. The Colonel and the General being on

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> De Quinces's references in this proceeds to a practice Lody Carbory may be explained thus—Probard Vanglam, 2d Rad of Carbory in the Irish peers, e and 1st Luron Vangban in the Puglish. a conspicuous Royalist in the Coul Ware had been recried three times. It was the record of his vive, the Countess Frances, that was the "devont patronies" of Jeremy Taylor during the time of that divine's residence on the Parlie estate of the Golden Grova in Carrmarthenshire for chelter after the King's cares and the cause of the Anglican Church had been crushed. She died in 1650; but the intimacy of the Cubery family with Joremy I wlor, and the hospitality to him at the Golden Grove, were kept up in the time of the third Counters, who was inarried to the Parl about 1650 She was no other than that Lady Alice Egerton, voungest doughter of the Larl of Bridgewater, who is unmortal independently as "The Lady" in Mil ton's Comus, having acted in that part on the original performance of the masque at Ludiow Castle, in 1631, before her father and mother and their assembled guests, on the occasion of her father's assumption of the duties of the Presidency of Wales blue was then a girl of about fourteen, and the masque, in fact, had been written chiefly for her and her two young brothers. A remarkable thing in her life is that, as her husband the Larl of Carbery was appointed to the Presidency of Wales after the Restoration, she resumed in her later years, as Indy Carbers, the President's wife, acquaintance with the very castle in which she had performed her part in Milton's masque so long before when she was but the young Lady Alice Egerton -il.

brotherly terms of intimacy, resolved to combine their plans for the welfare of then daughters What they wanted was, not a lady that could teach them any special arts or accomplishments—all these could be purchased, but the two qualifications indispensable for the difficult situation of ladysuperintendent over two children so singularly separated from all relatives whatever were, in the first place, knowledge of the world, and integrity for keeping at a distance all showy adventurers that might else offer themselves, with unusual advantages, as suitors for the favour of two great herresses, and secondly, manners exquisitely polished Looking to that last requisition, it seems romantic to mention that the lady selected for the post, with the fullest approbation of both officers, was one who began life as the daughter of a little Lincolnshire farmer What her maiden name had been. I do not at this moment remember, but this name was of very little importance, being soon merged in that of Harvey, bestowed on her at the altar by a country gentleman The squire, -- not very rich, I believe, but rich enough to rank as a matrimonial prize in the lottery of a country girl whom one single step of descent in life might have brought within sight of menial service,—had been captivated by the young woman's beauty, and this, at that period, when accompanied by the advantages of youth, must have been resplendent I, who had known her all my life down to my sixteenth year (during which year she died), and who naturally, therefore, referred her of back to some remote ancestral generation, neverthelesher sole case, was made to feel that there might be infication for the Church of England discorrant er Liturgy marriage with your great-grandmoth shalt thou marry thy great-grandfather's widow" thing i at that time was thinking little of mathough known only to herself and her. dreadful organic malady (cancer) was re under which finally she died But, in changing continually with disfiguring impressed one as a regal beauty Herfigure would have tended towards such a was counteracted and thrown back into

natural womenhood by the chernbac beauty of her festures. There it was—the e features, ro purely child-like - that reconciled me in a more of time to creat grandmotherhood The store a about Ninea de l'Eucles an French fables-speaking plainty, are felectorals; wend every I am that a nation so ammble as the Trank should beintoulls disregard truth, when coming into collision with their loss for the extravigent. But, if anything es dd reconcile my to these monstrous old fibs about Nmon at much, it would be the remembrance of this English enchantress on the high road to secents. Guers, replier, what she rapet leave been pt twents eight to thirts too, when she become the vulov of the Gerenian horseman, Horses How be vitebing the rings have looked in her wilows capit So had once thought Colonel Wat-on, who happened to be in England at that period, and to the charming widow this min of war fropounded his hand in min ties. This hand -this martist hand—for reason mexplicable to me, Mr. Harrey declined; and the Colonel bonneed off in a rigo to Bongal. There were others who saw young Mr. Harry as well as Colonel Watson. And amongst them was an arcent German gentleman, to what centure belonging I do not know, who had every possible lead quality known to European experience, and a solitary good one—viz., eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. The man's name was believiber. Behirriber was an aggregate resulting from the conflix of all coverisable bud qualities. That was the elementary base of Schreiber, and the super-tructure, or Corinthian decoration of his frontispiece, was that Schreiber cultivated one sale. science-tir, the science of taking rinff. Here were two separate objects for contemplation one, bright as Aurointhat radiant Koh-1-noor, or mountain of light—the eight hundred thousand pounds, the other, and, fuscous, begrimed with the snuff of ages—viz, the most encient Schreiber. Ah! if they could have been divided—these twin vokefellows-and that ladies might have the privilege of choosing between them! For the moment there was no prudent course open to Mrs. Harvey, but that of marrying Schreiber (which she did, and survived), and subsequently, when the state of the market became favourable to such "conversions" of stock, then the new Mrs Schieiber paited from Schieiber, and disposed of her interest in Schreiber at a settled rate in three per cent cousols and terminable annuities—for every coupon of Schreiber receiving a bonus of so many thousand poinds, paid down according to the rate agreed on by the lawyers of the two parties, or, strictly speaking, quarrelled on between the adverse factions, for agreement it was hard to effect upon any point. The deadly fear which had been breathed into him by Mrs Schieiber's scale of expenditure in a Paik Lane House proved her most salutary ally Coerced by this horrid vision, Schreiber consented (which else he never would have done) to grant her an allowance, for life, of about two thousand per annum. Could that be reckoned an anodyne for the toiment connected with a course of Schreiber? I pietend to no opinion

Such were the facts and exactly at this point in her career had Mrs Schreiber arrived, when, once more, Colonel Watson and General Smith were visiting England, and for the last time, on the errand of settling permanently some suitable establishment for their two infant daughters. The superintendence of this they desired to devolve upon some lady, qualified by her manners and her connexions for introducing the young ladies, when old enough, into general society. Mis Schreiber was the very person required Intellectually she had no great pretensions, but these she did not need her character was irreproachable, her manners were polished, and her own income placed her far above all increancy temptations. She had not thought fit to accept the station of Colonel Watson's wife, but some innavowed feeling prompted her to undertake with enthusiasm the dinties of a mother to the Colonel's daughter. Chiefly on Miss Watson's account it was at first that she extended her maternal cares to General Smith's daughter, but, very soon, so sweet and winning was the disposition of Miss Smith that Mrs Schreiber apparently loved her the best.

Both, however, appeared under a combination of circum-

Both, however, appeared under a combination of circumstances too singularly romantic to fail of creating an interest that was universal. Both were solitary children, unchallenged by any relatives. Neither had ever known what it was to taste of love, paternal or maternal. Their mothers had been

long dead—not can show him necessity, and in white me not surviving their last departure it as home longer cough to not surviving their last departure it as home longer cough to see them again, died to fee insturbing from Irana. What a world of deplation is used to exist for all in the liter edept. not every half into a hear, by a statel reed to they should have half entrance a Sacral people, land, cominal people, men and nomen, were sent red ever l'uffant, thet, dering then days of infines, would have delighted to receive them; but, by some far his, which they realed their flicently you. and might have been decimed old som gle to rich a the roots, all of these precenal frauds except to , hed do by nor had they, by that time, any relative at all that is remarked afree, or were eligible on a social . Strange, indeed, was the sections between the effect past of their lives and that populous future to which their lurge fortunes would probable it troduces them. Throw open a door in the partlest as a shall be here the long vists of chamber through which their chadlesel might symbolically be represented as hiring for elled, which silence t—what rolemn controls? Open a door in a limite that chould do the came figurative office for the future -suddenly what a jubilation, what a fin rift of to fail accordings,

But the succeding et ize of life did not, pethap, in effect case, fully correspond to the early promess. Rank and statement the two young lanes attended, but rank and statement always throw people upon promopent states of action or display. Main a family, pose ting both rank and width, and not undistinguished possibly by natural endorments of an order fitted for brilliant popularity, mater course from obscurity, or not into any splendour that earlies called national, sometimes perhaps, from a temper unitated for worldly struggles in the head of the house, possibly from a laughty, possibly a dignified distant of popular and, have of petty alteriary specification of secress due to the ments of the person, whence, oftentimes, a heaty soff-surrender to impulses of permanent disjust. But, more frequently than any other cause, I fancy that impatience of the long struggle required for any distinguished success interferes to than the ranks of competitors for the prizes of

public ambition Perseverance is soon refrigerated in those who fall back under any result, defeated or not defeated, upon splendid mansions and luxuries of every kind, already far beyond their needs or their wishes. The soldier described by the Roman saturest as one who had lost his puise was likely enough, under the desperation of his misfortune, to see nothing formidable in any obstacle that crossed his path towards another supplementary purse, whilst the very same obstacle might reasonably alarm one who, in retreating, fell back under the battlements of twenty thousand per annum In the present case, there was nothing at all to move wonder in the final result under so continual a siege of temptation from the seductions of voluptuous ease, the only wonder is, that one of the young ladies—viz, Miss Watson, whose mind was masculine, and in some directions aspiring—should so readily have acquiesced in a result which she might have anticipated from the beginning

Happy was the childhood, happy the early dawn of womanhood, which these two young ladies passed under the guardianship of Mrs Schreiber Education in those days was not the austere old lady that she is now At least, in the case of young ladies, her exactions were meiciful and considerate If Miss Smith sang pretty well, and Miss Watson very well, and with the power of singing difficult . part music at sight, they did so for the same reason that the lark sings, and chiefly under the same gentle tintion—that of nature, glad almighty nature, breathing inspiration from her Delphic tripod of happiness, and health, and hope Mrs. Schreiber pretended to no intellectual gifts whatever, and yet, practically, she was wiser than many who have the greatest First of all other tasks which she imposed upon her wards, was that of daily exercise, and exercise carried to excess She insisted upon four hours' exercise daily, and, as young ladies walk fast, that would have yielded, at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{3}$  nules per hour,  $13+\frac{1}{3}$  nules. But only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours were given to walking, the other  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to riding. No day was a day of rest—absolutely none. Days so stormy that they "kept the raven-to her nest," snow the heaviest, winds the most frantic, were never listened to as any ground of reprieve from the ordinary evaction I once knew (that is, not

personally, for I major and har, but through the amouts of her many friends) as integral I dy, I living in the city of London for technidis the contropped to We winter. &c., Mary-le-home, &c ), who made a point of turing out her neu-born infants for a portly long nail goven on the day of their birth. It made no difference to her whether the month of nereduly or Januare, good und niele are weto be in lanceth. month. Once only she was builted, and too t independ it made her, because the little thing the to be I or at halfpast min 1 st , . . that, he the time its took t vie finished. hounct and clock all property educated, the new home sercilling, " by t clears, and a cloudy night", night abidi, most relactivity, she was obliged to constitute of the orderfor that day's exercise, and considered her off like the Emperor Titus, to have lost a day. But what came of the .. London lely's of of Mrs Schreiber's Sportan il opine? Did the little bland latters of Gra church Street, who were ordered by their Penthesilem mammo, on the very day of their nativity, to face the most cruel's inde- did the t, or did Mrs Schreiber's nards, justify, in after life, that heree discipline by commensarity poults of hindings ? In sorth written beyond all doubt by Shal'spears, though not generally recognised as loss it might have been raid to may one of this Amazoni in brood -

"Now mild may be the life;
I or a more blust rous birth had never leaf e...
Quick and a nile be the temperature.
I or thou it the redshed welcomed to the world.
That e er was a commercially. Happy he the sequel."
Thou hast as chaling a naturity.
As tree, air, water, earth, and heaven can tail e.
To herald thee from darl near !"—Perceles, see III.

As to the city kittens, I heard that the treatment prospered, but the man who reported this added that by original constitution they were as strong as Meany's dray-horses; and

If I remember rightly, some account is given of this palestric lady and her storn Pudo gymnastics, in a closer back on household medicine and surgery under circumstances of inevitable reclusion from professional aid, written about the year 1820 22, by Mr. Haden, a surgeon of London

thus, after all, they may samply illustrate the old logical dictum ascribed to some medical man—that the reason why London children of the wealthier classes are noticeable even to a proverb for their robusiness and bloom, is because none but those who are already vigorous to excess, and who start with advantages of health far beyond the average scale, have much chance of surviving that most searching quarantine which in such I an atmosphere they are summoned to weather at starting. Coming, however, to the special case of Mrs Schreiber's household, I am bound to report, that in no instance have I known young ladies so thoroughly steeled against all the ordinary host of petty maladies which, by way of antithesis to the capital warfare of dangerous complaints, might be called the guévilla nosology influenza, for instance, in milder forms, catarrh, headache, toothache, dyspepsy in transitory shapes, &c Always the spirits of the two girls were exuberant, the enjoyment of life scemed to be intense, and never did I know either of them to suffer from ennue. My conscious knowledge of them commenced when I was about two years old, they being from ten to

I For myself, meantime, I am far from assenting to all the romantic abuse applied to the sewerage and the church ands of Loudon, and even more violently to the river Thaines As a tidal river, even beyond the metropolitan bridges, the Thames undoubtedly does much towards eleansing the atmosphere, whatever may be the condition of its waters And one most erroneous postulate there is from which the "Times" starts in all its arguments—viz this, that, supposing the Thames to be even a vast sewer, in short, the cloaca maxima of London, there is in that arrangement of things any special reproach applying to our mighty English capital On the contrary, all great cities that ever were - founded have sought out, as their first and elementary condition, the adjacency of some great cleansing river. In the long process of development through which cities pass, commerce and other functions of envilsation come to usurp upon the earlier functions of such rivers, and semetimes (through increasing efforts of luxurious refinement) may come entuely to absorb them But, in the infancy of every great city, the chief function for which she looks to her river is that of purifica-Be thou my huge cloaca, says infant Babylon to the Euphrates, says infant Ninevell to the Tigris, says infant Rome to the Tiber far is that reproach from having any special application to London Smoke is not unwholesome, in many circumstances it is salubrious, as a counter-agent to worse influences. Even sewage is elucify insalubrious from its moreture, and not, in any degree yet demonstrated, from its odour

in Manchester (somewhere in Fountain Street)-and, though a plain, unpretending man, was literary to the extent of having written a book 1—all things were so arranged that there was no possibility of any commercial mementoes ever penetiating to the rural retreat of his family, such memontoes, I mean, as, by reviving painful recollections of that ancient Schreiber who was or ought to be by this time extinct, would naturally be odious and distressing therefore, liberated from all jealousy of overlooking eyes, such as haunted persons of their expectations at Brighton, Weymonth, Sidmouth, or Bath, Miss Smith and Miss Watson used to surrender themselves without restraint to their glad animal impulses of gulish gaiety, like the fawns of antelopes when suddenly transferred from tiger-haunted thickets to the sereno preserves of secluded rapalis. On these visits it was that I, as a young pet whom they carried about like a doll from my second to my eighth or ninth year, learned to know them, so as to take a fraternal interest in the succeeding periods of their lives Their fathers I certainly had not seen; nor had they, consciously These two fathers must both have died in India, before my inquiries had begun to travel in that direction But, as old acquaintances of my mother's, both had visited The Farm before I was born, and about General Smith, in particular, there had survived amongst the servants a remembrance which seemed to us (that is, to them and to myself) ludicronsly anful, though at that time the practice was common throughout our Indian possessions He had a Hindoo servant with him, and this servant every night stretched hunself along the "sill," or outer threshold of the door, so that he might have been trodden on by the General when retning to rest, and from this it was but a moderate step in advance to say that he uas trodden on. Upon which basis many other wonders were naturally reased. Miss Smith's father therefore furnished matter for a not very annable tradition, but Miss

the roe deer, which are very little known. It is the fallow deer that chiefly people our pulks. Red deer were also found-it Blenheim in Oxfordshire, when it was visited by Dr. Johnson, is may be seen in "Boswell".

<sup>1</sup> See ante, pp 21, 22, and footnote there -M

Smith herself was the society detemporal and the levelect of girls, and the most thoroughly linglish in the state of her beauty. For different every way and Markon In person she was a function because of the very light to preten sions, and generally responsibles such a that is to any ber figure was fine and queints, for testane were copped to cut, as a gabled their forms and the corn perdences of their nuts, and usually by arti to lar fire you call to be Greeken Perhaps the nestri , mouth, and forth all right by so ! but nothing could be her Gir rin, or more exercise in ferry and position, than the eyes. They were placed obliquely, in a was that I do not remember to have ten ten ited in the other free whitever. Lorge they were, and porturbarly long, tending to an almond stape, equally straine, in fact, ar to colour, shape, and position but the remarkable perition of these exes would have ab arised your para to the oldsteration of all other features or pseuharities in the five, were it not for one other even more remarkable distinction affecting her complexion this by in a suffusion that marthel upon her cheeks, of a colour amounting almost to carmint. Perhaps it might be no more than what Pindar meant by the -apple peor pas iparos which Gray has filed to translated as the bloom of young desire, and erin a light of love. It was not unpleasing, and give a lastre to the ever, but it added to the eccentricity of the face, and by all strangers it

I falcola, because -oof, cor run by perhaps, means in the Greek nowheat we man properly by perper and could not runn it in the Pindaru passage, much oftener it denotes come should of critical to else of paniesus, or blood red. Gibbon was noted in the property of the ancients might have been evold I by attending about the property of the ancients might have been evold I by attending to us Greek designation—viz., porphyry coloured since, and he, porphyry is always of the same colour. Not at all Porphyry, I have heard, runs through is large a graint of blue as marble a but if this should be an exaggeration, at all events porphyry is far from being, so monothromatic as Gibbon's argument would presume. The truth is, colours were as loosely and latitudinaridis distinguished by the Greeks and Romans as degrees of affinity and consuguinity are everywhere. My son-in law, says a woman, and she means my elepsion. My consin, she says, and she means any mode of relationship in the wall, wide world. As nevery, says a French writer, and means—not our neph cars, but our grandchilden, or more generally our descendants.

was presumed to be an artificial colour, resulting from some mode of applying a preparation more brilliant than rouge But to us children, so constantly admitted to her toilet, it was well known to be entirely natural Generally speaking. it is not likely to assist the effect of a young woman's chains, that she presents any such variety in her style of countenance as could naturally be called odd. But Miss Watson, by the somewhat scenical effect resulting from the harmony between her fine figure and her fine countenance, trumphed over all that might else have been thought a blemish; and when she was presented at court on occasion of her marriage, the king himself pronounced her, to friends of Mrs Schreibei, the most splendid of all the brides that had yet given lustre to his reign. In such cases the judgments of rustic undisciplined tastes, though marked by narrowness, and often by involuntary obedience to vulgar ideals (which, for instance, makes them meensible to all the deep sanctities of beauty that sleep amongst the Italian varieties of the Madonna face), is not without its appropriate truth Servants and rustics all thulled in sympathy with the sweet English loveliness of Miss Smith, but all alike acknowledged with spontaneous looks of homage the fine presence and finished beauty of Miss Watson. Naturally, from the spleudour with which they were surrounded, and the notoriety of their great expectations—so much to dazzle in one direction, and, on the other hand, something for as tender a sentiment as pity, in the fact of both from so early an age having been united in the calamity of orphanage—go where they might, these young women drew all eyes upon themselves, and, from the audible compansons sometimes made between them, it might be imagined that, if ever there were a situation fitted to nourish in alship and jealousy between two guls, here it might be anticipated in daily operation. But, left to themselves, the yearnings of the female heart tend naturally towards what is noble, and, unless where it has been tried too heavily by artificial incitements applied to the pilde, I do not believe that women generally are disposed to any unfriendly jealousy of each other Why should they? Almost every noman, when strengthened in those charms which nature has given to her by such as she can in many ways give to herself, must

any opportunity for testifying this reciprocal love Suitors were flocking around-them, as rank as cormorants in a storm The grim old Chancellor (one, if not both, of the young ladies having been a ward in Chancery) had all his legal jealousies awakened on their behalf The worshipful order of adventurers and fortune-hunters, at that time chiefly imported from Ireland, as in times more recent from Germany and other moustachoed parts of the Continent, could not live under the raking fire of Mrs Schreiber, on the one side, with her female tact and her knowledge of life, and of the Chancellor, with his huge discretional power, on the other That particular Chancellor whom the chronology of the case brought chiefly into connexion with Miss Watson's interests was (if my childish remembrances do not greatly mislead me) the iracund Lord Thurlow Lovers and wooers this grin lawyer regarded as the most impertment order of animals in universal zoology, and of these, in Miss Watson's case, he had a whole menagerie to tend Penelope, according to some schoolboy remembrance of mine, had 118 suitors young ladies had almost as many Heavens! what a crew of Comus to follow or to lead And what a suitable person was this truculent old lord on the woolsack to enact the part of shepherd—Corydon, suppose, or Alphesibous—to this goodly set of lambs! How he must have admired the hero of the "Odyssey," who in one way or other accounted for all the woods that "sorned" upon his house, and had a receipt for their bodies from the gravedigger of Ithaca! But even this wily descendant of Sisyphus would have found it no such easy matter to deal with the English suitors, who were not the feeble voluptuaries of the Ionian Islands, that suffered themselves to be butchered as unresistingly as sheep in the shambles, actually standing at one end of a banqueting-room to be shot at with bows and airows, not having plack enough to make a 11sh, but were game men , all young, strong, rich, and in most cases technically "noble", all, besides, contending for one or other of two prizes a thousand times better fitted to inspire romantic ardonr than the poor withered Penelope

One, by the way, amongst these suntors (I speak of those who addressed Miss Watson) ments a separate commemoration, as having drawn from Sheridan his very happiest in

prompte—and an improper that we restly the transfer of all things from Shoulden). This is Lord Religious, eldest som of Lord Give mer, then an each but it come period long sub squant to the , read to the marque de of Westminter- i this naturally suggesting in dall a coruction with the tast Giovenor property, west une nerven the whole are rof that most errower to be rost in the metropolis non cilled Belgravia, which as then a new wishness, and this Hosperim region had as yet no archive time I said as, and consequently to ground that they simply be are the world of fishion and distinction half not not excepted itself in that direction. In these days the triberal in joiner well this great how a risted exclusively tapon its expression with the counts of the ter. In the commexion it was that the young Viscount Bel race had been natrodayed, by his family interest into the Hone of Commer ; he last dollerted bee moden speech with some off it, and had been the oil fations. alily on various subsequent occurious on was of which it was that, to the extreme curps of the House to become nated his speech with a pisage from Daylo themes- not presented in English, but in country Atric Gre - Irlin is a privileged dialect in Paltiment. But Gre & 1. It would not have been at all more startling to the traces of the House, had his lordship quited Persic or Telinga Still, though felt as something versing on the reliculous, there was an includent feeling to a young men fresh from acade have bowers, which would not have protected a mature man of the world - Everybody but his lips, and us yet did of laugh But the final issue stood on the edge of a rizir A gis, an inflammable atmosphere, was trembling sympathetically through the whole excited audience, all depended on a match being applied to this gas whilst get in the service of escaping Deepest silence still prevailed, and had any commonplace member risch to address the House in an ordinary business ker, all would have blown over. Unhappile for Lord Belgrave, in that critical moment up rose the one solitary man-to wit, Sheridan-whose look, whose tonce, whose traditional character, formed a prologue to what was coming Here let the reader understand that, throughout the "Ihad," all specches or command, questions or auswers, are

introduced by Homei under some peculiai formula For instance, replies are usually introduced thus —

"But him answering thus address'd the sovereign Agamemnon", or, in sonorous Greek —

"Ton d'apameibonienos prosephé kreion Agameninon",

or, again, according to the circumstances -

"But him sternly surveying soluted the swift-footed Achilles", "Ton d' ar', upodra iden, prosephe podas okus Achilleus"

This being premised, and that every one of the audience, though pretending to no Greek, yet from his schoolboy remembrances was as well acquainted with these formula as with the scriptural formula of Verily, verily, I say unto you, &c, Sheridan, without needing to break its force by explanations, solemnly opened thus—

"Ton d'aparechemenos presephé Sheridanies heres"

Simply to have commenced his answer in Greek would have sufficiently met the comic expectation then thrilling the Honse; but, when it happened that this Greek (so suitable to the occasion) was also the one sole morsel of Greek that every body in that assembly understood, the effect, as may be supposed, was overwhelming, and wrapped the whole House in what might be called a fiery explosion of laughter

Meantime, as prizes in the matrimonial lottery, and prizes in all senses, both young ladies were soon carried off Miss Smith, whose expectations I never happened to hear estimated, married a great West India proprietor, and Miss Watson, who (according to the popular report) would succeed to six thousand a year on her twenty-first birthday, married Lord Carbery Miss Watson inherited also from her father something which would not generally be rated very highly—viz, a Chancery lawshit, with the East India Company for defendant. However, if the Company is a potent antagonist, thus far it is an eligible one, that, in the event of losing the suit, the Honourable Company is solvent, and such an event, after some nine or ten years' delay, did really befall the Company. The question at issue respected some docks.

which Colored Watson Joel built for the Company in come Irdian pork. And in the had this law art, though so meny years doubtful in it is an pentel very velocity to Men Wat on, I have heard (but enact rough for it) is it few rainable than that large part of for property which had been paid over without denies up is her taxary first burilday. Both young beds married happily; but in saur a they found their exparation, and in that I paint in a check to then daily comfort which was never regin I to cather Ar to Mrs. Smith's husband, I did not I now him, but Lord Cornery was every was in a coupled makes in some thinks worths of admiration, and has take never as all to esteem and adming him. But the yearned for the greats of her early friend and, this bring placed out of her mach by the weidents of life, he fell early into a sort of dispute with her own advantages of wealth and cirtion which, print my & much, were found able to perform rottong et all in the first and last de me of her hert. A portion of me friend hang in the drawing room, but Lady Carrery did not villually answer the questions that were cometimes prompted by its extraordinary levelin - There are money to whom a female friend-hip is in hip neal he and connot be copplied by any companion of the other ear. That the mig, therefore, of her golden wouth turned eventually into a curre for her after-life for I believe that, through one even at or another, they never met again after they become reserved To me, as one of these sho had brown and lared Miss Smith, Lady Carbory always turned the non sanny side of her nature, but to the world generally she pre- nied a chilling and somet hat severe reject—as to a and allusion that rested upon pillars of moelers and frauds. However, beauty of the first order, wealth, and the power which follows wealth as its shadow—what could these do? what had they done? In proportion as they had settled heavily upon her-self, she had found them to entail a local of responsibility, and those claims upon her she lead laboured to fulfil conscientiously, but else they had only precipitated the rupture of such ties as had given exectness to her life

SLOTION III — FEMALE STUDENTS IN THEOLOGY
From the first, therefore, I had been aware, on this visit

to Laxion, that Lady Carbery had changed, and was changing She had become religious, so much I knew from my sister's letters. And, in fact, this change had been due to her intercourse with my mother But, in reality, her premature disgust with the world would at any rate have made her such, and, had any mode of monastic life existed for Protestants, I believe that she would before this have entered it, supposing Lord Carbery to have consented People generally would have stated the case most erroncously, they would have said that she was sinking into gloom under religious influences, whereas the very contrary was the truth-viz, that, having snik into gloomy discontent with life, and its miserable performances as contrasted with its promises, she sought relief and support to her wounded feelings from religion.

But the change brought with it a difficult trial to myself She recoiled, by natural temperament and by refinement of taste, from all modes of religious enthusiasm Enthusiasm is a large word, and in many cases I could not go along with her, but canting of all descriptions was odious to both of us alike To cultivate religious knowledge in an intellectual way, she very well understood that she must study divinity And she relied upon me for assisting her Not that she made the mistake of ascribing to me any knowledge on that subject, but I could learn, and whatsoever I had learned, she knew, by experience, that I could make abundantly plain to her understanding Wherever I did not understand, I was far too sincere to dissemble that fact Where I did under-

stand, I could enable her to understand

On the subject of theology it was not easy indeed for anybody, man or boy, to be more ignorant than myself. My studies in that field had been none at all. Not was this any subject for wonder, or (considering my age) for blame reality, to make theology into a captivating study for the joung, it must be translated into controversial theology And in what way could such a polemic interest be evoked except through political particularly that is, h perfection connects itself naturally with the irrelability of sector colon, and but little with the majerie passe of a church with as the Romesh or the Anghren, fourted up a the Lie I lead of national importies, and shifter I from every, or the conse of danger, by state protection. The enter of and dispersional electric, whether in England or in France, is re-readed by his own distinguishing religious of manner of the historic circumperation, are also through which the expansion have travelled. The doctrines which give to his own rect a per that denomination, are also they which ne call its homographs political conflicts, so that his own connexion, through his religious leads to the rootey with the civil history of his country, for a his execution in a motive of prode for some nequantine more or he swith district, come at its by deviating painfully, consciunted by, and at some periods dangerously, from the established district, that his fathers have achieved their station in the great district of the national evolution.

But, whilst I was amorant of theology, as a direct and separate brunch of study the points are no tappe at which theology mosculate with philo ophy, and with endless casual and random suggestions of the ell prompte I rea or, that meetably from that same moment in which I began to find a motive for directing my thoughts to this new subject. I wanted not something to say that might I are peoplesed on antagonist, or (in default of such a vicious as ociate) that might have amused a friend, more especially a friend sa produsposed to a high estimate of myself as Isaly Carbery. Sometimes I did more than amuse her. I startly distribute even startled myself, with distinctions that to this hour strike me as profoundly just, and as undemably novel. Two out of many I will here repeat, and with the more confidence, that in these two I can be sure of reporting the exact thoughts, whereas, in very many other cases, it would not be so certain that they night not have been inscrisibly modified by cross-lights or disturbing shadows from intervening speculations.

1 Ludy Carbery one day told me that she could not see any reasonable ground for what is said of Christ, and clee-

where of John the Baptist, that he opened his mission by preaching "repentance" Why "repentance"? Why then, more than at any other time? Her reason for addressing this remark to me was, that the fancied there might be some error in the translation of the Greek expression. I replied that, in my opinion, there was, and that I had myself always been nertated by the entire irrelevance of the English word, and by something very like cuit, on which the whole burden of the passage is thrown. How was it any natural preparation for a rast spiritual revolution, that men should first of all acknowledge any special duty of repentance? The repentance, if any movement of that nature could intelthis great revolution—which, as yet, both in its principle and in its purpose, was altogether mysterious—than herald it, or ground it. In my opinion, the Greek word metanoia concealed a most profound meaning—a meaning of produgious compass—which bore no allusion to any ideas whatever of repeutance The meta carried with it an emphatic expression of its original idea—the idea of transfer, of translation, of transformation, or, if we pieter a Greenin to a Roman apparelling, the idea of a metamorphosis. And this idea, to what is it applied? Upon what object is this idea of spiritual transfiguration made to bear? Simply upon the nocic or intellectual faculty—the faculty of shaping and conceiving things under their true relations. The holy herald of Christ, and Christ himself the finisher of prophecy, made proclamation alike of the same mysterious summons, as a baptism or rite of initiation-117, Meraroeire Henceforth transfigure your theory of moral truth, the old theory is laid aside as infinitely insufficient, a new and spiritual revelation is established Metanocite—contemplate moral truth as indiating from a new centile: apprehend it under transfigured relations

John the Baptist, like other earlier prophets, delivered a message which, probably enough, he did not himself more than dimly understand, and never in its full compass of meaning Christ occupied another station. Not only was he the original Interpreter, but he was himself the Author—Tounder, at once, and Finisher—of that great transfiguration

applied to other, which he and the Bipties alike amounted as forming the code for the new and resolutionary era now opening its endles one to The harring races was successful to bring a transferring emotion and exist of interpretation (metapoint to a trin fa, and others on alteral expan to ru altered object. The is be fur the error bet may be recorded. in Scripture. Not abilition of the Lips wet set of the arresting of the earth's motion-said the calling their of the disal unto life-can apprea han gene a retathe rainale selak ve all daily b hold true the presentable my terr of history written and renipture I upon the tallets of manifelant a new code of moral distinctions, all modifying someny reservences the old ones. What would have been thought of my propliet if he should have promied to tran happe the is lightly mechanics, if he had evel, I will ent to a new pole star, a ner, colin,, and ner, free of grantation; brude, I will make man earth and now persons? And not a thearthly times more auful it was to und stake the writing of he is las express the spiritual concurred of mire. Het reside from the ery from the wilderness, which into e new cuts yout merel system, necessed his that system been up to the hoursthat is, having earth and the earthly for its starting point, henceforward make it betweentre ethat by with the sun, or the heavenly, for its principle of mocom?

2 A acoud remark of more we perhaps not more important, but it was, on the whole, better calculated to stortle the prevailing preconceptors for, is to the new system of morels introduced by Chirat, generally speaking, it is two daily apprehended in its great differential festures to allow of its intractions character being adequately appreciated, one flagrant illustration of which is furnished by our experience in Affghanistan, where some officers, withing to impress Akhbur Khur with the beauty of Christianity, very judiciously repeated to him the Loid's Priver and the Sermon on the Mount, by both of which the Khan was profoundly affected, and often recurred to them, but others, under the notion of conveying to him a more comprehensive view of the recipitural ethics, repeated to him the Ten Commundiments; although, with the sole exception of the two first, forbidding adolate, and polytherm, there is no word in these which could have

displayed or suppreed a Pagin, and therefore nothing thires actoristic of Christianity. Memtine my record remark was substentially that which follows -- What is a religion? To Curistian at means, over and above a mode of worship, a dogmane (that it, a doctrived) existent; a great body of doctrin d finites moral and spiritual. But to the uncients ito the Greeks and Romans, for instance) it meant nothing of the kind. A roligion was simply a culties, a Oppor cla, a mode of round nor-hip, in which there right be two differences, to the wor-hip, 2 As to the ceremonal, or mode of con-theting the wor-hip. But in ro case was there so much as a protence of communicating any religious truths, for less any moral truthe. The obstance error rooted in modern minds in that, doubtless, the moral instruction was bad, as being heathen; but that still it was as good as heathen opportunitus allowed it to be. No mistake can be greater. Moral in struction had no existence even in the plan or intention of the religious service. The Pagan priest or flamen never dreamed of any function like that of teaching as in any way connected with his office. He no more undertook to teach merals than to teach geography or cookery. He taught nothing. What he undertook was simply to do, viz, to preant authoritatively (that is, authorized and supported by some civil community, Countly, or Athens, or Rome, which he represented) the homoge and gratitude of that community to the particular derly adored As to morals or just opinions upon the relations to man of the several divinities, all this was neigned to the teaching of nature; and for any polemic functions the teaching was resigned to the professional philosophers—academic, peripatetic, stoic, &c. By religion it was utterly ignored

The icader must do me the favour to fix his attention upon the real question at issue. What I say—what then I said to Lady Carbery—is this,—that, by failing to notice as a differential feature of Christianity this involution of a doctrinal part, we elevate Paganism to a dignity which it never dreamed of. Thus, for instance, in the Eleusinian my steries, what was the main business transacted? I, for my part, in harmony with my universal theory on this subject—viz, that

there could be no distensil in the delivered in a Power religion - have classed and martinual that the olds end and purngum—nere every menimic cost is easy cru and pre-pose of the my teries cost a more rateun and ingressist worship of a pulpular gold . Undanton, no the other hand, would not t upon at that a my gross afformatic dis-truct, interesting to man, such as the amount, by of the roal, a futurate of retrolution, we, much be here reconstrucorated. And now, nearly a hundred permula r Uncharton, what is the equation of a holers up a thre point? Two of the latest and profounded I will este !— I. Isdock, in his "Agliopheums, expirits replentlench notices: 2 Officed Mueller, in the 12th chapter, 23th section, of bis a Introduction to a System of Mythology," rose "I have here gone on the no uniption which I can ider unavoidable, that there was no regular instruction, no dogn iteal communication. connected with the Greaten worder in general. There and b nothing of the lind introduced into the public entries kono the way in which it was conducted, for the priest and of a address the people at all." These equations, which exactly tailed with my own assertion to leady Carl 13, that all religion amongst the l'aging in steel of the mine in an exitenof coremonal corchip, a pompone and classicate cultur, were not brought forward in Germany until about ten or inclive years 190, where is not doctrino was expresh in feted on in 1800—10, forth years earlier than any of the effections writers had turned their thoughts in that direct on,

Had I then really all that originally on this subject which for many years I secretly claimed? Sub-tractally I had, because this great distinction between the modern (or Christian) idea of "a religion," I had nowhere openly seen expressed in words. To invell exclusively I was indebted for it. Nevertheless, it is undemable that this conception must have been long ago generating in the world, and perhaps bearing fruit. This is past all denial, since, about thirteen or fourteen years ago, I read in some journal (a French journal I think) this statement, viz, that some Oriental people. Trick, according to my present impression, but it might have been Arabs—inake an old traditional distinction (so said the French journal) between what they call "a ligious of the book," and

all other religions. The religious of the book, according to them, are three, all equally founded upon written and producible documents-11, first, the Judaic system, resting upon the Pentateuch, of more truly, I should imagine, upon the Law and the Prophets; secondly, the Christian system, resting upon the Old and New Testaments, thirdly, the Mahometan system, resting confessedly upon the Koran The very meaning, therefore, of styling these systems, by way of honourable distinction, religious of the book, is, not that accidentally they had written vouchers for their creed, whereas the others had only oral vouchers, but that they severally offer to men's acceptance a large body of philosophic truth, such as requires and presupposes a book. Whereas the various acligious contindistinguished from these three-11. the whole body of Pagan idolatries-are mere forms of adoration addressed to many different divinities, and the brief reason why they are essentially opposed to religious of the book is, not that they have not, but logically that they cannot have, books or documents, maximuch as they have no truths to deliver They do not profess to teach anything whatso-What they profess, as then justifying distinction, is, to adore a certain deity, or a certain collective Pantheon, according to certain old authorized forms—authorized, that is to say, by fixed, ancient, and oftentimes local traditions

What was the great practical inference from the new distinction which I offered? It was this that Christianity (which included Judaism as its own germinal principle, and Islamism as its own adaptation to a barbarous and imperfect civilisation) carried along with itself its own authentication, since, whilst other religious introduced men simply to ceremomes and usages, which could firmsh no aliment or material for their intellect, Christianity provided an eternal palæstra or place of exercise for the human understanding vitalized by human affections for every problem whatever, intercating to the human intellect, provided only that it bears a moral aspect, immediately passes into the field of religious. Religion had thus become the great organ of human culture Lady Carbery advanced half-way to meet me in these new views, finding my credentials as a theologian m my carnestness and my sincerity. She herself was pain

She resolved, therefore, immediately on my suggesting it, that she would learn Greek; or, at least, that lumited form of Greek which was required for the New Testament. In the language of Tereuce, dutum factum-no sooner said than done. On the very next morning we all rode in to Stainford, our nearest town for such a purpose, and astounded the bookseller's apprentice by ordering four copies of the Clarendon Press Greek Testament, three comes of Parkhurst's Greek and English Lexicon, and three comes of some grammar, but what I have now forgotten The books were to come down by the mail-coach without delay Consequently, we were soon at work Lady Massey and my sister, not being sustained by the same interest as Lady Carbery, eventually relaxed in their attention. But Lady Carbery was quite in earnest, and very soon became expert in the original language of the New Testament.

I wished much that she should have gone on to the study of Herodotus. And I described to her the situation of the vivacious and mercurial Athenian, in the early period of Pericles, as repeating in its main features, for the great advantage of that Grecian Froissart, the situation of Adam during his earliest hours in Paradise, himself being the describer to the affable archangel. The same genial climate there was, the same luxuriation of nature in her early prime, the same ignorance of his own origin in the tenant of this lovely scenery, and the same eager desire to learn it <sup>1</sup> The very truth, and mere facts of history, reaching Herodotus through

1 "About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And hand lapse of murmuring streams, by these
Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flow,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things similed,
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led,
But who I was or where, or from what cause,
Knew not "—Paradise Lost, Book vin

The who, the where (m any extended sense, i.e., as regarded the external relations of his own country), and the from what cause—all these were precisely what the Grecian did not know, and first learned from Herodotus

such a large of remote above those and ruff race a cost of refraction t each translature frota time phase to attend to, whilst continually the maint resting passent procedures or the whole moved common, increasibilities or and the note of romance. And thus it he happened, if at the new extraor rollowers, which is no country with the other extraor rollowers, which is no country with the other extraor. preferences of the slotes, is in reddie the natural wife of his protion. Culling from a field of many not one and none generations, for ourlly be protein. I such that diverge, it such parable enough, vin the colouring of parties. Witness any violation of the truth, the mere extent of he dield us to space and time give him great also atter for the cell and the marvellous. Meantime this purpose factors with regard to Herodotus nas defeated. Whilst re vice took re proparations for it, saidents one norms; from in Level. 1 estate of Canaca returned Lord Cortices. And, by anothering his velcome were rough one, for, happening to find leady, Carlety in the lack fat room, in Institutiffs throwing his nent about her neck to lies her, "Ruthon, a non-ter of a Kep. foundland dog, singularly beautiful in his collecting, and almost as powerful as a begind, the set him similatively as at a stranger committing an a rail, and be matre but great difficulty in calling him off. Lord Carle to studied a little at our Greek studies, and, in turn, mode accounter who knew the original object of these studies when he suggested mildly that three or four backs of the "third" would have been as could mustered, and might have more fully reverted our trouble. I contented invest with replying for I knew how little Lady Carbers would have I ked to plead the religious motive to her hisband) that Public t and there was at that time no other Greek-Linglish L x-con) would not have been available for Homer, neither, it is true, would be have been more available for Herodotus. But, considering the simplicity and uniformity of rivle in both these authors, I had formed a plan (not very hard of execution) for interleaving Parlament with such additional words as might have been easily mustered from the special dictionaries (Graco Latin) deducated separately to the service of the historian and of the poet. I do not believe that more than 1500 extra words would have been required; and there,

entered at the rate of twenty per hour, would have occupied only ten days, for seven and a half hours each. However, from one cause or other, this plan was never brought to bear. The prehimmary labour upon the levicon always enforced a delay, and any delay, in such case, makes an opening for the irruption of a thousand unforeseen hindrances, that finally cause the whole plan to droop insensibly. The time came at last for leaving Laxton, and I did not see Lady Carbery again for nearly an entire year.

- In passing through the park-gates of Laxton, on my departure northward, powerfully, and as if "with the might of waters," my mind turned round to contemplate that strange enlargement of my experience which had happened to me within the last three months I had seen, and become familiarly acquainted with, a young man, who had in a manner died to every object around him, had died an intellectual death, and suddenly had been called back to life and real happiness-had been, in effect, raised from the dead -by the accident of meeting a congenial female companion But, secondly, that very lady from whose lips I first heard this remarkable case of blight and restoration, had herself passed through an equal though not a similar blight, and was now seeking earnestly, though with what success I could never estimate, some similar restoration to some new mode of hopeful existence, through intercourse with religious philosophy What vast revolutions (vast for the individual) within how narrow a circle! What blindness to approaching catastrophes, in the midst of what nearness to the light ! And for myself, whom accident had made the silent observer of these changes, was it not likely enough that I also was rushing forward to court and woo some frantic mode of evading an endurance that by patience might have been borne, or by thoughtfulness might have been disarmed? Misgivingly I went forwards, feeling for ever that, through clouds of thick darkness, I was continually nearing a danger, or was myself perhaps wilfully provoking a trial, before which my constitutional despondency would cause me to be down without a struggle

## CHAPILE AVI

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to tech 1 to term according to at old experience, it is the very best mole of learning—the cure t, and the who is to. And hence, perhaps it may be, that in the middle accessive the months word wholer even me at indifferently he that learned and he that taught. Never in any equal number of months had my understanding so much expanded as during this vest to Laston. The increased desired ingention by Lady Carly y for solutions of the many differently increasing the study of divinity and the Greek Te tangent, or for such approximations to solutions as my recorder would furnish, forced me into a preterioristical tension of all the fuculties upply the to that purpose. Lady Carlory insists I upon calling me her "Admirable Crechton"; and it was in

I To the long chapter of recollections of Laston their succeed, in the automographical volume in De Quincy's own collective obtains " chapter of nearly equal length entitled "The Priory," for which there is no original in Tail . May szine, so that one suppose if to have been written about 1853. The name was sugge to d by it a fact that the restdence of De Quincey's mother at the time of his return from Irelia d and visit to Laxton was at Chester, in a house From n as St. John's Priory As, in fact, however, about half of the chapter has nothing to do a ith this Priory, but concerns the year and a half of D. Quines & youth, from 1800 to 1802, during which his was bounded in Manchester Grammar School, I have ventured to divide the chapter into two. entitling this portion of it "At Manchester Grammar School," and reserving the title "The Priors" for the next portion One is almost obliged to this be the recollection of the special unpertance of the Manchester Grammar School experience in D. Quincey's life the very crisis in his youthful life, and deferves marl as such -M

vain that I demurred to this honorary title upon two grounds . first, as being one towards which I had no natural aptitudes or predisposing advantages, secondly (which made her stare), as carrying with it no real or curvable distinction splendour supposed to be connected with the attainments of Crichton I protested against as altogether imaginary. for that person really had the accomplishments ascribed to him, I waived as a question not worth investigating. objection commenced at an earlier point , real or not real, the accomplishments were, as I measted, vulgar and trivial Vulgar, that is, when put forward as exponents or adequate expressions of intellectual grandenr The whole rested on a misconception, the lumitary idea of knowledge was confounded with the infinite idea of power To have a quickness in copying or minicking other men, and in learning to do dexterously what they did clumsily, ostentationsly to keep glittering before men's eyes a thaumaturgic versitality, such as that of a rope-dancer or of an Indian juggler, in petty accomplishments, was a mode of the very vulgarest ambition. one effort of productive power, a little book, for instance, which should impress or should agitate several successive generations of men, even though far below the higher efforts of human creative art -as, for example, the "Do Imitatione Christi," or the "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Robinson Crusoe," or "The Vicar of Wakefield"—was worth any concertable amount of attainments when rated as an evidence of anything that could justly denominate a man "admirable" One felicitous ballad of forty lines might have enthroned Crichton as really admirable, whilst the pretensions actually put forward on his behalf simply instal him as a cleverish or However, as Lady Carbery did not forego her purpose of causing me to shine under every angle, it would have been ungrateful in me to refuse my co-operation with her plans, however little they might wear a face of promise Accordingly I surrendered myself for two hours daily to the lessons in horsemanship of a principal groom who ranked as a first-rate rough-rider, and I gathered manifold experiences amongst the horses—so different from the wild, hard-mouthed horses at Westport, that were often victors, and sometimes trained to vice. Here, though spurited, the horses were pretty generally goals, and all and from northely broke. My editorion was not entirely a botted even to my middle sport mandap, that proof bounds of philosophis bound confided to one of the looper, who was are attended to me, in deference to the interior in myself expressed by his adolized matrix, but otherwis regularly are profably as no object of my-terious carriedy affects? The postably high.

Equally, in fit, is resided my players and thy meta-physics, -in chort, upon oil line of onen is that the colod my ambition. I wis come amplified at the Anti- of me ectionals, in what a saided my intellect of experience, he at Infore or since had I be n is an empty a sile marre of the No longer did it reem to move upon the hour band, where advance, though extranger set repair matter of inferior, but upon the second hand, which to if y reach to at a trotting proc. Learnthing ma perial, except my own for enf happines, and the possibility of may happines for wone yerts to come. About two months after heaving I axion, thy fate in the wor't things I had authorized was solemnly diel definitively settled. As guaranters agreed that the most prudent come, with a view to my premium interact, was to place me at the Monche for Armamor School; but with " view to further improvement in my classical I non list a through the head mister was a sound relief a, but sumply with a view to one of the school exhibitions.1 Amongst the countless

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Lik belows" —This is the technical same in many cases conseponding to the box is or error of the Contact, from while ord librar is derived, I believe, the terminator B or a that it, is lair viru, or student who lives at college upon the salar, allowed by such a bursary. Some years upon the other of a Glossian dality of a called upon Oxford and Cambridge, with a pattonizing flourish, to initial some one or more of the Scottleh universitie, in founding such systems of aliment for poor students others the called his in accelerate advantages. Lyidently he was more are that they had existed for centuries before the state of civilisation in Scotlaid lead at order and opening for the foundation of colleges or nearly upolitical for existent bursaries, or exhibitions in term a high Shaksper vire, viru near the close of the first at in the "Two furtheries of Verman," as the technical expression in Langland, were five, and not get craffy, I believe, exceeding £10 a year. The English a calling a year. Such was the simple difference between the two countries, otherwise they agreed altogether

establishments, scattered all over England by the noble munificence of Englishmen and Englishwemen in past generations, for connecting the provinced towns with the two loyal universities of the land, this Manchester school was one in addition to other great local advantages (vir, unter alia, a fine old library and an ecclesiistical foundation which in this present generation has furnished the materials for a bishopric of Manchester, with its dernery and chapter, this noble foundation secured a number of exhibitions at Brasenose College, Oxford, to those pupils of the school who should study at Manchester for three consecutive years. The pecuniary amount of these exhibitions has since then increased considerably through the accumulation of funds which the commercial character of that great city had caused to be neglected. At that time I believe each exhibition yielded about forty guineas a Year, and was legally tenable for seven successive years. Now, to me this would have offered a most seasonable advantage, had it been resorted to -some two years earlier. My small patrimonial inheritance gave to me, as it did to each of my four brothers, exactly £150 a year, and to each of my sisters exactly £100 a year The Manchester exhibition of forty guineas a year would have raised this income for seven years to a sum close upon £200 a year But at present I was half-way on the road to the completion of my sixteenth year 1 Commencing my period of pupilage from that time, I should not have finished it until I had travelled half-way through my nineteenth year. And the specific evil that already weighed upon me with a sickening oppression was the premature expansion of mi mind, and, as a foremost consequence miolcrance of boyish society I ought to have entered upon my triennum of schoolboy servitude at the age of thirteen. As things were, a delay with which I had nothing to do myself, this and the native character of my mind had thrown the whole arrangement awry For the better half of the three years I endured it patiently But it had at length begun to eat more cor-

As De Quincey completed his sixteenth year on the 15th of August 1801, this sentence dates his entry into Manchester Gremmar School at about the beginning of that year. He remained in it till July 1802—M

sphere, and upon myself, by cutting up the time available for

exercise, most immonsly.1

Precisely at the worst crisis of this intolerable darkness (for such, without exaggeration, it was in its effects upon my spirits) arose, and for five or six months steadily continued, a consolation of that nature which hardly in dreams I could 'havé anticipated' For'even in dicains would it have seemed reasonable or natural that Laxion, with its entire society, should transfer itself to Manchester? Some mighty Caliph, or lainp-bearing Aladdin, might have worked such marvels, but else who, or by what machinery? Nevertheless, without either Caliph or Aladdin, and by the most natural of mere human agencies, this change was suddenly accomplished.

Mr Winte, whom I have already had occasion to mention (p 35 of this vol) was in those days the most eminent surgeon by much in the North of England He had by one whole generation um before the phrenologists and cramologists -having already measured innumerable skulls amongst the omnigenous senfaring population of Liverpool, illustrating all the races of men, and was in society a most urbane and pleasant companion. On my mother's suggestion, he had been summoned to Larton, in the hope that he might mitigate the torments of Mrs. Schreiber's malady If I am right in supposing that to have been cancer, I presume that he could not have added much to the prescriptions of the local doctor And yet, on the other hand, it is a fact—so slowly did new views travel in those days, when scientific journals were few. and roads were heavy—that ten years later than this period I knew a case—viz, the case of a butcher's wife in Somersetshire-who had never enjoyed the benefit of hemlock in reheving the pangs of a cancerous complaint, until au accident brought Mr Hey, son to the celebrated Hey of Leeds, "into the poor woman's neighbourhood

What might be the quality or the extent of that relief with

<sup>1</sup> How miserable De Quincey was at Manchester Grammar School appears from a letter he wrote to his mother pleading for his removal from it after he had been there more than a year "I ask whether a person can be happy, or even simply easy," he said, "who is in a situation which deprives him of health, of society, of amusement, of liberty, of congeniality of pursuits, and which, to complete the precious picture, admits of no variety "\_\_M

which Mr White was able to crown the expectations of poor Mrs Schreiber, I do not know, but that the relief could not have been imaginary is certain, for he was evine thy invited to repeat his visits, costly as unavoidably they were Mrs Schieber did not reside at Laxton Tenderly as she loved Lady Carbery, it did not seem consistent with her dignity that she should take a station that might have been grossly nusinterpreted, and accordingly she bought or lived a miniature kind of villa, called Tixorer, distant about four miles from Laxton A residence in such a house, so sad and silent at this period of affliction for its mistress, would have offered too cheerless a life to Mr White He took up his abode, therefore, at Laxton during his carliest visit, and this happened to comeide with that particular visit of my own during which I was initiating Lady Carbery into the injectures of New Testament Greek Alleady as an infant I had known Mr White, but now, when daily riding over to Tixover in company, and daily meeting at breakfast and dinner, we became intimate Greatly I profited by this intimacy, and some part of my pleasure in the Laxton plan of migration to Manchester was drawn from the prospect of renewing it. Such a migration was suggested by Mr White himself, and fortunately he could suggest it without even the appearance of any mercenary views His interest lay the other way. The large special retimer, which it was felt but icasonable to pay him under encumstances so poculiar, naturally distribed Mr. White, whilst the benefits of visits so discontinuous became more and more doubtful He proposed it, therefore, as a measure of prudence, that Mrs Schreiber should take up her abode in Manchester This counsel was adopted, and the entire Laxton party in one week struck their Northampton-shire tents, dived as it were into momentary darkness by a lottering journey of stages, short and few, out of consideration for the invalid, and rose again in the gloomy streets of Manchester

Gloomy they were at that time—mud below, smoke above—for no torch of improvement had yet explored the ancient habitations of this Lancashire capital. Elsewhere I have expressed the inexhaustible admiration which I cherish for the moral qualities, the unrivalled energy and

perseverance, of that native Lancashire population, as yet not much alloyed with Celtic adulteration. My feelings towards them are the same as were elequently and impressively avowed by the late cannot Dr Cooke Taylor, after an official inquiry into their situation. But in those days the Manchester people realized the aspiration of the noble Scythian; not the place it was that glorified them, but they that glorified the place. No great city (which technically it then was not, but simply a town or luge village) could present so repulsive an exterior as the Manchester of that day. Lodging of any sort could with difficulty be obtained, and at last only by breaking up the party. The poor suffering lady, with her two friends, Lady Carbery and my mother, hired one house, Lord and Lady Massey another, and two others were occupied by attendants-all the servants, except one lady's-maid, being every night separated by a quater of a mile from their mistresses. To me, however, all these discomforts were careely apparent, in the prodigious revolution for the better which was now impressed upon the tenor of my daily life. I lived in the house of the head-master, but every night I had leave to adjourn for four or five hours to the drawing-100m of Lady Carbery Her anxiety about Mrs Schreiber would not allow of her going abroad into society, unless upon the rarest occasions And I, on my part, was too happy in her conversation—so bold, so novel, and so earnest—voluntarily to have missed any one hour of it

Here, by the way, let me mention that on this occasion arose a case of pretended "tuft-hunting," which I, who stood by a silent observer, could not but feel to involve a malicious calumny. Naturally it happened that coroneted carriages, superb horses, and numerous servants, in a town so unostentatious and homely as the Manchester of that day, drew the public gaze, and effectually advertised the visit of the Laxton ladies. Respect for the motive which had prompted this visit co-operated with admiration for the distinguished personal qualities of Lady Carbery, to draw upon her from several leading families in the town such hitle services and attentions as pass naturally under a spontaneous law of courtesy between those who are at home

and those who suffer unifor the dresdountages of the morethyn. The Manch 'er prophe, who made fre rally advances to Lary Carbery, did e., I am pen in d, with to ulterize objects a ulmitorizer of presume into the entire of an archivence; person; neither did by it Carbory has if interpret them? attentions in any rich ring it some of irit, but were oded them cordially, as the a expressions of any time to be pressions which " I am persurbed that in reality they were. Amongst the families that were then attender to ber, so through over ; for her us ramous to d advantages of bettly, infrarter, meture galleries, de, were the will and de there of Mr ... White himself Nov. or of the - daily ters was bired . the rule of a become, Su Rich and Charten, who had how were ably distinguished himself in Literatur, he trianglibera and, improving the work of Tenhore the Dutchiesh or Pelgish H. upon the House of the IN Med ci-a verk which Mr Roseoe considered "the most employers work that has part 445 ever appeared on a subject of little by history." Introduced as Lady Chaten had been among title cate of our wistomary, it could not be supporal that she would be at all countries about an introduction to the safe of an Irish pollantan, simply as such, and ipart from her per and endowments. Those endouments, it is true-vir, the limits and the talents of Ludy Carb rv, made known in Machineter through Mr White's report of them, and conducted with the knowledge of her generous devotion to her dying friend, eachthing her steadily from all society through a period of very mean months-did, and reasonably malit, interest many Mancluster people on her behalf. In all this there was nothing to be ushamed of, and, judging from what personalir I witnessed, this seems to have been the true nature and extent of the "tust-hunting", and I have noticed it at all simply because there is a habit almost national growing up amongst us of imputing to each other same nic le of unimarity. prostration before the austocricy, but with as little foundation for the charge generally, I believe, as I am estimied there was in this particular instance

Mr White possessed a museum—formed chath by himself, and originally, perhaps, directed simply to professional objects, such as would have little chance for engiging the

attention of females. But surgeons and speculative physicians, beyond all other classes of intellectual men, cultivate the most enlarged and liberal currosity; so that Mr White's museum furnished attractions to an unusually large variety of tastes. I had myself already seen it, and it struck me that Mr. White would be gratified if Lady Carbery would herself ask to see it, which accordingly she did, and thus at once removed the painful feeling that he might be exterting from her an expression of interest in his collection which she did not really feel.

Amongst the objects which gave a scientific interest to the collection, naturally I have forgotten one and allfirst, midst, and last; for this is one of the cases in which we all felicitate ourselves upon the art and gift of forgetting, that art which the great Athenian I noticed as amongst the deciderate of human life-that gift which, if in some rare cares it belongs only to the rigal prerogatives of the grave, fortunately in many thousands of other cases is accorded by the treachery of a human brain Heavens! what a curse it were, if every chaes, which is stamped upon the mind by fans such as that Loudon fair of St Bartholomew in years long past, or by the records of battles and skirmishes through the monotonous pages of history, or by the catalogues of libraries stretching over a dozen measured nules, could not be erased. but arraved itself in endless files incapable of obliteration. as often as the eyes of our human memory happened to throw back their gaze in that direction ! Heaven be praised, I have forgotten everything, all the earthly trophies of skill or curious research, even the aerolithes, that might possibly not be earthly, but presents from some superior planet. Nothing survives, except the humanities of the collection, and amongst these, two only I will molest the reader by noticing. One of the two was a nummy, the other was a skeleton I, that had previously seen the museum, warned Ludy Carbery of both, but much it mortified us, that only the skeleton was shown. Perhaps the mummy was too closely connected with the personal history of Mr White for exhibition to strangers! it was that of a lady who had been attended medically for some

<sup>&</sup>quot; The great Athenian" -Themistocles

years by Mr White, and had owed much alleviation of her sufferings to his inventive skill She had therefore felt herself called upon to memorialize her gratitude by a very large bequest, not less (I have heard) than £25,000, but with this condition annexed to the gift—that she should be embalmed as perfectly as the resources in that art of London and Paris could accomplish, and that once a year Mr White, accompanied by two witnesses of credit, should withdraw the veil from her face . The lady was placed in a common English clock-case, having the usual glass face but a veil of white velvet obscured from all profanc eyes the silent features behind The clock I had myself seen, when a child, and had gazed upon, it' with mexpressible ane. But naturally, on my report of the case, the whole of our party were devoured by a currosity to see the departed fair one. Had Mr White, indeed, furnished us with the key of the museum, leaving us to our own discretion, but restricting us only (like a cruel Bluebeard) from looking into any anteroom, great is my fear that the perfidious question would have arisen amongst us-what' o'clock it was? and all possible antercoms would have given way to the just fury of our passions I submitted to Lady Carbery, as a liberty which might be excused by the torrid extremity of our thirst after knowledge, that she (as our leader) should throw out some angling question moving in the line of our desires, upon which hint Mr White, if he had any touch of indulgence to human infirmity—unless Mount Caucasus were his mother, and a she-wolf his nurse: -would surely relent, and act as his conscience must suggest. But Lady Carbery reminded me of the three Calendars in the "Arabian Nights," and argued that, as the ladies of Bagdad were Justified in calling upon a body of porters to kick those gentlemen into the street, being people who had abused the indulgences of hospitality, much more might Mr White do so with us, for the Calendars were the children of kings (Shahzades), which we were not, and had found their curiosity far more furiously irritated in fact, Zobeide had no right to trific with any man's curiosity in that ferocious extent, and a counter-right arose, as any chancery of human nature would have ruled, to demand a

solution of what had been so mahenously arranged towards an anguish of insupportable temptation. Thus, however, it happened that the minmry, who left such valuable legacies, and founded such bilious fevers of curiosity, was not seen by us; nor even the miserable clock-case.

The mummy, therefore, was not seen, but the skeleton was Who was he? It is not every day that one makes the acquaintance of a skeleton, and with regard to such a thing-thing, shall one say, or person ?-there is a favourable presumption from beforehand, which is this -As he is of no use, neither profitable nor ornamental, to any person whatever, absolutely de trop in good society, what but distinguished merit of some kind or other could induce any man to interfere with that gravitating tendency that by an eternal nesus is pulling him below ground? Lodgings are dear in England True it is that, according to the vile usage on the Continent, one room serves a skeleton for bedroom and sitting-room, neither is his expense heavy, as regards wax-lights, fire, or "bif-steek" But still, even a skeleton is chargeable; and, if any dispute should arise about his maintenance, the parish will do nothing Mr White's skeleton, therefore, being costly, was presumably mentorious, before we had seen him or heard a word in his behalf was, in fact, the skeleton of an eminent robber, or perhaps of a murderer But I, for my part, reserved a faint right of suspense. And, as to the profession of robber in those days exercised on the roads of England, it was a liberal profession, which required more accomplishments than either the bar or the pulpit, from the beginning it presumed a most bountiful endowment of heroic qualifications—strength, health, agility, and exquisite horsemanship, intrepidity of the first order, presence of mind, countesy, and a general ambide terity of powers for facing all accidents, and for turning to a good account all unlooked-for contingencies The finest men in England, physically speaking, throughout the eighteenth century, the very noblest specimens of man, considered as an animal, were beyond a doubt the mounted robbers who cultivated their profession on the great leading roads—viz., on the road from London to York (technically known as "the Great North Road"); on the road west to

Buth, and thence to Exeter and Plymorth, north westwards from London to Oxford, and thence to Chester; endmands to Tunbridge, continuards by east to Diver; then inclining westwards to Portsmouth, more so still, through Silishur; to Dor-etshire and Wilts. There great result were farmed out as so many Roman provinces amongst proconsult. Yes, but with a difference, you will say, in respect of moral principles. Certainly with a difference for the Rugh h highwayman had a sort of conscience for gils-dats, which could not often be end of the Roman governor or pres trator. At this moment we see that the opening for the lorger of lenk-notes is brilliant, but practically it languishes, as being too brilliant at demands an array of telent for engrasing, &c., which, wherever it exists, in subment to carry a min forward upon principles reputed honourable. Why then should be upon principles reputed honourable. Whit then known as court danger and disreputability? But in that century the special tilents which led to distinction upon the high rook had oftentimes no cineer open to them classifier. The mounted robber on the highways of England, in an age when all gentlemen travelled with fire unit, hied in an element of danger and adventurous gallanty; which, even from those who could hast allow him any portion of their esteem, extorted cometimes a good deal of their unwilling admiration. By the new attest of the eree, he brought into his persons profession some brilliant qualities—interpolity, address, promptitude of decision, and if to these he added courtest, and a spirit (native or adopted) of forbearing generouts, he received almost a man that merited public encouragement since very plausibly it might be argued that his profession was sure to exist; that, if he were that his profession was sure to exist; that, if he were removed, a successor would inevitably arise, and that successor inight or might not carry the same liberal and humanizing temper into his practice. The man whose skeleton was now before us had ranked amongst the most chitalions of his order, and was regarded by some people as vindicating the national honour in a point where not very long before it had suffered a transient eclipse. In the preceding generation, it had been felt as throwing a shade of disgrace over the public honour, that the championship of England upon the high road fell for a time into French

hands upon French prowess rested the burden of English honour, or, in Gallic phrase, of English glory Claude Duval, a Frenchman of undeniable courage, handsome, and noted for his chivalrous devotion to women, had been honoured, on his condemnation to the gallows, by the tears honoured, on his condemnation to the gallows, by the tears of many ladies who attended his trial, and by their sympathizing visits during his imprisonment. But the robber represented by the skeleton in Mr White's museum (whom let us call X, since his true name has perished), added to the same heroic qualities a person far more superb. Still it was a dreadful drawback from his pretensions, if he had really practised as a murderer Upon what ground did that suspicion arise? In candour (for candour is due even to a skeleton) it ought to be mentioned that the charge, if it amounted to so much, arose with a lady from some part of Cheshire—the district of Knutsford, I believe,—but, wherever it was, in the same district, during the latter part of his career, had resided our X At first he was not suspected even as a robber—as yet not so much as suspected of being suspicious; in a simple rustic neighbourhood. amongst' good-natured peasants, for a long time he was regarded with simple curiosity, rather than suspicion, and even the curiosity pointed to his horse more than to himself The robber had made himself popular amongst the kindhearted rustics by his general courtesy. Courtesy and the spirit of neighbourliness go a great way amongst country people, and the worst construction of the case was, that he might be an embarrassed gentleman from Manchester or Liverpool, hiding himself from his creditors, who are notoriously a very immoral class of people. At length, , however, a violent suspicion broke loose against him, for it was ascertained that on certain nights, when perhaps he had extra motives for concealing the fact of having been abroad, he drew woollen stockings over his horse's feet, with the purpose of deadening the sound in riding up a brick-paved entry, common to his own stable and that of a respectable neighbour. Thus far there was a reasonable foundation laid. for suspicion but suspicion of what? Because a man attends to the darning of his horse's stockings, why must he be meditating murder? The fact is—and known from the

very first to a select party of amateurs—that X, our superb looking skeleton, did, about three o'clock on a rainy Wednesday morning, in the dead of winter, ride silently out of Knutsford; and about forty-eight hours afterwards, on a rainy Friday, silently and softly did that same superb bloodhorse, carrying that same blood-man—viz, our friend the superb skeleton—pace up the quiet brick entry, in a neat pair of socks, on his return

During that interval of forty-eight hours, an atrocious murder was committed in the ancient city of Bristol whom? That question is to this day unanswered scene of it was a house on the west side of the College Green, which is in fact that same quadrangle, planted with trees, and having on its southern side the Bristol Cathedral, up and down which, early in the reign of George III, Chatterton walked in jubilant spirits with fair young women of Bristol, up and down which, some thirty years later, Robert Southey and S T C walked with young Bristol belies from a later generation The subjects of the murder were an elderly lady, bearing some such name as Rusborough, and her female servant. Mystery there was none as to the motive of the murder—manifestly it was a hoard of money that had attracted the assassin but there was great perplexity as to the agent or agents concerned in the atrocions act, and as to the mode by which an entrance, under the known precautions of the lady, could have been effected Because a thoroughbred horse could easily have accomplished the distance to and fro (say 300 uniles) within the fortyeight hours, and because the two extreme dates of this fortyeight hours' absence tallied with the requisitions of the Bristol tragedy, it did not follow that X must have had a hand in it And yet, had these coincidences then been observed, they would certainly—now that strong suspicions had been directed to the man from the extraordinary chaiacter of his nocturnal precautions—not have passed without investigation But the remoteness of Bristol, and the rarrity of newspapers in those days, caused these indications to pass unnoticed Bristol knew of no such Knutsford highwayman, Knutsford knew of no such Bristol murder It is singular enough that these earlier grounds of suspicion against X were

not viewed as such by anybody, until they came to be combined with another and final ground. Then the presumptions seemed conclusive. But by that time X himself had been executed for a robbery, had been manufactured into a skeleton by the famous surgeon, Cruickshank, assisted by Mr. White and other pupils. All interest in the case had subsided in Knntsford that could now have cleared up the case satisfactorily and thus it happened that to this day the riddle, which was read pretty decisively in a northern county, still remains a riddle in the south. When I saw the College Green house in 1809-10, it was apparently empty, and, as I was told, had always been empty since the murder forty years had not creatrized the bloody remembrance, and, to this day, perhaps, it remains amongst the gloomy traditions of Bristol.

, But whether the Bristol house has or has not shaken off that odour of blood which offended the nostrals of tenants, it us, I believe, certain that the city annals have not shaken off the mystery which yet to certain people in Knutsford, as I have said, and to us the spectators of the skeleton, immediately upon hearing one damning fact from the lips of Mr White, seemed to melt away and evaporate as convincingly as if we had heard the explanation issuing in the terms of a confession from the mouth of the skeleton itself What, then, was the fact? With pain, and reluctantly, we felt its force, as we looked at the royal skeleton, and reflected on the many evidences which he had given of courage, and perhaps of other noble qualities The ugly fact was this -In a few weeks after the College Green tragedy, Knutsford, and the whole neighbourhood as far as Warrington (the half-way town between Laverpool and Manchester), were deluged with gold and silver coms, mordores and dollars, from the Spanish mint of Mexico, &c. These, during the frequent scarcities of English silver currency, were notoriously current in England Now, it is an unhappy fact, and subsequently became known to the Bristol and London police, that a considerable part of poor Mrs. Rusborough's treasure lay in such coms, gold and silver, from the Spanish colonial mints

Lady Carbery at this period made an effort to teach me

<sup>1</sup> William Cruichshank, anatomist, born 1746, died 1800 -M.

Hebrew, by way of repaying in kind my pains in teaching Greek to her Where, and upon what motive, she had herself begun to learn Hebrew, I forget: but in Manchester she had resumed this study with energy on a casual impulse derived from a certain Dr Bailey, a clergyman of this city who had published a Hebrew Grammar The doctor was the most unworldly and guileless of men. Amongst his orthodox brethren he was reputed a "Methodist", and not without reason, for some of his Low-Church views he pushed into practical extravagances that looked like fanaticism, or even like insanity Lady Carbery wished naturally to testify her gratitude for his services by various splendid presents but nothing would the good doctor accept, unless it assumed a shape that might be available for the service of the paupers amongst his congregation. The Hebrew studies, however, notwithstanding the personal assistance which we drew from the kindness of Dr Bailey, languished. For this there were several reasons, but it was enough that the systematic vagueness in the pronunciation of this, as of the other oriental languages, disgusted both of us A word which could not be pronounced with any certainty was not in a true sense possessed. Let it be understood, however, that it was not the correct and original pronunciation that we cared for—that has perished probably beyond recall even in the case of Greek, in spite of the Asiatic and the Insular Greeks; what we demanded in vain was any pronunciation whatever that should be articulate, apprehensible, and intercommunicable, such as might differentiate the words whereas a system of mere vowels too madequately strengthened by consonants, seemed to leave all words pretty nearly alike. One day, in a pause of languor amongst these and Hebrew studies, I read to her with a beating heart "The Ancient Mariner" It had been first published in 1798, and about this time (1801) was republished the first two-volume edition of "The Lyrical Ballads" Well I knew Lady Carbery's constitutional inaptitude for poetry, and not for the world would I have sought sympathy from her or from anybody else upon that part of the L B which belonged to Wordsworth But I fancied that the wildness of this tale, and the triple majesties of Solitude, of Mist, and of the Ancient Unknown Sea,

might have won her into relenting, and, in fact, she listened with gravity and deep attention. But, on reviewing afterwards in conversation such passages as she happened to remember, she laughed at the finest parts, and shocked me by calling the mariner himself "an old quiz", protesting that the latter part of his homily to the wedding-guest clearly pointed him out as the very man meant by Providence for a stipendiary curate to the good Dr Bailey in his overcrowded church 1 With an albitross perched on his shoulder, and who might be introduced to the congregation as the immediate organ of his conversion, and supported by the droning of a bissoon, she represented the mariner lecturing to advantage in English, the doctor overhead in the pulpit enforcing it in Hebrew Angry I was, though forced to laugh But of what use is anger or argument in a duel with female criticism? Our ponderous masculine wits are no match for the mercural fancy of women however, I had a triumph to my great surprise, one day, she suddenly repeated by heart, to Dr Bailey, the beautiful passage

"It ceased, yet still the sails made on," &c,

asking what he thought of that? As it happened, the simple childlike doctor had more sensibility than herself, for, though he had never in his whole homely life read more of poetry than he had drunk of Tokay or Constantia—in fact, had scarcely heard tell of any poetry but Watts's Hymns—he seemed petrified and at last, with a deep sigh, as if recovering from the spasms of a new birth, said, "I never heard anything so beautiful in my whole life"

During the long stay of the Laxton party in Manchester occurred a Christmas, and at Christmas—that is, at the approach of this great Christian festival—so properly substituted in England for the Pagan festival of January and the New Year, there was, according to ancient usage, on the breaking up for the holidays at the Grammar School, a solemn celebration of the season by public speeches. Among the six speakers, I, of course (as one of the three boys who composed the head class), held a distinguished place, and it

<sup>1</sup> St James's, according to my present recollection.

followed, also as a matter of course, that all my friends congregated on this occasion to do me honour. What I had to recite was a copy of Latin verses (Alcaics) on the recent conquest of Malta. Mehte Britannis Subacta—this was the title of my worshipful nonsense. The whole strength of the Laxton party had mustered on this occasion. Lady Carbery made a point of bringing in her party every creature whom she could influence. And, probably, there were in that crowded andience many old Manehester friends of my father, loving his memory, and thinking to honour it by kindness to his son Furious, at any rate, was the applause which greeted me furious was my own disgust. Frantie were the elamours as I concluded my nonsense frantic was my inner sense of shame at the children exhibition to which, nnavoidably, I was making myself a party Lady Carbery had, at first, directed towards me occasional glances, expressing a comic sympathy with the thoughts which she supposed to be occupying my mind. But these glances ceased, and I was recalled, by the gloomy sadness in her altered countenance, to some sense of my own extravagant and disproportionate frenzy on this occasion. from the indulgent kindness with which she honoured me, her countenance on this occasion became a mirror to my own At night she assured me, when talking over the case, that she had never witnessed an expression of such settled misery, and also (so she fancied) of misanthropy, as that which darkened my countenance in those moments of apparent public triumph, no matter how trivial the occasion, and amidst an uproar of friendly felicitation. I look back to that state of mind as almost a criminal reproach to myself, if it were not for the facts of the case. But, in excuse for myself, this fact, above all others, ought to be mentioned—that, over and above the killing oppression to my too sensitive system of the monotonous school tasks, and the runnous want of exercise, I had fallen under medical advice the most misleading that it is possible to account. the most misleading that it is possible to imagine. The physician and the surgeon of my family were men too eminent, it seemed to me, and, consequently, with time too notoriously bearing a high pecuniary value, for any school-boy to detain them with complaints. Under these encumstances, I threw myself for aid, in a case so simple that any clever boy in a druggist's shop would have known how to treat it, upon the advice of an old, old apothecary, who had full authority from my guardian to run up a most furious account against me for medicine. This being the regular mode of payment, inevitably, and unconsciously, he was biassed to a mode of treatment—viz., by drastic medicines varied without end—which fearfully exasperated the complaint. This complaint, as I now know, was the simplest possible derangement of the liver, a torpor in its action that might have been put to rights in three days. In fact, one week's pedestrian travelling amongst the Caernaryonshire mountains effected a revolution in my health such as left me nothing to complain of

An odd thing happened by the meiest accident. I, when my Alcaics had run down their foolish larum, instead of resuming my official place as one of the trinity who composed the head class, took a seat by the side of Lady Carbery. the other side of her was scated a stranger, and this stranger, whom more chance had thrown next to her, was Lord Belgiave. her old, and at one time (as some people fancied) favoured In this there was nothing at all extraordinary Lord Grey de Wilton, an old alumnus of this Manchester Grammar School, and an alumnus during the early reign of this same Archididascalus, made a point of showing honour to his ancient tutor, especially now when reputed to be decaying, and with the same view he brought Lord Belgrave, who had become his son-in-law after his rejection by Lady Carbery The whole was a very natural accident. But Lady Carbery was not sufficiently bronzed by worldly habits to treat this accident with nonchalance, she did not to the public eye betray any embarrassment, but afterwards she told me that no incident could have been more distressing to her

Some months after this, the Laxton party quitted Manchester, having no further motive for staying. Mrs Schreiber was now confessedly dying, medical skill could do no more for her, and, this being so, there was no reason why she should continue to exchange her own quiet little Rutlandshire cottage for the discomforts of smoky lodgings. Lady

Carbery retired like some golden pageant amongst the clouds; thick darkness succeeded, the ancient torpor re-established itself, and my health grew distressingly worse. Then it was, after dreadful self-conflicts, that I took the unhappy. resolution of which the results are recorded in the "Opium Confessions" 1 At this point, the reader must understand, comes in that chapter of my life, and, for all which concerns that delirious period, I refer him to those "Confessions" Some anxiety I had on leaving Manchester, lest my mother should suffer too much from this rash step, and on that impulse I altered the direction of my wanderings, not going (as I had originally planned) to the English Lakes, but making first of all for St. John's Priory, Chester, at that time my mother's residence There I found my maternal uncle, Captain Penson, of the Bengal establishment, just recently come home on a two years' leave of absence, and there I had an interview with my mother By a temporary arrangement I received a weekly allowance, which would have enabled me to live in any district of Wales, either North or South, for Wales, both North and South, is (or at any rate was) a land of exemplary cheapness For instance, at Talyllyn, in Merionethshire, or anywhere off the line of tourists, I and a heutenant in our English navy paid sixpence uniformly for a handsome dinner, sixpence, I mean, apiece But two months later came a golden blockhead, who instructed the people that it was "sinful" to charge less than three shillings. In Wales, meantime, I suffered grievously from want of books, and, fancying, in my profound ignorance of the world, that I could borrow money upon my own expectations, or, at least, that I could do so with the joint security of Lord Westport (now Earl of Altamont, upon his father's elevation to the Marquisate of Sligo),2 or (failing that) with the security of his amiable and friendly cousin, the Earl of Desart, I had the unpardonable folly to quit the deep tranquillities of North Wales, for the uproars, and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The resolution of running away from the Munchester Grammar School, which he did one July morning in 1802—M

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Earl of Altamont was created Marquis of Sligo 29th December 1800, from which date, accordingly, De Quincey's young friend, Lord Westport, had been by courtes; Earl of Altamont—M

perils, and the certain miseries of London. I had borrowed ten guineas from Lady Carbery, and at that time, when my purpose was known to nobody, I might have borrowed any sum I pleased But I could never again avail myself of that resource, because I must have given some address, in order to insure the receipt of Lady Carbery's answer, and in that case, so sternly conscientious was she that, under the notion of swing me from ruin, my address would have been immediately communicated to my guardians, and by them would have been confided to the unrivalled detective talents, in those days, of Townsend, or some other Bow Street officer.<sup>1</sup>

At this point the reader has to imagine that wonderful plunge of young De Quincey into London after his vagrancy in Wales, and those miscries of his months of skulking and semi-starvation in London, the story of which is told in the Confessions, and which carry him out of 1802 into 1803—M

## CHAPTER XVII

THE PRIORY, CHESTER 1

THAT episoue, or impassioned parenthesis, in my life which is comprehended in "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater" had finished suppose it over and gone, and once more, after the storms of London, suppose me resting from my dreadful 1emembrances in the deep monastic tranquillity of St John's Priory, and just then, by accident, with no associates except What was the Priory like? my mother and my uncle Was it young or old, handsome or plain? What was my uncle the captain like? Young or old, handsome or plain? Wait a little, my reader, give me time, and I will tell you My uncle's leave of absence from India had not expired, in fact, it had nine or ten months still to run, and this accident furnished us all with an opportunity of witnessing his preternatural activity One morning early in April of the year 1803, a gentleman called at the Priory, and mentioned, as the news of the morning brought down by the London mail, that there had been a very hot and very sudden "press" along the Thames, and simultaneously at the outports Indeed, before this, the spiteful tone of Sebastiani's Report, together with the arrogant comment ın

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See footnote, ante, p 378 This concluding chapter of the volume has a special interest from the fact that it tells us more about De Quincey's mother than we have heard heretofore. As in the first chapter he sketched chiefly his father, the Manchester merchant, who died in 1793 at the age of forty, so in this concluding chapter he describes for us his mother as she had lived in various parts of England since then, and as she was in 1803, the tenth year of her widowhood—M

"Moniteur" on the supposed inability of Great Britain to contend "single-handed" with France, and, finally, the public brutality to our ambassador, had prepared us all for But, then, might not all this blow over? No from any choice or preference of war on the part of Napoleon, his very existence depended upon war. He had by and through the army Without a succession of wars and martial glories in reserve for the army, what interest had they in Napoleon ? This was obscurely acknowledged by everybody More or less consciously perceived, a feeling deep and strong ran through the nation, that it was vain to seek expedients or delays, a mighty strife had to be fought out, which could not be evaded Thence it was that the volunteer system was so rapidly and carnestly developed. As a first stage in the process of national enthusiasin, this was invaluable first impulse diew out the material Next, as might have been foreseen, came an experience which taught us scasonably that these redundant materials, crude and miscellaneous, required a winnowing and sifting, which very soon we had, and the result was—an incomparable militia Chester shone conspicuously in this noble competition. But here, as elsewhere, at first there was no cavalry Upon that arose a knot of gentlemen, chiefly those who hunted, and in a very few hours laid the foundation of a small cavalry force. troops were raised in the city of Chester-one of the three being given to my uncle. The whole were under the command of Colonel Dod, who had a landed estate in the county, and who (like my uncle) had been in India But Colonel Dod and the captains of the two other troops gave comparatively little aid. The whole working activities of the system rested with my nucle. Then first I saw energy, then first I knew what it meant. All the officers of the three troops exchanged dinner parties with each other, and consequently they dined at the Priory often enough to make us acquainted with their characteristic qualities That period had not yet passed away, though it was already passing, when gentlemen did not willingly leave the dinner-table in a state of absolute sobrety Colonel Dod and my uncle had learned in Bengal, under the coescion of the climate, habits of temperance. But the others (though few, perhaps, might be systematic

drinkers) were careless in this respect, and drank under social exeitement quite enough to lay bare the ruling tendencies of their several characters. Being English, naturally the majority were energetic, and beyond all things despised dreaming faineans (such, for instance, as we find the politicians, or even the conspirators, of Italy, Spain, and Germany, whose whole power of action evaporates in talking, and histrionically gesticulating). Yet still the best of them seemed inert by comparison with my uncle, and to regard his standard of action and evertion as trespassing to a needless degree upon ordinary human comfort

Commonplace, meantime, my uncle was in the character of his intellect there he fell a thousand leagues below my mother, to whom he looked up with affectionate astonishment. But, as a man of action, he ran so far ahead of men generally, that he ceased to impress one as commonplace. He, if any man ever did, realized the Roman poet's description of being natus rebus agendis—sent into this world not for talking, but for doing, not for counsel, but for execution On that field he was a portentous man—a monster, and, viewing him as such, I am disposed to concede a few words to what modern slang denominates his "antecedents."

Two brothers and one sister—viz, my mother—composed the household choir of children gathering round the hearth of my maternal grandparents, whose name was Penson. My grandfather at one time held an office under the king, how named, I once heard, but have forgotten, only this I remember, that it was an office which conferred the title of Esquire, so that upon each and all of his several coffins—lead, oak, mahogany—he was entitled to proclaim himself an Armiger, which, observe, is the newest—oldest—most classic mode of saying that one is privileged to bear arms in a sense intelligible only to the Heralds' College This Armiger, this undeniable Squire, was doubly distinguished first, by his iron constitution and impregnable health, which were of such quality, and, like the sword of Michael, the warriorangel ("Paradise Lost," B vi.), had "from the armoury of God been given him tempered so," that no insurance-office, trafficking in life-annuities, would have ventured to look him in the face People thought him good, like a cat, for eight

or nine generations, nor did any man perceive at what avenue death could find, or disease could force, a practicable breach, and yet, such anchorage have all human hopes, in the very midst of these windy anticipations, this same granite grandpapa of mine, not yet very far ahead of sixty—being. in fact, threeseore years and none-suddenly struck his flag, and found himself, in his privileged character of Armaer. needing those door (coffin-door) plates which all reasonable people had supposed to be reserved for the manufacturing hands of some remote century "Armiger, pack up your traps" — "Collige saremas" — "Squire, you're wanted" these dreadful estations were inevitable, come they must, but surely, as everybody thought, not in the eighteenth, or, perhaps, even the nineteenth century Dus alter visum My grandfather, built for an Zoman duration, did not come within hail of myself, whilst his gentle partner, my grandmother, who made no show of extra longevity, lived down into my period, and had the benefit of my aequaintance through half a dozen years If she turned this piece of good fortune to no great practical account, that (you know) was no fault of mine Doubtless, I was ready with my advice, freely and gratuitously, if she had condeseended to ask for it Returning to my grandfather the other distinguishing endowment, by which he was so favourably known and remembered amongst his friends, was the magical versatility of his talents, and his power of self-aecoinmodation to all himours, tempers, and ages

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res"

And in allusion to this line from Horace it was, that amongst his literary friends he was known familiarly by the name of Aristippus His sons, Edward and Thomas, resembled him, by all accounts, in nothing, neither physically, nor in moral versatility. These two sons of the Squire, Edward and Thomas, through some traditional prejudice in the family, had always directed their views to the military profession. In such a case, the King's army is naturally that to which a young man's expectations turn. But to wait, and after all by possibility to wait in vain, did not suit my fiery grandfather. The interest which he could put into motion was

considerable, but it was more applicable to the service of the East India Company than to any branch of the Home Service. This interest was so exerted, that in one day he obtained a heutenantcy in the Company's service for each of his sons. About 1780 or 1781, both young men, aged severally sixteen and seventeen years, went out to join their regiments—both regiments being on the Bengal establishment. Very different were their fates, yet their qualifications ought to have been the same, or differing only as sixteen differs from seventeen, and also as sixteen overflowing with levity differs from seventeen prematurely thoughtful. Edward Penson was early noticed for his high principle, for his benighty, and for a thoughtfulness somewhat sorrowful, that seemed to have caught in childhood some fugitive glimpse of his own too brief career. At noonday, in some part of Bengal, he went out of doors bareheaded, and died in a few hours

In 1800-1801, my mother had become dissatisfied with Bath as a residence, and, being free from all ties connecting her with any one county of England rather than another, she resolved to traverse the most attractive parts of the island, and upon personal inspection to select a home, not a ready-built home, but the ground on which she might herself create one, for it happened that amongst the few infirmities besetting my mother's liabits and constitution of mind was the costly one of seeking her chief intellectual excitement in architectural eleations. She individually might be said to have built Greenhay, since to her views of domestic elegance and propriety my father had resigned almost everything This was her coup dessar, secondly, she built the complement to the Priory in Cheshire, which cost about £1000, thirdly, Westhay, in Somersetshire, about twelve miles from Bristol, which, including the land attached to the house, cost £12,500-not including subsequent additions, but this was. built at the cost of my uncle, finally, Weston Lea, close to Bath, which, being designed simply for herself in old age, with a moderate establishment of four servants (and some reasonable provision of accommodations for a few visitors), cost originally, I believe, not more than £1000—excluding, however, the cost of all after alterations. It may serve to show how inevitably an amateur architect, without pro-

fessional aid and counsel, will be defrauded, that the first of these houses, which cost £6000, sold for no more than £2500, and the third for no more than £5000 The person who superintended the workinen, and had the whole practical management of one amongst these four houses, was a common builder, without capital or education, and the greatest knave that personally I have known It may illustrate the way in which lady architects, without professional aid, are and ever will be defrauded, that, after all was finished, and the entire woodwork was to be measured and valued, each party, of course, needing to be represented by a professional agent, naturally the knavish builder was ready at carliest dawn with his agent, but, as regarded my mother's interest, the task of engaging such an agent had been confided to a neighbouring clergyman, "evangelical," of course, and a humble sycophant of Hannah More, but otherwise the most helpless of human beings—baptized or infidel He contented himself with instructing a young gentleman, aged about fifteen, to take his pony and ride over to a distant cathedral town, which was honoured by the abode of a virtuous though dinnken surveyor This respectable drinkard he was to engage, and also with obvious discretion to fee, beforehand. All which was done the drunken surveyor had a sort of fits, it was understood, that always towards sanset inclined him to assume the horizontal posture Fortunately, however, for that part of mankind whom circumstances had brought under the necessity of communicating with him, these fits were intermitting, so that, for instance, in the present case, upon a severe call arising for his pocketing the fee of ten guineas, he astonished his whole household by suddenly standing bolt upright as stift as a poker, his sister remarking to the young gentleman that he (the visitor) was in luck that evening it wasn't everybody that could get that length in dealing with Mr X. O However, it is distressing to relate that the fits immediately returned, and, with that degree of exasperation which made it dangerous to suggest the idea of a receipt, since that must have required the vertical attitude. Whether that attitude ever was recovered by the unfortunate gentleman, I do not know. Forty-and-four years have passed since then. Almost

everybody connected with the case has had time to assume permanently the horizontal posture viz, that knave of a builder, whose knaveries (gilded by that morning sun of June) were controlled by nobody—that sycophantish parson—that young gentleman of fifteen (now, alas! fifty-nine), who must long since have sown his wild oats—that unhappy pony of eighteen (now, alas! sixty-two, if living, ah! venerable pony, that must (or mustest) now require thy oats to be boiled)—in short, one and all of these venerabilities—knaves, poines, drunkards, receipts—have descended, I believe, to chaos or to Hades, with hardly one exception Chancery itself, though somewhat of an Indian juggler, could not play with such aerial balls as these

On what ground it was that my mother quarrelled with the advantages of Bath, so many and so conspicuous, I cannot guess At that time—viz, the opening of the nineteenth century—the old traditionary custom of the place had established for young and old the luxury of sedan-chairs. Ninetenths, at least, of the colds and catarrhs, those initial stages of all pulmonary complaints (the capital scourge of England), are caught in the transit between the door of a carriage and the genial atmosphere of the drawing-room By a sedanchair all this danger was evaded, your two chairmen marched right into the hall the hall-door was closed, and not until then was the roof and the door of your chair opened the translation was-from one room to another To my mother, and many in her situation, the sedan-chair recommended itself also by advantages of another class Immediately on coming to Bath, her carriage was "laid up in ordinary". The trifling rent of a coach-house, some slight annual repairs, and the tax, composed the whole annual cost. At that time, and throughout the war, the usual estimate for the cost of a and throughout the war, the usual estimate for the cost of a close carriage in London was £320 since, in order to have the certain services of two horses, it was indispensable to keep three Add to this the coachman, the wear-and-teal of harness, and the duty, and, even in Bath, a cheaper place than London, you could not accomplish the total service under £270 Now, except the duty, all this expense was at once superseded by the sedan-chair—rarely costing you above ten shillings a week—i.e, twenty-five guineas

a year, and liberating you from all care or anxiety. The duty on four wheels, it is true, was suddenly exalted by Mr Pitt's triple assessment from twelve guineas to thirty-six but what a trifle by comparison with the cost of horses and coachman! And then, no demands for money were ever met so cheerfully by my mother as those which went to support Mr Pitt's policy against Jacobinism and Regicide At present, after five years' sinceure existence, unless on the rare summons of a journey, this dormant carriage was suddenly undocked, and put into commission Taking with her two scriants, and one of my sisters, my mother now entered upon a periplus, or systematic circumnavigation of all England. and in England only, through the admirable machinery matured for such a purpose—viz, inns, innkecpers, scrvants. horses, all first-rate of their class-it was possible to pursue such a scheme in the midst of domestic comfort. My niother's resolution was to see all England with her own eyes, and to judge for herself upon the qualifications of each county, each town (not being a bustling seat of commerce), and each village (having any advantages of scenery), for contributing the main elements towards a home that might justify her in building The qualifications insisted on were these five good medical advice somewhere in the neighbourhood, firstrate means of education . elegant (or what most people might think aristocratic) society, agreeable scenery and so far the difficulty was not insuperable in the way of finding all the four advantages concentrated But my mother insisted on a fifth, which in those days insured the instant slupwreck of the entire scheme this was a Church of England parish clergyman, who was to be strictly orthodox, faithful to the articles of our English Church, yet to these articles as interpreted by evangelical divinity My mother's views were precisely those of her friend Mrs Hannah More, of Wilberforce, of Henry Thornton, of Zachary Macaulay (father of the historian), and generally of those who were then known amongst sneerers as "the Clapham saints" This one requisition it was on which the scheme foundered And the fact merits recording, as an exposition of the broad religious difference between the England of that day and of this At present, no difficulty would be found as to this fifth requisition.

"Evangeheal" clergymen are now sown broadcast, at that period, there were not, on an average, above six or eight in

each of the fifty-two counties.

The conditions, as a whole, were in fact incapable of being realized, where two or three were attained, three or two failed. It was too much to exact so many advantages from any one place, unless London, or really, if any other place could be looked to with hope in such a chase, that place was Bath,—the very city my mother was preparing to leave. Yet, had this been otherwise, and the prospect of success more promising, I have not a doubt that the pretty gem which suddenly was offered at a price unintelligibly low in the ancient city of Chester would have availed (as instantly it did avail, and perhaps ought to have availed) in obscuring those five conditions, of which else each separately for itself had seemed a conditio sine qua non This gem was an ancient house, on a miniature scale, called the *Priory*, and, until the dissolution of religious houses in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, had formed part of the Priory attached to the ancient Church (still flourishing) of St. John's Towards the end of the sixteenth, and through the first quarter of the seventeenth century, this Priory had been in the occupation of Sir Robert Cotton, the antiquary, the friend of Ben Jonson, of Coke, of Selden, &c., and advantageously known as one of those who applied his legal and historical knowledge to the bending back into constitutional moulds of those despotic twists which new interests and false counsels had developed in the Tudor and Stuart dynasties It was an exceedingly protty place and the kitchen, upon the ground storey, which had a noble ground earling of stone, indicated, by its disproportionate scale, the magnitude of the establishment to which once it had ministered. Attached to this splendid kitchen were tributary offices, &c. On the upper storey were exactly five rooms—viz, a servants' dormitory, meant in Sir Robert's day for two beds 1 at the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The contrivance amongst our ancestors, even at haughty Cambridge and haughtier Oxford, was, that one bed rising six inches from the floor ran (in the day-time) under a loftier bed, it ran upon castors or little wheels. The learned word for a little wheel is trocheta, from which Grecian and Latin term comes the English word truckle bed.

least, and a servants' sitting-room These were shut off mto a separate section, with a little staircase (like a ship's companion-ladder) and a little lobby of its own But the principal section on this upper storey had been dedicated to the use of Sn Robert, and consisted of a pretty old hall, lighted by an old monastic-painted undow in the door of entiance, secondly, a nather elegant dining-room, thirdly, The glory of the house internally lay in the monastic kitchen, and, secondly, in what a Frenchman would have called, properly, Sir Robert's own apartment 1 of three rooms; but, thudly and chiefly, in a pile of ruined archways, most picturesque, so far as they went, but so small that Drury Lane could easily have found room for them on its stage. These stood in the miniature pleasure-ground, and were constantly resorted to by artists for specimens of architectural decays, or of nature working for the concealment of such decays by her ordinary processes of gorgeous floral vegetation. Ten rooms there may have been in the Priory, as offered to my mother for less than £500 drawing-room, bedrooms, dressing-rooms, &c, making about ten more, were added by my mother for a sum under £1000 The same miniature scale was observed in all these additions. And, as the Priory was not within the walls of the city, whilst the liver Dee, flowing immediately below, secured it from annoyance on one side, and the church, with its adjacent churchyard, insulated it from the tumults of life on all the other sides, an atmosphere of conventual stillness and tranquillity brooded over it and all around it for ever

Such was the house, such was the society, in which I now found myself, and upon the whole I might describe myself as being, according to the modern phrase, "in a false position" I had, for instance, a vast superiority, as was to have been expected, in bookish attainments, and in adroitness of logic, whilst, on the other hand, I was redictiously

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Apartment" — Our English use of the word 'apartment" is absurd, since it leads to total misconceptions. We read in French memoirs innumerable of the lang's apartment, of the queen's apartment, &e, and for us English the question arises, How? had the king, had her majesty, only one room? But, my friend, they might have a thousand rooms, and yet have only one apartment. An apartment means, in the continental use, a section or compartment of an edifice

shortsighted or blind in all fields of ordinary human experience. It must not be supposed that I regarded my own particular points of superiority, or that I used them with any vanity or view to present advantages. On the contrary, I siekened over them, and laboured to defeat them. But in vain I sowed errors in my premises, or planted absurdates in my assumptions. Vainly I tried such blunders, as putting four terms into a syllogism, which, as all the world known cought to man on those or tripped it. as all the world knows, ought to run on three, a tripod it ought to be, by all rules known to man, and, behold, I forced it to become a quadruped Upon my unele's military haste and tumultuous energy in pressing his opinions, all such delicate refinements were absolutely thrown away. With disgust I saw, with disgust he saw, that too apparently the advantage lay with me in the result, and, whilst I worked like a dragon to place myself in the wrong, some fiend apparently so counterworked me that eternally I was reminded of the Many halfpennies, which lately I had continually seen current in North Wales, bearing for their heraldic distinction three human legs in armour, but so placed in relation to each other, that always one leg is vertical and mounting guard on behalf of the other two, which, therefore, are enabled to sprawl aloft in the air—in fact, to be as absurdly negligent as they choose, relying upon their vigilant brother below, and upon the written legend or motto, STABIT QUOCUNQUE JECERIS (Stand it will upright, though you should fling it in any conceivable direction) What gave another feature of distraction and incoherency to my position was, that I still occupied the position of a reputed boy, nay, a child, in the estimate of my audience, and of a child in disgrace. Time enough had not passed since my elopement from school to win for me, in minds so fresh from that remembrance, a station of purification and assoilment Oxford might avail to assoil me, and to throw into a distant retrospect my boyish trespasses, but as yet Oxford had not arrived. I committed, besides, a great fault in taking often a tone of mock seniousness, when the detection of the playful extravagance was left to the discernment or quick sympathy of the hearer, and I was blind to the fact, that neither my mother nor my uncle was distinguished by any natural

hyeliness of vision for the comic, or any toleration for the extravagant. My mother, for example, had an awful sense of conscientious fidelity in the payment of taxes Many a respectable family I have known that would privately have encouraged a smuggler, and, in consequence, were beset continually by mock smugglers, offering, with airs of affected mystery, home commodities hable to no custom-house objections what oever, only at a hyperbolical price remember even the case of a duke, who bought in Piccadilly, under langhable circumstances of complex disguise, some silk handkerchiefs, falsely pretending to be foreign, and was so incensed at finding luniself to have been committing no breach of law whatever, but simply to have been paying double the ordinary shop price, that he pulled up the sor-disant sninggler to Bow Street, even at the certain price of exposure to hunself The charge he alleged against the man was the untenable one of not being a smuggler. mother, on the contrary, pronounced all such attempts at cheating the king, or, as I less harshly termed it, cheating the tax-gatherer, as being equal in guilt to a fraud upon one's neighbour, or to direct appropriation of another man's purse. I, on my part, held, that Government, having often defrauded me through its agent and creature the Post-office, by monstrous overcharges on letters, had thus created in my behalf a right of retaliation And dreadfully it annoyed my mother that I, stating this right in a very plausible rule-of-three form, viz, As is the income of the said fraudulent Government to my poor patrimonial income of £150 per annum, so is any one special final (as, for instance, that of vesterday morning, amounting to thirteenpence upon a single letter) to that equitable penalty which I am entitled to recover upon the goods and chattels (wherever found) of the ill-advised Britannic Government During the war with Napoleon, the income of this Government ian, to all amounts, between fifty and seventy nullion pounds sterling Awful, therefore, seemed the inheritance of retaliation, inexhaustible the fund of reprisals, into which I stepped,—since even a single case of robbery, such as I could plead by dozens, in the course of a few years, though no more than thirteenpence, yet, multiplied into seventy inillion times 240 pence, minus

£150, made a very comfortable property. The right was elear, and the sole difficulty lay in asserting it in fact, that same difficulty which beset the philosopher of old, in arguing with the Emperor Hadrian, viz, the want of thirty legions for the purpose of clearly pointing out to Cæsar where it was that the truth lay,—the secret truth, that rarest of all "nuggets"

This counter-challenge of Government, as the first mover in a system of frauds, annoyed, but also perplexed my mother exceedingly. For an argument that shaped itself into a rule-of-three illustration seemed really to wear too

candid an aspect for summary and absolute rejection

Such discussions were to me a comic shape But altogether serious were the disputes upon India—a topic on separate grounds equally interesting to us all, as the mightiest of English colonies, and the superbest monument of demoniac English energy, revealing itself in such men as Clive, Hastings, and soon after in the two Wellesleys To my mother, as the grave of one brother, as the home of another, and as a new centre from which Christianity (she hoped) would mount like an eagle,—for just about that time the Bible Society was preparing its initial movements—whilst to my uncle India. appeared as the arena upon which his activities were yet to find their adequate career With respect to the Christianization of India, my uncle assumed a hope which he did not ically feel, and in another point, more trying to himself personally, he had soon an opportunity for showing the sincerity of this deference to his spiritual-minded sister. For, very soon after his return to India, he received a civil appointment (Superintendent of Military Buildings in Bengal), highly lucrative, and the more so, as it could be held conjointly with his military rank, but a good deal of its pecuniary advantages was said to he in fees, or perquisites, privately offered, but perfectly regular and official, which my mother (misunderstanding the Indian system) chose to call "bribes". A very ugly word was that, but I argued that even at home, even in the courts at Westminster, in the very fountains of justice, private fees constituted one part of the salaries—a fair and official part, so long as Parliament had not made such fees illegal by commuting them for tion of India, my uncle assumed a hope which he did not

known and fixed equivalents. It was mere ignorance of India, as I dutifully insisted against "Mamma," that could confound these regular oriental "nuzzers" with the clandestine wages of corruption The pot-de-lin of French tradition, the pur of gloves (though at one time very costly gloves) to an English judge of assize on certain occasions, never was offered nor received in the light of a bribe (until regularly abolished by the legislature) I insisted—but runly insisted—that these and similar honoraria ought to be accepted, because else you were lowering the prescriptive rights and value of the office, which you—a mere locum tenens for some coming successor—had no right to do upon a solitary scruple or crotchet arising probably from dyspepsy Better men, no doubt, than ever stood in your stockings, had pocketed thankfully the gifts of ancient, time-honoured custom. My uncle, however, though not with the carnal recusancy which besieged the spiritual efforts of poor Cuth-beit Headrigg, that incorrigible worldling, jet still with intermitting doubts, followed my mother's earnest entreaties, and the more meritoriously (I concerne) as he yielded, in a point deeply affecting his interest, to a system of arguments very imperfectly convincing to his understanding. He held the office in question for as much (I believe) as eighteen or nincteen years, and by knowing old bilious Indians, who laughed immoderately at my uncle and my mother, as the proper growth of a priory or some such monastic establishment, I have been assured that nothing short of £200,000 ought, under the long tenure of office, to have been remitted to England But then, said one of these gentlemen, if your uncle lived (as I have heard that he did) in Calcutta and Meerut at the rate of £4000 a year, that would account for a considerable share of a mine which else would seem to have been worked in vain Unquestionably my uncle's system of living was under no circumstances a self-denying one To enjoy, and to make others enjoy—that was his law Indeed, a more liberal creature, or one of more princely munificence, never lived.

It might seem useless to call back any fragment of conversations relating to India which passed more than fifty years ago, were it not for two reasons, one of which is this,

that the errors (natural at that time) which I vehemently opposed, not from any greater knowledge that I had, but from closer reflection, are even now the prevailing errors of the English people. My mother, for instance, uniformly spoke of the English as the subverters of ancient thrones. I, on the contrary, insisted that nothing political was ancient in India Our own original opponents, the Rajahs of Oude and Bengal, had been all upstarts in the Mysore, again, our more recent opponents, Hyder and his son Tippoo, were new men altogether, whose grandfathers were quite unknown Why was it that my mother, why is it that the English public at this day connect so false an image, that of high cloudy antiquity, with the thrones of India? It is simply from an old habit of associating the spirit of change and rapid revolution with the activities of Europe, so that, by a natural reaction of thought, the Orient is figured as the home of motionless monotony In things religious, in habits, in costume, it is so But so far otherwise in things political, that no instance can be alleged of any dynasty or system of government that has endured beyond a century or two in the East. Taking India in particular, the Mogul dynasty, established by Baber, the great-grandson of Timour, did not subsist in any vigour for two centuries, and yet this was by far the most durable of all established princely houses Another argument against England, urged by my mother (but equally urged by the English people at this day), was, that she had in no emment sense been a benefactress to India, or, expressing it in words of later date, that the only memorials of our rule, supposing us suddenly ejected from India, would be vast heaps of champagne bottles I, on the other hand, alleged that our benefits, like all truly great and lasting benefits (religious benefits, for instance), must not be sought in external memorials of stone and masonry Higher by far than the Mogul gifts of lime-stones, or travelling stations, or even roads and tanks, were the gifts of security, of peace, of law and settled order These blessings were travelling as fast as our rule advanced I could not then appeal to the cases of Thuggee extirpated, of the Pindarces (full 15,000 bloody murderers) for ever exterminated, or of the Mahrattas bridled for ever—a robber

nation that previously had descended at intervals with a force of sometimes 150,000 troopers upon the afflicted province of Bengal, and Oude its neighbour, because these were events as yet unborn But they were the natural extensions of that beneficent system on which I rested my argument.

The two terrors of India at that particular time were Holkar and Scindiah (pronounced Sindy), who were soon cut short in their career by the hostilities which they provoked with us, but would else have proved, in combination, a deadlier scourge to India than either Hyder or his ferocious My mother, in fact, a great reader of the poet Cowper, drew from him her notions of Anglo-Indian policy and its effects. Cowper, in his "Task," puts the question—

> "Is India free? and does she wear her plumed And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace, Or do we gund her still?"

Pretty much the same authority it is which the British public of this day has for its craze upon the subject of English oppression amongst the Hindoos

My uncle, meantime, who from his Indian experience should reasonably have known so much better, was disposed, from the mere passive habits of hearing and reading unresistingly so many assaults of this tone against our Indian policy, to go along with my mother. But he was too just. when forced into reflection upon the subject, not to bend at

times to my way of stating the case for England

Suddenly, however, our Indian discussions were brought to a close by the following incident -My uncle had brought with him to England some Arabian horses, and amongst them a beautiful young Persian mare, called Sumroo, the gentlest of her race Sumroo it was that he happened to be riding, upon a frosty day Unused to icc, she came down with him, and broke his right leg This accident laid him up for a month, during which my mother and I read to him by turns One book, which one day fell to my share by accident, was De Foe's "Memoirs of a Cavalier" This book attempts to give a picture of the Parliamentary War, but in some places an unfair, and everywhere a

most superficial account. I said so and my uncle, who had an old craze in behalf of the book, opposed me with asperity, and in the course of what he said, under some movement of ill temper, he asked me, in a way which I felt to be taunting, how I could consent to waste my time as I Without any answering warmth, I explained that my guardians, having quarielled with me, would not grant for my use anything beyond my school allowance of £100 per But was it not possible that even this sum might by economy be made to meet the necessities of the case? I replied that, from what I had heard, very probably at was Would I undertake an Oxford life upon such terms? Most gladly, I said. Upon that opening, he spoke to my mother, and the result was that, within seven days from the above conversation, I found myself entering that timehonoured University

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